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~~Bonum~~ est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem.

S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.

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THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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THE RELATIVE INFLUENCE OF PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY ON HUMAN SLAVERY.

*Letter of Our Most Holy Father, Leo XIII., to his Venerable Brethren,
the Bishops of Brazil.*

*African Slavery, a Conference delivered in the Church of St. Sulpice,
Paris, by Cardinal Lavigerie.*

THE two important papers, quoted above, will be briefly referred to in the course of this article. They do not bear condensation. Even a summary analysis of them would but feebly convey an idea of their transcendent merit. Every lover of humanity should read them entire.

The Encyclical of the Holy Father and the Discourse of the Cardinal, both of which have appeared within the last few months, are an eloquent plea in the cause of human liberty, and an earnest denunciation of the inhuman traffic in flesh and blood which, in our own day, is industriously carried on in Africa by the followers of Mohammed.

We shall use these two documents as an appropriate text, to demonstrate the relative influence of Paganism and Christianity on human slavery.

We venture to hope that the present article will be regarded as specially opportune by the simple statement that, after a struggle for nineteen centuries in the cause of human freedom, this is the first year that Christendom can boast of being without a slave.

I.

At the dawn of Christianity, slavery was universal.¹ Although some Pagan philosophers, like Seneca, declared that all men are by nature free and equal, still by the law of nations slavery was upheld in every country on the face of the earth; and it was an axiom among the ruling classes that "the human race exists for the sake of the few." Aristotle maintained that no perfect household could exist without slaves and freemen, and that the natural law, as well as the law of nations, makes a distinction between bond and free.² Even Plato avowed that every slave's soul was fundamentally corrupt, and that no rational man should trust him.³

The proportion of slaves to freemen varied, of course, in different countries, though usually the former were largely in excess of the free population. In Rome, for three hundred and sixty-six years, from the fall of Corinth to Alexander Severus, the slaves, according to the testimony of Blair, were three to one. Her bondmen were recruited from Britain, Gaul, Germany, Scandinavia, in fact, from every country into which her army or traders could penetrate. At one time, they became so formidable in Rome that the Senate, fearing that, if conscious of their own numbers, the public safety might be endangered, forbade them a distinctive dress.

In Greece, also, the number of slaves was far greater than that of the free population. Attica had 20,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves, females not included. Sparta contained 36,000 citizens and 366,000 bondmen. The number of slaves in Corinth was 460,000, and in Egina, 470,000.⁴ In Tyre, they were so numerous at one time that they succeeded in massacring all their masters. The Scythians, on returning from a hostile invasion of Media, found their slaves in rebellion, and were compelled for a while to abandon their country. Herodotus remarks with quaint humor that, after vainly attempting to conquer the slaves with spears and bows, the Scythians cast these weapons aside, and armed themselves with horse-whips. The slaves, who fought like heroes when confronted with warlike arms, lost heart and fled before the lash.⁵

By far the greatest number of slaves were acquired by military conquest, perpetual bondage being the usual fate of captives. Many others were purchased in the slave-market, or obtained by kidnapping. Children were frequently sold by impoverished or sordid parents, men were sold for debt or for the non-payment of taxes, and certain crimes were punished by perpetual servitude.

The head of the family was absolute master of his slaves, hav-

¹ "The Gentile and the Jew," ii. 265.

² Polit., i. 3.

³ Legg., vi. p. 277.

⁴ "The Gentile and the Jew," ii. 227.

⁵ Bk. IV. No. 3.

ing over them the power of life and death. This atrocious law was modified by Hadrian, the Antonines, and Alexander Severus in the latter days of the Empire. But the imperial clemency was rendered almost nugatory by a provision which declared that the master could not be indicted for the murder of his slave, unless the intention to kill could be proved. Mr. Lecky thinks that barbarity to slaves was rare in the earlier days of the Republic; but the reasons which he assigns for his assertion are hardly conclusive.¹

When a slave gave testimony in a court of justice, his deposition was always accompanied by torture, a practice approved by Demosthenes, Lycurgus, and other Attic orators. What the oath was to the freeman, the torture was to the slave. Female slaves when giving testimony were subjected to the same inhuman treatment.

An atrocious law ordained that if a master was murdered, all the slaves of his household, excepting those in chains and helpless invalids, should be put to death.² On one occasion, four hundred slaves of Pedanius, the Prefect of Rome, were ruthlessly executed, to avenge their master's assassination.

Aged and infirm slaves were habitually exposed to perish on an island in the Tiber. The elder Cato, who lived under the Republic and who may be regarded as a type of the Roman nobility of his time, considered slaves simply as machines for acquiring wealth, to be cast aside in decrepid old age like worthless lumber. And, indeed, freedom would be but a poor boon to them in sickness and infirmity, since they had neither hospital nor asylum to receive them, nor self-sacrificing nurse to assuage their sufferings. Death was, therefore, a merciful relief to them.

When condemned to execution for a crime, their last moments were embittered by the most excruciating tortures, the usual death penalty being crucifixion until, out of reverence for our Saviour, it was abolished by Constantine.

The marriage of slaves was not recognized by law. Their union was regarded only as a concubinage or a contubernium; hence, they had no parental rights over their offspring, who belonged exclusively to their master. The words adultery, incest, polygamy, had no meaning for them.

Roman fugitive slaves were usually branded on the forehead, and the punishment due their offence redoubled. Sometimes they were thrown to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre.³

The wretched condition of slaves in Pagan times was rendered more intolerable by many aggravating circumstances. Many of them had once enjoyed the blessings of freedom, but had been reduced to bondage by the calamities of war. Unlike the negro

¹ "Hist. of Europ. Morals," I. 301.

² Tacit. Annal. xiii. 32 *et seq.*

³ Gell. v. 14.

slaves of America, they were usually of the same color as their masters ; and, in many instances, better educated, more refined, and of a more delicate frame than those whom they served. Epictetus, one of the ablest of the Stoic philosophers, was a slave.

Slavery exercised, also, a most injurious influence on the free population. It degraded labor, increased idleness, and fostered immorality. Contempt for work and a propensity to idleness formed a characteristic vice among the ancients, because they associated toil with slavery and idleness with freedom. "The Germans," says Tacitus, "cannot endure repose, and yet are fond of inactivity. They consider it dishonorable to earn by the sweat of their brow what they can win by the sword."¹ The Gauls, also, looked upon all labor, agriculture included, as degrading. Hatis, the first lawgiver of Tartessus, in Spain, forbade citizens to perform any kind of manual labor, which was reserved for slaves.² The Lusitanians and Cantabrians subjected their wives and slaves to incessant drudgery, living themselves by plunder.³ Herodotus says : "The Greeks, Thracians, Persians, Lydians, and almost all barbarous nations hold in less honor than their other citizens those that learn any trade, but deem such as abstain from handicrafts noble."⁴ In Sparta and other States tradesmen were excluded from political privileges. The free laborer was lowered in the eyes of his fellow-citizens by having slaves for competitors. Even the Romans did not regard any labor, agriculture excepted, as respectable. Cicero declared all mercenary trades to be sordid and dishonorable, and pronounced the workshop unworthy of the dignity of a freeman.⁵

The obvious result of this unhealthy sentiment was, that mechanical and manual labor, agriculture, artistic work, the practice of medicine, and the instruction of youth, were relegated to slaves. Even trade and commerce were carried on by them under the supervision of their masters.

Slavery engendered idleness and poverty among the free citizens. Thousands were daily congregated in the streets of Rome, occupying their time in frequenting the baths ; in discussing politics ; in selling their votes to the highest bidder during the days of the Republic ; in paying homage to their patrons during the Empire, when they had no votes to sell ; and in witnessing the slaughter of their fellow-beings in the amphitheatre, depending on the public distribution of money and corn for their support.

In Julius Cæsar's time 320,000 persons in Rome derived their support from imperial largesses.⁶ And notwithstanding all the efforts of Augustus to reduce the number of idle citizens, he was

¹ Germ. xiv. 15.

² Justin, xlv. 4.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Vol. ii. 167.

⁵ De Officiis, i. 42.

⁶ Sueton., xli. 421.

obliged to admit 200,000 of them, along with their wives and children, to share in the sportula.¹ Under the Antonines, the recipients of public aid increased to the number of half a million.

Many others, shrinking on the one hand from a life of idleness, and debarred on the other from honest toil by the stigma cast upon it, betook themselves to corrupting professions, such as pantomimes, hired gladiators, political spies, panders, astrologers, and religious charlatans.

The debauchery of morals was the first feature of slavery. Reinforced from various parts of Europe, Africa, and Asia, the slaves contributed each his favorite vice to swell the common tide of depravity. All soon became indoctrinated in the iniquity of their companions. Denied the privileges of lawful wedlock, they plunged into the lowest depths of sensuality. Mothers had ceased to train their own children. They had neither inclination nor capacity for such duties—the race of Cornelias had disappeared. The instruction of youth of both sexes was confided to slaves.² For the social degradation to which they were subjected they were amply avenged by the moral degradation in which they involved their pupils. Excluded from civic honors and preferment, they wielded their brief authority over the youths committed to their care with terrible effect by initiating them into every species of vice. Denied the privilege of bearing arms, the bondmen used with consummate skill the weapons of lying, deceit, and treachery. Taught from childhood, by their accommodating teachers, to regard no law but that of their own whims, the Roman youth of both sexes grew up proud, insolent, and overbearing; and the first victims of their caprice were often the slaves themselves. Many a bondwoman received on her naked breast the sharp point of the stiletto, darted at her by her haughty and imperious mistress.³ In a word, the homes of the rich and noble were hot-beds of moral corruption.

Nor do the Mohammedans in Africa exhibit less greed in our day in reducing their fellow-beings to the yoke of slavery, nor less cruelty in the treatment of them than did the Romans in Pagan times.

Livingstone,⁴ Cameron,⁵ and still more recently Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Carthage,⁶ who is furnished with information by his missionaries, declare that at least 400,000 negroes are annually carried into bondage in Africa by Mussulman traders, and that fully five times that number perish either by being massacred in the slave-hunt, or from hunger and hardship on the journey. Thus

¹ Dio Cass., lv. 10.

² "The Gentile and the Jew," ii. 281.

³ See Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," ch. iv.

⁴ The last journals of Dr. Livingstone. London, 1874.

⁵ "Across Africa."

⁶ Conference delivered in Paris, 1888.

the lives or liberty of upwards of two millions of the human race are each year sacrificed on the altars of lust and mammon.

The line of march taken by the caravans bearing their human freight from Equatorial Africa to the slave-markets, can be easily traced by the bleaching bones of the unfortunate victims who succumbed to famine and fatigue on the way.

In consequence of this iniquitous commerce, entire villages in the interior of Africa are depopulated, and extensive districts are made desolate by the organized incursions of these traffickers in human flesh.

II.

Among the many social blessings conferred by Christianity, her successful efforts in the mitigation of the excesses of slavery and in the gradual emancipation of the slave, will justly hold a conspicuous place.

The Church did not deem it a part of her mission hastily to sever, or rudely to disturb, the relations that she found subsisting between master and man. She encountered slavery in every land. The bondmen were, in most places, largely in excess of the free population. They were regarded rather as chattels than as human beings, and were looked upon as an indispensable element of family life. With such ideas ruling the world, a violent crusade against slavery would cause a universal upheaval of society; it would involve the Commonwealth in bloodshed, and would be disastrous to the slaves themselves. The Apostles and their successors pursued a policy that, without injustice, violence, or revolution, led to the gradual emancipation of slaves. They succeeded in lightening the chain, in causing it to relax its hold day by day, till it fell harmless from the limbs of the captives.

Their first step toward manumission was to Christianize the slave, to emancipate him from the thralldom of his passions and the darkness of error, and to admit him to the glorious liberty of a child of God. Before his elevation to the Papacy, and while yet a monk, Gregory the Great, in walking through the streets of Rome, observed a number of slaves exposed for sale in the market-place. Struck by their fair complexion and long flaxen hair, he heaved a deep sigh and remarked: "What a pity that persons of such exterior beauty should not be interiorly enlightened with the illumination of faith and adorned with the gifts of grace!" He then asked who they were and whence they came. "They are Angles" (or English), was the reply. "They are well named," he quaintly added, "for they have the faces of angels. They must become the brethren of the angels in heaven."¹ This anecdote shows that their conversion was the first and dominant wish of

¹ Bede, ii. i.

Gregory's heart. He wished them to enjoy "the liberty where-with Christ hath made us free;"¹ for he well knew that spiritual bondage is far more galling than chains of iron, and that Christian liberty is the best preparation for civil emancipation. But while solicitous for the conversion, Gregory was equally zealous for the enfranchisement of the slave, as his history beautifully demonstrates. The conduct of Gregory outlines the policy of the Pontiffs that have succeeded him.

In the next place, the Christian missionary cheered the heart of the converted slave by giving a prominent place to those virtues that had hitherto been deemed mean, contemptible, and unworthy of a freeman. The virtues appreciated and extolled by the Pagan world as the ideal of human perfection were courage, fortitude, magnanimity, self-reliance, and all such as are calculated to excite the admiration and win the applause of the populace. But poverty of spirit, humility and meekness under contempt, patience and resignation under affronts, forgiveness of injuries and love of enemies, a spirit of obedience and long-suffering, were despised by them as servile virtues, or rather as no virtues at all, but the base characteristics of an enslaved and ignoble caste.

The founder of the Christian religion set His royal seal on these despised virtues and proclaimed their true value, so that henceforth they passed current among the faithful as the most precious medium of communication, enriching souls and purchasing the kingdom of heaven. He taught them these virtues by word and example from Bethlehem to Calvary.

The wretched hovel of the slave was no longer degrading to him when he reflected that the Son of Man had not where to lay His head. He had comfort in his bondage seeing that the Lord of heaven humbled Himself, "taking the form of a slave." How could manual labor be degrading to him when he learned that his Divine Master had for several years worked as an artisan? How could obedience be any longer intolerable to him, since his Lord had become for his sake "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross!" Neither could chains nor stripes rob him of his peace of mind, when he remembered that his Master bore them at the pillory. It is a great alleviation to a captive people for a prince voluntarily to share their miseries; and, above all, are they consoled when conscious that their future recompense will be proportioned to their present sufferings if borne with Christian patience.

The Apostle of the Gentiles frequently comforts the Christian slave by reminding him of the true source of moral grandeur. He tells him that true dignity does not depend on the accident of birth, or wealth, or civil freedom, or social station, but that virtue

¹ Gal. iv. 31.

is the sole standard of moral excellence in the sight of God, as well as the sole test of future retribution. He informs the slave that he has a soul as well as Cæsar; that he is the child of God by adoption, the brother of Christ, and a member of His mystical body; and that he has equal privileges with the freeman to a participation in the Divine Spirit. "In one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free."¹ In the family of Christ to which they belong "there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all."² No wonder that the slave took heart on listening to revelations so cheering.

Again, the Church contributed largely to the moral elevation of the slave by levelling all distinctions between bond and free in her temples and religious assemblies. As soon as the slave entered the place of worship he breathed the air of liberty. He possessed every privilege accorded to the freeman. He was admitted to an equal participation in the Sacraments of the Church. He was baptized at the same font. He sat side by side with his master at the Agape, and joined with him in the public prayers³ In the penitential discipline of the Church there was no class distinction. The Christian master who had no punishment to fear from the State for scourging his slave to death, was, if guilty of such a crime, debarred by the ecclesiastical law from Holy Communion.⁴ The slave was admitted into the ranks of the clergy, though before taking Orders he was redeemed from bondage, as none but free-men served at the altar. In a Council held in Rome, in 597, under Pope Gregory, it was decreed that freedom should be granted to slaves that wished to embrace the monastic state. The applicants, however, were not indiscriminately received, for wise precautions were taken to ascertain the sincerity of their vocation.⁵

Not only were slaves permitted to join in the public offices of the Church and in the reception of the Sacraments, not only were they raised to the ranks of the clergy, but many of them who had died for Christ were honored in Christian sanctuaries as saints and martyrs, and even had temples erected to their honor. The names of Blandina, Potamiena, Eutyches, Victorinus, Nereus, and numerous others, are enrolled in our Martyrology. The most stately Byzantine church in Ravenna is dedicated to a martyred slave.⁶

The Church taught the slave and the master their reciprocal duties toward each other, prescribing laws that exercised a salutary restraint on the authority of the one and sanctified the obedience of the other. "Servants," says St. Paul, "be obedient to

¹ I. Cor. xii. 13.

³ Hist. of Europ. Morals, ii. 66.

⁵ Balmez, pp. 109 and 437.

² Colloss. iii. 11.

⁴ Ibid., p. 67.

⁶ Lecky, ii. 69.

your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in the simplicity of your heart, as to Christ. Not serving to the eye as pleasing men, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart. . . . Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man shall do, the same shall he receive from the Lord, whether he be bond or free. And you, masters, do the same things to them, forbearing threatenings, knowing that the Lord both of them and you is in Heaven; and there is no respect of persons with Him.”¹

St. Paul in his touching letter to Philemon, while fully recognizing the claims of the master, exhorts him to receive Onesimus not only as his slave, but also as his brother in Christ; and while pleading for the slave, he does not exempt him from the lawful service he owes to his master.

This brief Epistle of twenty-five verses has served as a guiding principle to the Church in her solution of the slave problem; and it has contributed more to alleviate the miseries of humanity than all the moral treatises of the most philanthropic of Pagan philosophers.

Perhaps the most substantial service rendered by the Church to the slaves was the recognition of their marriage-tie as valid and indissoluble, and not as mere concubinage such as Paganism regarded it. Pope Adrian I., in the eighth century, uses the following language: “According to the words of the Apostles, as in Jesus Christ, we ought not to deprive either slaves or freemen of the Sacraments of the Church, so it is not allowed in any way to prevent the marriage of slaves; and if their marriages have been contracted in spite of the opposition of their masters, they ought nevertheless not to be dissolved in any way.”² And St. Thomas maintains that slaves are not bound to obey their masters in regard to the contracting of marriage.³

In upholding the moral dignity and prerogatives of the slave, the Church was striking a blow for his civil freedom. Though she was not charged with the framing of the civil laws, she moved the hearts of the slave-owners by moral suasion, and she moulded the conscience of the legislators by an appeal to the innate rights of man. Thus, as snow melts before the sun, slavery yielded to the genial rays of the Gospel.

As a pious incentive to emancipation, it was ordained that the ceremony of manumission should be celebrated in the church on festival days, especially on Easter Sunday, and the slave-owners were admonished that the manumission of the slave was an act well calculated to conciliate the clemency of Heaven.

¹ Eph. vi. 5-9.

² De Conjug. Serv., lib. iv. tom. 9, c. 1.

³ 2^a, 2^æ, Quæst. 104, art. 5.

A brief review of the relative influence of Paganism and Christianity on slavery will bring out in bold relief two important facts of history which shed glory on the Christian religion.

1st. No Pagan government of ancient times ever framed any law aiming at the immediate or gradual extinction of slavery. The same remark is true of modern nations outside the pale of Christendom. Slavery in its most odious form is still upheld in Persia, Arabia, and Turkey, among the idolatrous worshippers of Africa, and wherever Mohammedanism holds sway. It exists, also, in China¹ and Japan, and continued in India until it was abolished by British influence in the present century.

2d. Christianity, from its birth to the present time, has labored in mitigating and extirpating this social evil. Slavery practically ceased to exist in Christian Europe from the thirteenth century, and it has since been abolished in all European colonies. It was extinguished in the British possessions in 1833, chiefly through the influence of Wilberforce and Clarkson; and ten years later, more than twelve millions of slaves were set free in the East Indies by the government of Great Britain. France abolished slavery in her West India colonies in 1793. Spain emancipated her slaves in Porto Rico in 1873, and in 1886 the institution ceased to exist in Cuba. It has passed away from all the Spanish-American Republics. A decree of emancipation has this very year, 1888, been promulgated in Brazil, by virtue of which slavery is absolutely extinguished in the Empire.

Slavery was totally abolished in the United States by President Lincoln in 1863. Although the Emancipation Proclamation was designed as a war measure in the interests of the Union, slavery would have eventually disappeared independently of the war; for it was confined to the South in whose border States it was gradually dying out, and it was opposed by the public sentiment of the Christian world.

In a word, the consoling fact can be recorded to-day that, at the present moment, a single slave is not to be found on a solitary foot of Christendom.

To what cause are we to ascribe this happy result? Not to intellectual culture, for Pagan Greece and Rome were as cultured as France and England; nor to an enlightened self-interest, for the immediate interests of the slave-owner demanded its retention; nor to the free intercourse of nations and the march of commerce, for the slave-trade was one of the most lucrative branches of business. The result is due to the humanizing influence of the Gospel alone.

Among the forces enlisted in the cause of freedom, the most

¹ Huc, "Travels in Tartary," etc., I. ch. viii.

potent came from the Papacy. In every age the voice of the Popes resounded clearly throughout the world in the interests of human freedom. Gregory the Great in the sixth century, Pius II. in the fifteenth, Paul III. in the sixteenth, Urban VIII. in the seventeenth, Benedict XIV. in the eighteenth, and Pius VII. in the nineteenth—all raised their voice either in commending the slaves to the humanity of their masters, or in advocating their manumission, or in righteous condemnation of the slave-trade. Gregory XVI., in 1839, published a memorable Encyclical in which the following energetic language occurs: "By virtue of our Apostolic office, we warn and admonish in the Lord all Christians of whatever condition they may be, and enjoin upon them that for the future no one shall venture unjustly to oppress the Indians, negroes, or other men whoever they may be, to strip them of their property, or reduce them into servitude, or give aid or support to those who commit such excesses, or carry on that infamous traffic by which the blacks, as if they were not men, but mere impure animals reduced like them into servitude, contrary to the laws of justice and humanity, are bought, sold, and devoted to endure the hardest labor. Wherefore, by virtue of our Apostolic authority, we condemn all these things as absolutely unworthy of the Christian name."

And, lastly, Leo XIII.¹ denounces in emphatic terms the infamous slave-trade now systematically carried on in Africa by Mohammedan invaders.

He declares such a traffic to be in violation of the natural and the divine law. He proclaims this commerce in man the most infamous and inhuman that can be conceived. He exhorts Christian rulers and all true friends of humanity to rise in their might and, by concerted action and every righteous means, "to repress, forbid, and put an end once for all" to this violent and unholy abduction of human beings. He calls upon all Apostolic men in Africa to bring the weight of their moral influence toward securing the safety and liberty of the slaves; and he heartily commends the Emperor of Brazil for his recent decree by which all the slaves of the Empire are emancipated.

How different is the record of the following lines condensed from Cardinal Lavigerie's Discourse! Slave-hunting is carried on in every independent Mussulman State in Africa; and yet no Mufti Ulema, or any other expounder of the Koran, has ever protested against so atrocious a practice.

The redemption of captives was another work which engaged the pious solicitude of the Church. From the fourth to the fourteenth century, Europe was periodically a prey to northern

¹ Letter of Leo XIII. to the Bishops of Brazil, May 5, 1888.

barbarians and Mohammedan invaders. The usual fate of the vanquished was death or slavery. They who escaped the sword were carried into bondage. A more wretched fate awaited the female sex, for they were reserved to gratify the caprices of their conquerors.

"In no form of charity," says Mr. Lecky, "was the beneficial character of the Church more continually and more splendidly exercised than in redeeming captives from servitude."¹

When the Goths invaded Italy in the fourth century, St. Ambrose sat on the chair of Milan. After disposing of his private means for the redemption of captives, he melted down the golden vessels of the Church, that he might ransom his brethren in bondage. The Arians affected to be scandalized at his course. They charged him with atrocious sacrilege for thus disposing of the sacred vessels. Ambrose replied to them in language worthy an Apostle, that the liberty of man was of more value than gold or silver, that the salvation of souls was more precious than chalices, and that no sacrifice should be spared to rescue woman from a life of dishonor and degradation.

Instances of similar deeds of charity are recorded of St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory the Great.

But the Church exerted herself not only in rescuing Christians from captivity in Pagan lands, she also labored to ransom Pagan captives in Christian realms, and restored them to their native country. When seven thousand Persians were held in durance by a Roman general, Acacius, Bishop of Amida, sold all the rich plate of his church and sent these captives redeemed to their country, saying that God had no need of plates and dishes.²

Few men have rendered more signal service in behalf of captives than St. John of Matha in the twelfth century. On the morning that he celebrated his first Mass, he made a vow at the altar to consecrate his life to the redemption of the slaves who were held captive in Morocco and other parts of Africa. To render his labors more effectual and permanent he formed a congregation of men animated by his own spirit, who made a solemn vow to consecrate their life and liberty to the redemption of slaves. They made frequent incursions into Africa, and purchased the liberty of hundreds of their brethren. If it is a virtue to give to others out of the abundance of our own means, if it is a greater virtue to give away all that we possess, what shall we say of him who devotes his life and liberty to the redemption of his fellow-beings? "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend."³

¹ "History of European Morals," ii. 72.

² Ibid.

³ John xv. 13.

THE MYTHS OF THE "DARK" AGES.

IN the Brief addressed by the Holy Father to Cardinals Pitra and Hergenrœther, he dwells with his accustomed earnestness on the importance of history. "It is not only the guide of life," he tells us, "and the light of truth;" it is also "one of those arms most fit to defend the Church." Of course, Leo XIII., whose merits as a scholar are admitted by all, when uttering these words spoke from the fulness of his knowledge. He had carefully watched the progress of historical research for the last fifty years, and simply formulated the verdict of science. He repeated what had been said by more than one non-Catholic scholar, like Bœhmer and Pertz. But unfortunately the writers of popular literature are not Bœhmers. It sometimes takes years and decades before the results of scholarship reach the ears of the militant parson and the magazine writer. So it happens that even to-day the general reader is led to think that Catholicity has everything to fear from science and scholarship, especially from historical science and scholarship. The best and only way to meet this prejudice is an appeal to the facts. Have the results of modern historical science been favorable to the Church, or the reverse? Have they set her in a brighter or a darker light? To exhaust this question in a review article is impossible. But we may lay before our readers the decisions of the foremost historical scholars—mostly non-Catholic—on some one important question. Straws show the way the tide flows. A fair presentation of the conclusions of scientific historical inquiry on a number of points affecting the Church may justly be taken to indicate its general drift. We shall place before our readers some of the findings of history on the so-called Dark Ages. On no other subject has recent inquiry shed more light; from no other period had the enemies of the Church derived so much material for use in their assaults. It is a broad, extensive subject, involving many points formerly warmly controverted. It seems to be eminently fitted to be a test question.

This view is strongly reinforced by Prof. Creighton in a late number of the *English Historical Review*. He is discussing the dissolution of the English monasteries by Henry VIII. "The monasteries," he says, "were neither better nor worse (in Henry's time) than they had been any time for the two previous centuries.

. . . . No one for two centuries had looked upon the monks as saints; no one at the time of the dissolution looked upon them as monsters of vice. They were, on the whole, excellent members of society, kindly landlords resident on their estates, leading very respectable lives. But they were exposed to all the odium which always attaches to social superiors, capitalists and landlords alike. The feudal lord, who was generally non-resident, was only grumbled at in the abstract; the monks were grumbled at in the concrete. Every one who wished to raise his voice in protest, as a reformer in things ecclesiastical, political, or social, always denounced the monks because he was sure of an approving audience. Doubtless the monks were the butts of many a mediæval joke. They were not all of them unworldly, or temperate, or chaste."¹

Such are some of the conclusions of the most reliable and learned historical scholars on the Middle Ages. They differ widely from the views traditional in popular English literature. We shall not comment on them. We leave our readers to judge whether or not history is "one of the arms most fit to defend the Church."

Before reviewing the results of modern research on the Middle Ages it is well to premise a few remarks. The Middle Ages, it is often assumed by writers both Catholic and non-Catholic, are typically Catholic Ages. True and false. At no other time, perhaps, have churchmen, besides the authority belonging to them as churchmen, wielded so much power, especially political power; but again at no other time have kings and nobles so systematically taken possession of the dignities of the Church. On the surface the world appeared submissive to Christ and his vicar; under the surface ambitious princes intrigued against the Church, and the remnants of heathenism still waged stubborn war against her, nay, often tainted the lives, the practices and morals of her children with superstition. Popes and bishops and emperors struggled to put down these remnants of heathenism, as, for instance, the ordeals or judgments of God; even to-day the duel survives, and is upheld by a revived paganism. Often in the woods, but a few miles away from the church and the monastery, secret pagans performed the rites of Wodan and Thor. In fact, paganism or no paganism, the Church never lacked enemies; Ormuzd will ever be opposed by Ahriman. This must be borne in mind in apportioning the responsibility of the Church during the Middle Ages as well as at other times. Moreover, we must not make the Church answer for each crime that was committed, or each virtue left unpractised during that period. History throws light on the

¹ M. Creighton, in "Engl. Hist. Review," April, 1888, p. 377.

Church, and enables us to judge of her actions chiefly on the principle, "By their fruits you shall know them." In applying this, however, we must, firstly, be certain that the fruit really belongs to the tree to which we ascribe it, and secondly, remember that even on the best trees some of the fruit is cankered or worm-eaten, some of the branches prove barren or wither. Again, we must bear in mind the circumstances of time and place. Moral right is always right, moral wrong always wrong. We would not excuse or defend a robber or murderer because he happened to be a mediæval baron. But in the political and scientific world time and place are for much. Washington achieved and solidly established freedom for us; we honor him, we praise his wisdom. What would we think of the man who would undertake to depose Mwanga and establish a republic in Uganda? Besides, we must not expect from the child the learning and wisdom of the sage. The Middle Ages were the childhood and youth of modern Europe. They had to learn with effort what we receive gratuitously from our forefathers. We may, therefore, justly and sincerely praise in those days what we should not wish to see revived in our own. We may award great credit for deeds that to-day would be commonplace. We must not censure our mediæval forefathers for not doing impossibilities. Of modern mechanical, chemical, and electrical discoveries and inventions we are justly proud; ignorance of these same inventions and discoveries cannot fairly be made a ground of reproach to mediæval times. Now that steam presses strike off thousands of pages in an hour, it is easy to have books, to read, to own a library; we have a right to rejoice over our good fortune, and to pity the times when it took months to make a single copy of a work of which we print thousands in a week; we have no right to berate and revile those times. It may be well to remember that the art of printing was invented in 1450, not in the nineteenth century.

To form a correct judgment of the Middle Ages, these principles must be kept in view. If we do so, the picture of those times displayed by modern historical research will astonish us. We will be amazed that there could have been a time, and that not very remote, when scarce a light relieved the sombre color in which it was customary to paint the "dark" ages. A black background of universal ignorance, an atmosphere of superstition, the blood-red demons of fanaticism and cruelty in the foreground, dark gray filth and poverty and wretchedness in the middle distance; the love of morality and justice has sunk out of sight, charity hardly sheds a flickering light, all is darkness, pitch black darkness. Kings and nobles, proud of their ignorance, rob and murder; priests and monks, sunk in idleness, at most, discuss the interesting question how many angels can stand

on the point of a needle; art, science and literature are banished or made little of; the Bible is unknown and uncared for; ambitious Popes enthrall kings and people; the Church crushes the spirit of nationality and hinders the growth of nations; she discourages inquiry and learning, makes religion the slave of worldly ends, neglects charity. How such an age could have given to the world a Charlemagne and an Alfred, a Barbarossa and a St. Louis, an Alcuin and an Aquinas, a Roger Bacon and a Copernicus, a Gutenberg and a Columbus, is a riddle that should have opened the eyes of the shallowest and most ignorant of unconscious, and warned the most daring of conscious libellers.

But times have changed. Even Protestants and infidels are ready to repudiate such self-destructive misrepresentation. "During the last century," says Frederick von Hellwald, a devoted disciple of the materialist, Prof. Haeckel, "men's judgment of the Middle Ages has passed through three stages; it has denounced, admired, and understood them. The second half of the 18th century felt an interest in degrading the Middle Ages as much as possible; by doing so that age strove to become conscious of its own perfection. It gathered the charges made by serious satirists and enthusiastic preachers in the Middle Ages against their contemporaries; every complaint about the moral decay of the times was dragged to light. It described mediæval constitutions and state decrees, and found no difficulty in proving that they little aided the true objects of the State; the ideas of feudalism and the law of brute force (*Faustrecht*) were the most dreadful notions a trained politician could conceive. It pointed out that many useful inventions had not been made, and that, therefore, manufactures and comfort were in a distressing condition. It thought it had fully proved its point, when investigating the state of religion and science, it could show up the blindest obedience to authority and the densest superstition; the natural sciences were at the lowest ebb, philosophy unproductive, philology ill conditioned, theology that controlled all things could not lead to the deliverance of the intellect. So judged men even at the end of the last century. Hardly a dozen years later views had become greatly changed, and the Middle Ages were regarded with quite different eyes. The romantic school discovered an ocean of light of dazzling brilliancy, where their predecessors had seen only dark masses of shadow. But opposed to these two points of view, detestation and veneration, condemnation and worship, there is a third point of view, that of understanding, of intelligence, of objective historical knowledge. We will see neither all light nor all shade; for us, too, mediævalism is a state of comparative imperfection, and we may accept the term 'night.' But it is a clear bright

night, in which sparkle countless stars, beaming some gently, some brilliantly."¹

Von Hellwald's self-complacent superiority over his predecessors of the eighteenth century is a little amusing; still his views are clear proof that light has begun to break. Yet even now there is much darkness among us. "In England," says Prof. Karl Pearson, of University College, London, "there seems no reason why anything but rubbish should be written [on the Middle Ages]. In our universities no training is offered in mediæval thought, and its language, mediæval Latin, is dubbed a barbarism unworthy of scientific study." "It is almost impossible to find a German Mediævalist (I would except such men as Maurenbrecher, Geffken, Kampschulte and one or two others practically of the past) who does not prostitute his scholarship to a preconceived religious opinion, and so remain blind to all but one side of a question."² What admissions, then, are made by non-Catholic German writers are all the stronger proof that the tide of evidence on the other side is irresistible. There are, however, honorable exceptions to Prof. Pearson's rule, and we hope to introduce some of them to our readers. Meantime, whilst recognizing the value of Von Hellwald's concessions, we are not impressed by the happiness of his comparison of the Middle Ages to a star-lit "night," unless he means to imply that the night is the parent of the day. To us Prof. Paulsen, of the Berlin University, seems more happy. "The Middle Ages," says he, "are the school-time of the Germanic nations. Antiquity is their teacher, though not youthful, pagan antiquity, but antiquity grown old and religious."³ Perhaps they have been described even more happily by the author of Barnes' Modern School History. "The thoughtful student of history sees in the Middle Ages a time, not of decay, but of preparation; a period during which the seeds of a better growth were germinating in the soil."⁴

But let us come to particulars. Among the bugbears with which the defamers of mediævalism frightened the simple public, let us begin with that which always seemed most dreadful, the Popes. They were either wicked men, or ambitious, designing, worldly-minded men, who aimed at universal empire and crushed nations and the national spirit, or they were no men at all. The popess Joan haunted Protestant historians from the Magdeburg Centuriators down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Still even two hundred years ago Leibnitz was too enlightened to

¹ Von Hellwald, *Cultur geschichte in ihrer natürlichen Enturickelung*, p. 409.

² K. Pearson in the "*Academy*" of Sept. 26th, 1885.

³ Paulsen—"Geschichte des gelehrten Unterrichts," p. 6.

⁴ Barnes's *Modern History*, p. 12, note.

believe in the spectre. Since the Protestant Church historian Neander has stamped it as a myth, and especially since Döllinger published his "*Papstfabeln des Mittelalters*," the spectre has been effectually laid. No self-respecting, well-informed writer cares now-a-days to mention the tale of the popess Joan except as an exploded fable.

We come next to the power-grasping Popes. Of these, beginning with Gregory the Great, there used to be a whole legion; to investigate them all would take a company of Bollandists. But "Gregory" [the Great], says Arnold, "was the real founder of papal primacy in its later signification. . . . And yet at bottom he did no more than to gather all the elements, which up to that time had developed themselves in the Church, in faith and practice, in constitution and discipline, and to make them the basis of a new development. He is in no sense a 'Reformer'; he only took up the traditions of antiquity and with them entered into the new era, not greedy of honor or power, not a shrewd politician, but wholly full of the spirit which lived in the Church; whilst the patriarch of Constantinople just at that time claimed the title of *Universal Bishop*, Gregory, in striking contrast, called himself the 'servant of the servants of God,' and this title the Roman bishops have retained to the present day."¹

Perhaps no Pope has been attacked as virulently as Gregory VII., the great Hildebrand. Against him for centuries the older Protestants discharged their bile and their bitterness. *Höllenbrand* (brand of hell) he was called by the Magdeburg Centuriators, whilst Bibliander called him Gog the king of Magog. He aspired to universal monarchy, he unrighteously and cruelly humbled the emperor, he claimed the right to make and unmake kings and emperors, he was ambitious, proud, hypocritical, rash, obstinate. But abuse and denunciation are not history; revilings are not proofs. The day of investigation came, the day of honest historical research, and with it the day of Hildebrand's triumph. Hildebrand, says Johannes von Müller, "was firm and bold as a hero, wise as a senator, zealous as a prophet, strict in his morals, tenacious of one idea." The Protestant Church historians Gieseler and Neander admit that he was convinced of the justice of his cause. Gaab, Voigt, Giesebrecht, Bowden, Luden, Rühs, Leo, Stenzel, Creighton, all of them Protestants, have shown up many of the errors of former historians and done justice to Gregory's great qualities. At present all well-informed writers praise his honesty, his zeal for religion, his justice.² Popes Hadrian IV.

¹ W. Arnold—*Deutsche Geschichte*, ii., 1, p. 171.

² For the Protestant authorities on Gregory VII., see Hergenroether's *Kirchengeschichte*, 3d ed., vol. ii., pp. 210 and 230, notes.

(Nicholas Breakspeare, the only English Pope) and Alexander III., the contemporaries of Frederick I., Barbarossa, were also often accused of undue worldly ambition, of attempting to degrade the Empire and the Emperor. But Frederick, though a man of undoubted genius and possessed of the noblest qualities of the heart, unfortunately misconceived his relations to the Church and the Popes. "Towards the Church," says the Protestant historian Leo,¹ "Frederick from the beginning assumed as haughty an attitude as any of his predecessors of the Frankish house; in this respect he was no better than Henry V." "Only a Pope that was ready to sacrifice his own rights and those of others could continue to have a good understanding with such an emperor as Frederick."² "Frederick wished, like Charlemagne, to rule Rome and the bishops of the Empire as his vassals," says Gregorovius. The false conception of Barbarossa and the Popes Hadrian IV. and Alexander III., propagated by former historians, were based on the *Gesta Frederici I.*, written by Otto, Bishop of Freising, and continued by Ragewin, his secretary. Now Otto was Frederick's uncle, and built up his history on notes furnished him by the Emperor. "Otto," says Wattenbach,⁴ "wrote to Frederick 'that he was ready to write the history of his (Frederick's) time if the Emperor wished it, and if he would send him the necessary material by his notaries.' And Frederick accepted the proposal. We still possess a letter of his dated September, 1156, in which he sent a rapid review of his deeds to Otto, which the latter was to expand in his history. We may, in a way, regard this letter as the text on which Otto based his new work, the *Gesta Frederici*." When the Bishop died before its completion, Ragewin, Otto's scholar and notary, continued the work. "The Emperor himself, who manifestly took a deep interest in the work, had approved of Ragewin's choice as continuator, and his chancellor and notary, to whom Ragewin dedicated his work, appears to have furnished him facts and documents."³ No wonder that history derived from such a source should not be too favorable to Frederick's opponents. At all events, now that sound criticism has recognized the need of using these works with caution, Giesebrecht speaks

¹ Leo—Vorlesungen über die Geschichte des deutschen Volkes und Reiches, II., 648, quoted in "Geschichtslügen," p. 183. The latter little work, a refutation of current historical slanders against the Church and churchmen, is a work full of learning, that briefly, fairly and quietly puts down the chief lies that have disfigured many histories. It is so very handy and so useful, that it richly deserves to be translated.

² Döllinger, Kirchengeschichte, ii., p. 175, quoted in Geschichtslügen, p. 183.

³ Gregorovius, Geschichte der Stadt Rome, iv., p. 521, quoted in Geschichtslügen, p. 291.

⁴ Geschichtsquellen des M. A., p. 423.

⁵ Wattenbach, l. c., p. 423.

very unfavorably of the first book of the *Gesta Frederici I.* Most non-Catholic historians justify Hadrian and Alexander on many charges on which their predecessors had condemned them.

Since Hurter wrote his life of Innocent III. it has been unnecessary to defend that wonderful Pontiff. His learning, his ability, his wisdom, his good intentions, his charity have been acknowledged without stint. "Innocent III.," says Johannes von Müller,¹ "was a man full of kindness and affability, full of determination, extremely simple and saving in his way of living, generous to extravagance in his charities." Not unfrequently now non-Catholic writers call him "the greatest of the Popes."

The Popes of the tenth century have been painted in the blackest colors, not only by Protestant but by Catholic historians. No crime was too dreadful to be ascribed to some of them, especially to Sergius III., John X. and John XII. The chief witness against them was Liudprand, Bishop of Cremona and chancellor of the Emperor Otto the Great. At Otto's court, between 958 and 962, he had begun a work on the history of his own time, which he laid aside when appointed to the see of Cremona. "On account of the great political changes in Italy, the work had to a great extent lost its purpose. For this had chiefly been to pay back all those who had been kind or hostile to him according to their deserts, but especially to give vent to his hatred against King Berengar and (his Queen) Willa; hence he called this work of retribution *Antapodosis*. In it he has heartily denounced his enemies."² Unfortunately the Popes in question were Berengar's friends or connections, and would, therefore, naturally come in for a share of Liudprand's retribution. Notwithstanding the scantiness of our information on this period, Liudprand has been proved guilty of numerous misstatements, and more careful study in many other cases has thrown doubts on his stories. The discovery of Liudprand's defects as a historian led to the removal of at least some of the stains that blackened the names of these tenth century Popes, who were forced on the Church by the corrupt and unscrupulous Italian nobles and those wicked, scheming women, Theodora and Marozia. This was the time when the Papacy, to use Döllinger's words, "was bound hand and foot, and, being deprived of her freedom, cannot be made to answer for the disgrace which she was forced to suffer." Pertz, Ranke, Waitz, Jaffé, Giesebrecht, Wattenbach, enlightened by newly found documents and deeper study, are all inclined to judge of these Popes less harshly than former historians. In short,

¹ Von Müller, *Allg. Weltgeschichte*, vol. ii., p. 149, quoted in *Geschichtslügen*, p. 129.

² Wattenbach, *l. c.*, p. 264.

Pertz's saying is shown to be more and more correct every day: "The best defence of the Popes is the revelation of what they were."

The Popes during the Middle Ages, then, were far better men than they were painted by the Centuriators and their successors. Some of the best abused were men of exceptional merit and greatness. Through the Popes and through the bishops the Church exerted great influence in the political as well as in her own proper sphere. The union of Church and State was close throughout Europe. What were its effects? Did it enslave nations? Did it promote absolutism? Speaking of the consequences of Charlemagne's coronation by Leo III., and especially of the union of Church and State that followed it, Arnold says: "Much more dangerous was the contest which the union of the Empire with the Church made probable. For the doctrine of the two supreme powers could only be carried out as long as they lived in concord. A settlement (*Ausgleich*) between the Papal and imperial powers, each of which rested on a different principle of existence, was impossible by peaceful means. But in spite of the long continued struggle, which arose in consequence of the union, it was fortunate for the West, firstly, that the union took place, and secondly, that it took place only after the Church had become independent. For the last great result of this struggle was no other than the securing of the free development both of Church and of State."¹ "The principle," says Samuel Laing, "that the civil government, or state, or church and state united, of a country is entitled to regulate its religious belief, has more of intellectual thralldom in it than the power of the popish Church ever exercised in the darkest ages; for it had no civil power joined to its religious power. It only worked through the civil power of each country. The Church of Rome was an independent, distinct, and often an opposing power in every country to the civil power; a circumstance in the social economy of the middle ages to which, perhaps, Europe is indebted for her civilization and *freedom*,—for not being in a state of barbarism and slavery of the East and of every country, ancient and modern, in which the civil and religious power have been united in one government. Civil liberty is closely connected with religious liberty, with the Church being independent of the State."²

The Church, therefore, was the bulwark of liberty in the Middle Ages. It was more. The unity, authority, and universality of the Catholic Church, strange to say, did more for the creation, the growth, and strengthening of the nations of Europe, than national

¹ Arnold, *Deutsche Geschichte*, ii., 1, p. 305.

² S. Laing, *Notes of a Traveller*; quoted by Bp. Spalding in his *History of the Reformation*, vol. i., p. 67.

churches could have done. "The idea of a national church," we cite Arnold, "which even impartial historians like Rettberg cannot wholly shake off, was wholly inconceivable in the times of St. Boniface. For in the first place it was strange to Christianity in general, which calls peoples to its fold, not as separate communities, but all together; and in this sense the Church in union with the Roman Empire had become an essentially cosmopolitan institution. Moreover, and above all, the nation itself did not exist. Boniface helped to found it precisely by not founding a national church; he overcame the mutual antagonism of races and tribes by the unity of the Church."¹

How many preconceptions, hostile to Church and Popes, has modern historical science thus dissipated? The Church of the Middle Ages, as we have seen, was the bulwark of freedom and the nurse of nations; the Papacy, moreover, instead of being the enslaver of man's intellect, was liberal, liberal to the verge of rashness. "Mr. Creighton" (an Anglican canon and Professor of Ecclesiastical History, at Cambridge, who edits the *English Historical Review*, and has written a "History of the Popes during the Reformation Period"), "Mr. Creighton," says Lord Acton, in the *English Historical Review* (vol. ii., p. 577), "insists on the liberality of the Popes not only at the time of which he treats, but generally. Fanaticism had no place in Rome, nor did the Papal Court trouble itself about trifles. It allowed free thought beyond the extremest limits of ecclesiastical prudence.—The papacy in the Middle Ages always showed a tolerant spirit in matters of opinion. We cannot think that Roman inquisitors were likely to err on the side of severity."

That the organic unity of the Church, that the centring of her authority in one hand, that the Papacy, in brief, was a condition *sine qua non* of the spread of Christianity in Europe in the sixth and seventh centuries, is freely and honestly avowed by more than one non-Catholic historian. To Rome and the Pope, therefore, they award the merit of having dealt the fatal blow to barbarism, not only in Northern Europe but also in Gaul, of having civilized those countries, in short, of having established Christianity and the Church there on a firm foundation. "As in Chlodwig's day," says Arnold, "the future of the Church lay not in Arianism, but in the Apostolic doctrine of the Trinity, so now (in the time of St. Boniface) the strictest order and discipline (which Arnold claimed before depended on the union of the German Church with Rome) was necessary if Christianity was not to lose its character, but was to maintain itself in opposition to a rude clergy and people, and a warlike

¹ Arnold, l. c., ii., 1, p. 200.

state, as a power which was to conquer and renew the world."¹ And again: "There was a third circumstance which strengthened the hands of Boniface—his connection with Rome, and the efficient and steady support which it gave him."² "The essential difference," says, Wattenbach, "between this (Anglo-Saxon) and the Scots (Irish) missions lies in their relation to the Roman See. Since St. Augustin, sent by Gregory the Great, had founded the English Church, it had remained in the closest union with Rome, and from Rome it was governed, and its church firmly and securely organized. Hence these (the Anglo-Saxon) missions stood upon a wholly different basis and were not exposed to isolation, and the disorganization resulting therefrom, which limited the success of the Irish missionaries to the foundation of some monasteries."³ Bulwark of civil and religious liberty during the Middle Ages, Christianizer and therefore civilizer of England, Gaul, Germany and Northern Europe, foster-mother of nationalities—surely these are grand titles, and these titles are awarded by modern historical science to the Church of the Popes, to the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages. But are these the only claims she has to our regard? Was this the limit of her activity and influence? Did she do nothing to foster art and the sciences? Did she really leave the world she had conquered, in darkness and gloom? Were the Middle Ages really "dark" ages in the world of art and intellect? What says modern critical history?

To the art student of to-day it seems amazing that the Middle Ages should have been called "dark" in the world of art. The very stones cry out against it. Men must have seen darkness, because they shut their eyes. For ancient Egypt its wonderful architectural remains alone have justly vindicated a high place amongst the cultured nations of the world; for mediæval Europe its noble cathedrals and monasteries, not to speak of its civic architecture, utter a loud protest against being denounced as uncultured and barbarous. Stupendous, without doubt, were the temples of Memphis and Thebes, works unsurpassed in grandeur and majesty; surely, the great cathedrals of France, England, Belgium and Germany, as embodiments of the highest principles of taste and art, may well challenge comparison with the great works of the Thothmes and the Ramses. Beginning with the great palace structures of Charlemagne at Aachen, in the ninth century, decade after decade adds to the great masterpieces of architectural art, until, in the fifteenth century, all Christian Europe became a vast workshop, engaged in building countless structures, civil

¹ Arnold, l. c., p. 200.

² Arnold, l. c., p. 188.

³ Wattenbach, *Deutschlands Geschichtsquellen*, p. 93.

and sacred. Great cities were few, but each town of moderate prominence prided itself on one or more churches, each fit to be the cathedral of a metropolis. If truthful proportion, correct decoration, fit co-ordination of parts, delicate tracery, beauty of design are marks of true art, and if true art is evidence of culture, then indeed the Middle Ages were not lacking in taste and culture. This art, too, it must be kept in mind, was an original art, born of the times and the people, conceived by the deep and true religious sentiments of the period; not the genial creations of some one or a dozen of master minds, but the creation of monk and mason. Seldom is a church or a monastery ascribed to this or that architect, to such an extent was it the common work of many men. And what does all this amazing activity in artistic building signify? Not that the ages were dark and barbarous, not that they possessed artistic taste in architecture only, or ordinary mechanical skill. To erect the mediæval minsters required profound knowledge of mechanics, of the strength of materials, of the strains to which they must be subjected. The monastery of Mont St. Michel today is a marvel of engineering skill. Mechanics and engineering imply mathematics. But this is not all. The sculptor, too, and the painter, were called in, and the artistic worker in metals,—in bronze, in iron, in silver, in gold,—the glass decorator and the ivory carver, the lace maker and the moulder in clay. Every art, high and humble, zealously offered its service to embellish the Lord's temple; every artist was inspired with great and noble ideas, when working for the Lord's house. In technical skill perhaps the modern painter or sculptor may surpass the men of those days; in originality and in the exalted idealism which transcends all technical skill and covers a multitude of technical defects, modern art has failed to maintain the lofty heights of the mediæval monastic artist.

In science the close, not to say slavish, adherence of the men of the Middle Ages to Aristotle, their "philosopher" *par excellence*, hindered any pronounced or striking progress. Besides, they felt it to be their first and paramount mission to preach the Gospel, and to establish on a scientific basis Christian morals and doctrine in a society partly decaying, partly immature and swayed by the titanic passions of victorious barbarians. Herculean indeed was their task, as any one must admit who will read the annals of the house of Clovis, in Gaul. Still the very fact that mediæval scholars accepted Aristotle as their guide in science bears witness to the soundness of their judgment. Equally creditable to their discernment was the choice of Ptolemy as "the geographer" of the age. The masses, it is true, knew little of Ptolemy and the rotundity of the earth, and many illustrious in other walks of learning

may have had very false notions on the shape of the earth. But this is equally true of the ancient Romans in the height of their prosperity. Tacitus, for instance, scholar and philosopher though he was, was wholly mistaken as to the form of the earth, as any one can see who reads his *Agricola*. But in many monasteries Ptolemy's works were known, and we owe their preservation to monks of the thirteenth century. In geography, moreover, the Middle Ages did not rest content with the knowledge they found in Ptolemy. Mr. Major, in his edition of the "*Voyages of the Venetian Brothers, Nicolo and Antonio Zeno*," for the Hakluyt Society, has made it more than probable that the Zeni discovered America in the fourteenth century. At all events Columbus himself was the offspring of the Middle Ages. In an edition of Pomponius Mela printed at Venice in 1482, the sources of the Nile are correctly traced to two lakes in equatorial Africa. Some unknown mediæval traveler had thus anticipated one of the most brilliant discoveries of the last few decades. The Franciscan monks Giovanni Piano de Carpine, sent by Innocent IV. after the Council of Lyons (1245), and William of Rubruck, sent by St. Louis, in 1253, to the Mongol Khan, penetrated deep into Central Asia to that potentate's capital, Korakorum, and published relations of their journeys that were widely copied and read. Friar William was the first to establish that the Caspian Sea is a lake, and not a bay of the Arctic Ocean, an error, however, which had not died out at the beginning of the eighteenth century.¹ The fame of Marco Polo and that of Prince Henry the Navigator also show how much indebted the science of geography is to the Middle Ages. In theoretical science, the names of Copernicus, of Roger Bacon, of Nicolas of Cusa and John Regiomontanus redeem them from the reproach of having made no advance. The mariner's compass, which is first mentioned by Alexander Neckam about 1180, and is now believed by competent authority to have been independently invented in Europe,² is a practical achievement in science equal in importance to the greatest inventions of modern days, and pregnant with far reaching discoveries. To this we must add gunpowder and the printer's press—and we may well pass over in silence minor inventions. The compass, the press, and gunpowder—without these three gifts of the Middle Ages, what would become of modern history, commercial, political, scientific?

But it is time to pass to other subjects and to take up the much vexed question of scholasticism. "On the value of this (the scholastic) instruction," says Prof. Paulsen, "it is difficult to give an unprejudiced opinion. The Humanists never speak of it without

¹ Cf. Ruge, *Das Zeitalter der Entdeckungen*, p. 40 ff.

² Ruge, *l. c.*, pp. 21, 22.

exhausting the vocabulary of scorn in which their Latin abounds; their judgment has for the most part been accepted to this day without examination as the testimony of history. We might as well accept without inquiry the judgment of romanticism on illuminism, of the social democracy on the society of to-day as authentic information on the value of these things. It is the fate of every historical development to be put aside with hate and scorn by the next following historical development. . . . He who begins to go over these investigations (the scholastic), so strange to us and so impenetrable, is easily discouraged and led to think that they cannot make him wiser. But is this the case with mediæval philosophy only? Do not most of those who take up Hegel read him with similar feelings and lay him aside again? . . . Do even the Humanists—an Erasmus, an Eobanus, who were sure they wrote for eternity—fare any better?”¹ For most non-Catholics, of course, the works of St. Thomas, of Peter Lombard, of St. Anselm, etc., appear a strange new world of thought; their language seems fantastic, if not barbarous, their teaching is in many respects the contrary of all they have been taught, their concise, pregnant manner of reasoning is the very opposite of the endless entanglements of many a German philosophical oracle. So Prof. Paulsen has made great progress when he casts aside the traditional scornful condemnation and ranks the scholastics as thinkers with a thinker but recently so respected as Hegel. To their Latin he has done full justice. “If to write Latin in a barbarous way means to write it differently from the Romans of Cicero’s day, then mediæval Latin undoubtedly was barbarous, almost as barbarous as German and French; but if by writing in a barbarous way we do not understand this accidental variation, but take it to mean writing in a manner unsuitable to the subject matter, writing without feeling for the genius of the language, using senseless and unfitting phrases gotten from all sources, in that case the reproach of using a barbarous language might oftener be justly made against the humanists than against the mediæval philosophers and theologians. To the scientific researches of the latter, their language is, perhaps, no less suitable and necessary than Aristotle’s style is to his philosophy. All the newly coined abstract terms, *substantia*, *essentia*, *existentia*, *quantitas*, *qualitas*, *identitas*, *quidditas*, *hæccitas*, that are wont to be produced to wondering and gaping readers by humanistic babblers as monstrous portents, were clearly necessary to their investigations. Most of them were formed after Aristotle’s technical terms as models, and that they are neither useless nor senseless creations is best shown by the fact, that in spite of the efforts of the humanists they live to the present day; for they

¹ Prof. Paulsen, *Geschichte des gelehrten*, p. 20.

have passed into modern languages either bodily or in translations."¹ "The reproach so often repeated by humanists, ancient and modern, that Cicero could not have understood the Latin of the Middle Ages, those who used it would have pronounced absurd. They did not speak this language to Cicero, but to men that understood it, which was all they intended; moreover, Cicero's poverty-stricken language did not meet their requirements."

Here, perhaps, it is not out of place to say a few words about mediæval grammarians. "Fr. Haase," says Paulsen, "in his monograph *De Medi Aevi Studiis Philologicis*, finds the mediæval grammarians full of mistakes and errors in matters depending on historical research, *i. e.*, in the etymology and the vocabulary; but where there is question of philosophical acumen, they display the whole vigor of their intellect and deserve our admiration. This is especially the case in syntax. This was built up for the most part independently by the mediæval grammarians, Ebrard Bethunensis in his book entitled *Græcismus* (written in 1124), and Alexander; and they were so successful that the syntax of to-day, though we are ignorant of the fact, is based on their labors."²

But to return to Scholasticism as an embodiment of thought. A writer in the *Saturday Review*,³ criticising F. Harper's "Metaphysics of the Schools," tells us,—in part repeating Prof. Pearson and Prof. Paulsen,—that "on the whole he (F. Harper) has not exaggerated the ignorant contempt and the contempt sometimes not wholly ignorant, and, therefore, less excusable, with which one of the *most active and fertile periods of human thought* has been treated."⁴ "Contrary to the common opinion," he says further on, "the schoolmen by no means reject the criteria furnished by common sense, but, on the contrary, give them a position from which they are entirely excluded in many very modern philosophies." He approves of F. Harper's "recommendation of such studies as he (F. Harper) is handling," as a remedy for the inexactness of thought and expression in this age. . . . It is not improbable that the distaste to the schoolmen has been kept up not a little owing to this very fact (*i. e.*, the general inexactness of thought and expression now prevailing) of which it is also in a way the cause."

The value of mediæval philosophy is also recognized with honorable fairness by the great German jurist, Prof. Rudolph Ihering. In the second edition of the second volume of his great work, "Der Zweck im Recht," he refers to a criticism on his work by a Catholic priest, W. Hohoff, chaplain at Hüffe. "This gentleman," says Ihering, "proves for me by citations

¹ Paulsen, l. c., p. 27.

³ September 27, 1884.

² Paulsen, l. c., p. 26.

⁴ The italics are ours.

from Thomas of Aquin, that this great mind had with entire correctness recognized the realistico-practical and social as well as the historical element in morals. The charge of ignorance, shown by this fact, which he lodges against me, I cannot deny; but with far more force than myself does this charge touch modern philosophers and theologians, who have failed to make use of the grand ideas of this man. Amazed, I ask, how was it possible that such truths, once they had been taught, could have been wholly forgotten by our Protestant science? What errors it might have saved itself had it taken them to heart! For my part, I should, perhaps, not have written my book, had I known them, for the fundamental ideas with which I was concerned are found laid down in that powerful thinker with perfect clearness and in most pregnant language.”¹

Protestant science might find many more deep and fruitful thoughts in every department of philosophy and theology, should it consult St. Thomas and the great mediæval schoolmen in the spirit of Prof. Ihering. All that is needed is research,—honest, unprejudiced research,—and enlightened, impartial criticism.

But we must hurry on from the schoolmen to the preachers of the Middle Ages. “Milman,” says a writer in the *Saturday Review*,² asserts “that the sacerdotal Christianity of the Middle Ages disdained and almost dropped preaching; ‘the only teaching of the people was the ritual.’ And he adds, ‘that preaching thus ignored by the church became the mark and strength of all the sects and all the heresiarchs.’ There is a certain plausibility in this statement, but it has to be balanced by the important counter-statement of the rise and enormous influence of the two great preaching orders of Dominicans and Franciscans in the thirteenth century. . . . Charlemagne urged on his bishops the importance of preaching, probably acting by the advice of his chief religious counsellor, Alcuin, who observes in a letter to Theodulph, Archbishop of Orleans, that as the royal crown is adorned with gems, faithful preaching ought to be the ornament of the archiepiscopal pallium. In another letter addressed to the people of Canterbury, he urges them to secure the services of many preachers, ‘lest the fountains of truth be dried up among you.’ Elsewhere he refers to a custom, prevalent at the time, of reading homilies of the Fathers in church on Sundays and festivals; contemporary synods and bishops also enjoined the duty of preaching on the clergy with a persistency, which shows that it was already beginning to be neglected.” Fair as these remarks are in the main, the last few words are apt to mislead. Preaching was by no means wholly neglected after Char-

¹ Von Ihering, *Der Zweck im Recht*, vol. ii., p. 161, 2d ed.

² *Saturday Review*, June 12, 1886.

lemagne. Speaking of the beginning of French literature, Saintsbury informs us that "by the eleventh century it may be taken as certain that not merely were laws, charters, and other formal documents written in French, not merely were *sermons constantly composed and preached* in that tongue, but also works of definite literature were produced in it."¹ Of St. Bernard we possess forty-four sermons, though whether he wrote them originally in French or in Latin is unknown. Much later, in the fifteenth century, the great Strasburg preacher, Geiler von Kaisersberg, wrote most of his sermons in Latin, though he preached them in German. At all events, "Maurice de Sully, who presided over the see of Paris from 1160 to 1195, has left a considerable number of sermons which exist in manuscripts of very different dialects. . . . In the following century the number of preachers whose vernacular work has been preserved is very large; the increase being beyond all doubt partially due to the foundation of the two great preaching orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic. The existing literature of this class, dating from the thirteenth, fourteenth, and the early fifteenth centuries, is enormous."² Some of the oldest English prose writings that have come down to us are homilies or sermons. A German Protestant, R. Cruel, in his "History of German Preaching in the Middle Ages," has proved at length that not only in the fifteenth century, but during the Middle Ages in general, more preaching was done in Germany than at present, and that no German preacher ever preached in Latin to a lay congregation of his countrymen.³

In no respect did the Church of the Middle Ages develop a nobler and grander activity than in her deeds of charity. Charity, of course, is the keystone of Christianity, and charity without works is a hollow sound. Hence, even during the ages of persecution, the refuge for strangers (*xenodochium*) had sprung into existence among the early Christians. After Constantine's conversion one of his first laws provided for the care of infants, and more than one inscription in the Catacombs bears witness to the great number of foundlings supported by Christian charity. In the fourth century a noble Christian lady, Fabiola, founded the first hospital in Rome. At Cæsarea, St. Basil established another, as well as an asylum for lepers. To the Church the weak and the sick were ever objects of motherly solicitude. But never, perhaps, in her history did she unfold this characteristic more resplendently than during the Middle Ages. Catholic Europe was covered with monasteries. "Every monastery," says a writer in the *Saturday*

¹ G. Saintsbury, *History of French Literature*, p. 7.

² Saintsbury, *l. c.*, p. 141.

³ *Geschichtslügen*, p. 387.

Review,¹ "as a rule had its infirmary not only for its own members, but for invalids and convalescents generally, and the nursing of the weak, the blind and the aged. The infirmaries are the patterns of modern hospitals." Founders of hospitals, the same writer informs us, were generally unknown, because such foundations were so common and connected with the very essence of Christianity. "We may be justified in recalling the fact," says the celebrated Prof. Virchow, "that the almost unbounded power of the Church in the Middle Ages was founded not only on the strength and unity of faith and the unimpeachable sanctity of her traditions, but essentially on the active and careful helpfulness with which the Church in every sphere of science and work was the active centre of organized educated society. Innocent III. undertook the organization of hospitals in this magnanimous spirit. . . . In Rome the mother house of all these hospitals still exists, the venerable hospital of *San Spirito in Sassia*. Sprung from a house for pilgrims, founded in 727 by the Anglo-Saxon king Ina, this house, originally called the 'School of Saxons' (*Schola Saxonum*), had grown in the course of time. When Innocent III., in 1204, began to carry out his idea of a hospital organization to be extended throughout Christendom, he could go to this institution as a ready-made existing foundation. From Montpellier he called Guy, the founder of the order of the Holy Ghost, placed him at the head of the whole organization, and with his aid began immediately to found larger inns (*Binnengasthaeuser*) in all countries. In Germany the work proceeded with such rapidity that in the course of a few decades almost every larger and many smaller cities had their Holy Ghost Hospital, often connected with a church of the Holy Ghost, the members of the order always keeping up their connection with Rome. From this centre a fixed set of rules passed to the more recent institutions, which were no longer *inns*, but real hospitals for the diseased and weak."² With the order of the Holy Ghost the order of St. Lazarus vied in charity. Its hospitals, called *Lazarettoes*, were designed for the care of lepers. The grand-mastership of this order became hereditary in the house of Savoy. To-day, however, when King Humbert confers the order of St. Lazarus, neither the grand master nor the new knight gives much thought to the poor lepers, nor, in fact, to the sick and wretched. Besides the order of St. Lazarus the Knights Templars and Hospitallers originally devoted themselves to the care of the sick in Palestine. They, too, gradually drifted away from their primary purpose, and became the bulwarks of Christendom against the Mussulman. But the grand foundation of Innocent III. was

¹ Sat. Review, Sept. 27th, 1885.

² Prof. Virchow, *Hospitler and Lazarette*, pp. 15-16.

cherished and fostered by Popes and kings and free cities until the fatal schism of the sixteenth century. Then with the other monks the brothers of the Holy Ghost were turned out of their homes, and the sick and the stricken given over to the tender mercies of the world. "In Germany," says Virchow, "as the power of the princes grew stronger and the bureaucracy developed more freely, the care of the new hospital fell to the State more and more. It has required a strong moral movement and hard pressure from without to revive the activity of individuals and communities in this direction. Here precisely is the point where our generation must learn from the much abused Middle Ages."¹

Wonderful, in truth, was the power for good exerted during the Middle Ages by Popes and bishops and monks, in short, by the Church. "In the Church," says Wattenbach, "all those took refuge that still had a feeling and inclination for literary culture, which no more found a home in the mad struggles of the world. This we recognize in the lives of Cassiodorus, Jordanis, Apollinaris Sidonius; and Venantius Fortunatus, too, in advanced old age became Bishop of Poitiers, where he died at the beginning of the seventh century. The essentially lifeless and artificial literature of the grammarians died with its last representatives that the Franks had still found, and henceforth only the Church preserved the germs of intellectual life, which she naturally applied to her own service."² "At the beginning of the Middle Ages, as we have seen, the men who were distinguished by literary culture, even if they did not owe it to the Church, yet at last turned to her, and the same happened in Charlemagne's time. The Frankish knight disdained all learning, and Charles's efforts in this direction remained without lasting success. Soon the Church was again the sole protectress of the pencil and the pen."³ And so she remained in most respects during the greater part of the Middle Ages. Her priests and monks copied not only the Bible and the Fathers, but also the Latin classics; they were the chroniclers and historians of those days, the mathematicians, musicians and architects; they were the philosophers and grammarians; they were the farmers and the craftsmen. "It is impossible," says Dean Maitland, "to get even a superficial knowledge of the mediæval history of Europe without seeing how greatly the world of that period was indebted to the monastic orders, and feeling that, whether they were good or bad in other matters, monasteries were beyond all price in those days of misrule and turbulence, as places where (it may be imperfectly, yet better than elsewhere) God was worshipped—as a quiet

¹ Virchow, *Hospitler and Lazarette*, p. 16.

² Wattenbach, *Deutschlands Geschichtsquellen*, p. 69.

³ Wattenbach, *l. c.*, p. 142.

and religious refuge for helpless infancy and old age, a shelter of respectful sympathy for the orphan maiden and the desolate widow—as central points whence agriculture was to spread over bleak hills and barren downs and marshy plains, and deal bread to millions perishing with hunger and its pestilential train—as repositories of the learning which then was, and well-springs of the learning that was to be—as nurseries of art and science, giving the stimulus, the means, and the reward to invention, and aggregating around them every head that could devise and every hand that could execute—as the nucleus of the city which in after-days of pride should crown its palaces and bulwarks with the towering cross of its cathedral.”¹ Men have too long looked at what the monks did not do for art and science and Church and State, and closed their eyes to what they did do. They have demanded from them the impossible. They have expected them to produce the fruit before they sowed the seed. They have riveted their eyes on their faults, and forgotten that the monks were human; they have wilfully or in prejudice exaggerated their wrong-doing. They have found instances of ignorance and superstition in monasteries, and forthwith turned all monasteries into sinks of ignorance and superstition. Some monks, they learned from their indignant fellows, were lazy and given to vice, and immediately all monasteries were denounced as hot-beds of idleness and vice. But is it likely that so bad a tree should produce such good fruit? “It has been thought,” says Prof. Brewer, “that the success of the Reformation was mainly due to the purity of the morals it inculcated, or rather to the general corruption of all classes of the clergy in particular in the fifteenth century. The declamations of moralists and theologians, the invectives of satirists, even the evidence of criminal courts on such a subject as this, whether in the sixteenth or the nineteenth century, are too partial to be decisive. Neither authentic documents, nor the literature and character of the times, nor, if national ethics is essentially connected with national art, its artistic tendencies, warrant us in believing that the era preceding the Reformation was more corrupt than that which succeeded it. It is impossible that the clergy should have been universally immoral and the laity have remained sound, temperate and loyal; but if these general arguments are not sufficient, I refer my readers to a very curious document dated the 8th of July, 1519, when a search was instituted by different commissioners on Sunday night in London and its suburbs for all suspected and disorderly persons. I fear no parish in London nor any town in the United Kingdom of the

¹ S. R. Maitland—*The Dark Ages*, p. iv. This book, the work of a fair man, who had deeply studied mediæval times, is full of interesting and important matter to the student of the Middle Ages.

same amount of population would at this day pass a similar ordeal with equal credit."¹ Prof. Brewer's argument may be fairly applied to earlier periods of the Middle Ages, and we shall not go far astray when we assume that whilst, no doubt, abuses, in some cases gross abuses, existed in individual monasteries, yet most monasteries, in the words of Dean Maitland, were truly "quiet and religious refuges for helpless infancy and old age, shelters of respectful sympathy for the orphan maiden and desolate widow, repositories of learning, nurseries of art and science."

Thus has the modern historical student, by his researches and his sifting of evidence, redeemed the mediæval Church and her servants from many a reproach; thus has he awarded her many a wreath of praise, of which she may well be proud. We have, however, by no means exhausted the list of services which Church and Pope and monk rendered to mediæval Europe. There are the universities which she founded and fostered, and in which was laid the groundwork of the great modern edifice of science. There is music, which mediæval monks developed and delivered over to modern times an all but perfect structure, for they invented or improved musical notation (Guido d'Arezzo); they built great organs, in many respects unexcelled even now; they studied and penetrated deeply into harmony, a side of the art perhaps wholly unknown to the ancients; they invented measured music, and systematized it (Franco of Cologne, 1247); they invented and perfected many musical instruments. There is classical learning, which monks, amidst thousandfold difficulties, saved from perishing, and in which even nuns at times reached such perfection that a Roswitha of Gandersheim not only read Terence, but composed creditable comedies in imitation of that master of elegant conversational Latin. There is agriculture, which monks first taught the barbarians, and which they encouraged from the days of St. Boniface to the days of Luther. But to dwell upon these subjects and exploit these mines of monkish merit would demand volumes.

There is still one element in the culture of the Middle Ages, however, to which we must draw attention. We have left it to the last because, though created, like other branches of mediæval learning, by monks and priests, it was afterwards taken up, nursed and perfected by laymen. We mean the vernacular literature of the Middle Ages, especially their poetry. Since the end of the last century untold labor has been devoted to bring to light and to appreciate the mediæval poetic literature of France and Germany. Unlooked-for success has crowned the labors of men like Fauriel, Francisque Michel, Paulin and Gaston Paris, Meyer, and others,

¹ Brewer, *History of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, vol. i., p. 600.

in France, and the impulse given to the study of German mediæval poetry by Wieland, the Schlegels, Brentano, Görres, and the Grimms, has borne equally noble fruit. Buried in university, court, and convent libraries, covered with the dust of centuries, were found treasures of literature, now pronounced by competent scholars to be, in some respects, equal to the great classic masterpieces. Of these, the oldest is the German poetic Gospel harmony, called by its first editor, Professor Schmeller, of Munich, "*Heliand*" (the Saviour). It was written about 830 A. D., and published just a thousand years later. "This poem," says Vilmar, "composed by a Saxon, or, perhaps, in old-epic fashion, by several authors—and several traces point to this conclusion—relates the life of Jesus Christ according to the combined reports of the four Gospels, and is, by far, the most excellent, perfect, and sublime Christian poem of all nations and all times; in truth, apart from its Christian subject, it is in general one of the most glorious works of poetry that human genius has created; and in some parts, descriptions, and features, it may safely challenge comparison with the Homeric songs. It is the only true Christian epic."¹ About thirty years after the *Heliand* another poetic Gospel harmony was written, this time in Alsace. Its author was a Benedictine monk, Ottfried, of Weissenburg. Far inferior as a poem to the *Heliand*, it has decided claims to our interest and attention. "The poem is invaluable as a sample of old High German, and, if possible, even more valuable on account of the uncommon care and precision with which the metres have been treated, so that, if our German prosody is to be scientific, we can to this day gather its fundamental rules only from this work of Ottfried. Alliteration Ottfried replaces by the musical principle which has remained dominant since—rhyme. His work is the first written in rhyme, and at the same time the standard for all succeeding centuries."² About 1300 A. D., the great epic the "Lay of the Nibelungs" was combined into one poem; its component songs, detected with wonderful skill by Karl Lachmann, had been sung probably for centuries before by travelling bards and rhapsodists. To emphasize its merits is useless; they are acknowledged by all. It seems strange that this poem, "the chief gem in the poetic crown of Germany," should have been forgotten, should have been unknown for ages; stranger still that, when at last published by a Swiss pedagogue, named Müller, the great Frederick of Prussia, poet and politician and warrior, to reward him for his work, wrote: "You think entirely too well of these things. In my opinion, they are not worth a shot of powder. I should not tolerate them in my library, but should throw them

¹ Vilmar, *Geschichte der Deutschen National Literatur*, fr. 29.

² Vilmar, l. c., 31.

out." Frederick was a better judge of powder than of poems; still, he was a fair representative of eighteenth-century enlightenment, and gives us a clue why these men could not appreciate the Middle Ages.

Epics of the Nibelungen class, there were many; at least a dozen or fifteen have come down to us, whole or in part; the Lamentation of the Nibelungs, the Song of Hildebrand, Sigfrid, King Laurin, the Battle of Ravenna (*Raben Schlacht*), Rosegarden, King Rother, and King Otnit, may be mentioned as some of these poems. But, next to the Song of the Nibelungs for merit, a poem of singular beauty and attractiveness, portraying "the strict fidelity, suffering humility, and ever-dignified nobility of a German woman," comes Gudrun, a German Odyssey, next to the Nibelungen Iliad. Besides these poems, celebrating the heroes of the great invasion of the Roman Empire, we have a cycle of epics dealing with the exploits of Charlemagne and his paladins; another singing of King Arthur and his knights; and the Legend of the Holy Land, as well as romantic tales of Alexander and Æneas. The finest of these epics is the "Parzival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, the greatest German poet of his age, the friend of Hermann of Thüringen, St. Elizabeth's father-in-law. At Hermann's court, also, we find other distinguished votaries of the epic muse, like Hartmann von der Aue, as well as the greatest of the minnesingers, Walther von der Vogelweide. Much of their poetry has been translated into modern German, and its high excellence has been most freely recognized. And yet these men lived and sang in the "dark" ages, at the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century.

We pass from Germany to France. Hardly had the old rustic Roman, transformed by the German influence of the Franks, become French, when we find it used for literary purposes. The tenth century furnishes us the Song of St. Eulalie, a life of St. Leger, and a poem on the Passion. Then follow the *Chansons de Geste*s, heroic poems singing of the noble deeds of the legendary or historic families of France. Even the eleventh century furnishes us one example of these epics, the *Chanson de Roland*, edited for the first time by M. Michel, in 1837. It treats of an episode of the great Charles's wars with the Saracens, and is the oldest as well as the most interesting of the poems dealing with that subject. *Amis et Amies*, a *chanson* of 3500 lines, written in the twelfth century, was one of the most popular mediæval poems, though its interest is mainly domestic. The wealth of this poetry revealed by modern research is amazing. Every hero had his Homer in those days, it would seem. Roland, Guillaume d'Orange, Huon de Bordeaux, Renant de Montauban, and dozens of others, found

trouvères to write and *jongleurs* to recite their glories. And these numerous works are far from being without merit. "Their versification is pleasing to the ear," says Mr. Saintsbury, "and their language, considering its age, is of surprising strength, expressiveness, and even wealth." "It is neither poor in vocabulary nor lacking in harmony of sound. It is, indeed, more sonorous and stately than the classical French language was from the seventeenth century to the days of Victor Hugo."¹

The *Chansons de Geste*s were followed very soon by the Romances of King Arthur and of Alexander the Great, many of which were subsequently versified. How well they lend themselves to poetic treatment was shown not only by the German poets of the thirteenth century, but also in our own day by Lord Tennyson. The old French romances rank high as works of literature. "The peculiarity of what may be called their atmosphere is marked. An elaborate and romantic system of mystical religious sentiment, finding vent in imaginative and allegorical narrative, a remarkable refinement of manners, and a combination of delight in battle and devotion to ladies, distinguish them. This is, in short, the romantic spirit, or, as it is sometimes called, the spirit of chivalry; and it cannot be too positively asserted that the Arthurian romances communicate it to literature for the first time, and that nothing like it is found in the classics."² To the *chansons* and romances must be added the *fabliau*, a species of poem partaking of the ballad and the *Æsopic fable*. We must also mention the lyric poetry, both of the Provençal troubadours and the Northern French *trouvères*. Year after year scholars discover and print more of those ancient literary treasures, and year after year they accumulate more proof that the Middle Ages from the tenth to the fifteenth century were far from being a barbarous and barren age in literature.

We see the Middle Ages had truly a culture. Of course that culture was very different from ours. Was it, therefore, in every respect inferior to modern culture? Let us hear the opinion of a scholar well acquainted with both, brought up wholly under modern influences, so to say, steeped in them, a non-Catholic, but a fair and open-minded critic, Prof. Paulsen:

"Between the culture of the Middle Ages and modern culture there is an important difference: it is that the former was what the latter is not—popular; . . . it was the property of the whole people: modern culture, on the contrary, belongs to the learned. In the Middle Ages all had one language, one poetry, one faith, one Church, one art; since the fifteenth century the body of the people has been split into two classes, the learned and the un-

¹ Saintsbury, *Hist. of French Lit.*, pp. 23, 24.

² Saintsbury, *l. c.*, p. 38.

learned, or, in modern parlance, the cultured and the uncultured, who live side by side, but not with one another; nor do they live the same life. . . . Since the end of the Middle Ages unity of language has perished from the midst of the people. The learned, *i.e.*, the bearers of culture, since that time spoke a language different from that of the uneducated masses. True, in the Middle Ages, too, the language of learning, and in part of public life, was a foreign language. But mediæval Latin was not the language of a foreign people; it grew upon the soil, and drew its life from the life of the age; it did not change the turn of mind of those who used it. It was not the reason for pride and display, but a necessary instrument for international and learned intercourse. Those who spoke it did not become strangers to the life of the masses. The clerics, who knew and used it, held the same views of life and the world as the people in general. . . . But at the end of the sixteenth century no one, unless he was forced to speak in German on the commonest matters of every day life, could express his thoughts without borrowing from the Latin. Though perhaps the introduction of some Latin purple patches was due to the desire of showing that the writer did not belong to the rabble, yet not unfrequently he was led to use the Latin because it was handy, whilst he was at a loss for the proper German expression. The contempt for the German language, and its neglect during the sixteenth century in consequence of the schools being carried on in Latin, made it possible for the French language to take possession of the upper classes. For a time it seemed as if the German tongue had died out as a vehicle of culture. When at last it began to be revived for literary uses its connection with the living, spoken language had been almost snapped. Luckily Luther's translation of the Bible had saved a great part of the mediæval German language for better times. . . . Can we close our eyes to the fact that our German literature, and especially the so-called classical German literature, is, to a great extent, strange to the life of the people, and that it will remain so? that the plastic arts among us are exotics, which have never struck root among the people, and which are kept alive by arbitrary means and by imitation? and that our law and political science are learned creations, and not the outcome of the nation's life? nay, that even religion and religious life among us have an artificial, half political, half erudite, character? Can we deny that in this respect the Middle Ages were more blessed? Then the life of the whole people was based on one general view of the world and of life: the same ideals of heroism and sanctity filled the souls of all: art spoke a language understood by all, for it gave form and reality to the ideals that lived in their hearts, and the Church and her sacred ceremonies co-ordi-

nated the life of all with the same world of ideas. With the Renaissance began the great schism."¹

Such is Prof. Paulsen's view of mediæval and modern culture. But Paulsen is far from standing alone; his views, as he remarks himself, are the views of Wackernagel and Pfeiffer, learned Germanists and profound scholars. They, if any, had penetrated deeply into German mediæval literature and the life of the German people in those times. They plodded, they studied, they searched, they sifted, and they saw—what? The frightful images of barbarism, ignorance, superstition, and darkness? the caricature of learning and fainting shadow of national life? No. They saw what Paulsen saw. They saw that most of the fearful pictures of the dark ignorance of the Middle Ages, formerly accepted as correct, were mirages; they saw that many of the current descriptions were myths.

THE LONDON POOR.

TOWN poverty and country poverty are different. Poverty in the country means simplicity—"a dinner of herbs with contentment";—but poverty in towns means starvation, *plus* dirt, degradation and disease. London being perhaps the largest town, —though it is but a combination of small towns,—the contrast between its spirit and the spirit of the country is more pronounced than is the same contrast in other kingdoms. Rural France is in touch with brilliant Paris, so far as borrowed ideas can be assimilated; rural Italy is, or was, in touch with Papal Rome, so far as ordinary Catholic sentiments can be diffused; but between London and the English villages there is absolutely nothing in common, unless it be the "doing nothing" on a Sunday. London life, among the poor, is one unceasing bitter struggle, unrelieved by any sunshine, save that of children's smiles, yet with a constant, painful yearning for better days.

We speak of course of the poorest class of Londoners; not of the average successful workman or artisan, but of the thousands whose life-long element is want. That word, want, does not mean only destitution, it means the craving for most of the necessities of life. Such craving is the normal mood of scores of thousands.

¹ Paulsen, l. c., pp. 291-293.

It is a craving which robs the soul of half its peace, as well as robs the home of half its rights. It is a disgrace, a burning shame, to wealthy England. Scores of good men have tried to get to the bottom of it; to suggest this remedy or that remedy for the great want; but there it stands, worse and worse every year, and with no apparent prospect of elimination. Still, terrible as it is, it has its beauties; there are features in it which are captivating, even fascinating,—especially its heroic patience and charity. Let us briefly trace its story, its lessons.

The commercial condition of England twenty years ago had all the seeming of an enduring prosperity. The enormous increase of manufactories attracted the country-folks to London; and, for a while, all went well with the whole of the working classes; short hours, generous pay, cheap commodities, making their lives at once easy and profitable. Then came the reaction. The lean kine followed close on the fat kine. There has been a fifteen years' spell of depression. And the reasons are easy to be given. The remedies may be purely theoretical, but the causes are as clear as is the sun. Political economy, in the simple groove of depression, is not a science that need puzzle any Englishman. In the groove of the depression of the capitalists there may be some difficulty in working out the problem; but as to all kinds of manual labor, the causes of the depression are as obvious as they are difficult of removal. It is the "removal" which baffles the wise heads. Thus, to tell us that the invention of machinery—of labor-saving contrivances in most of the trades—has lessened the demand for manual labor to the extent of about seventy per cent., is to tell us only that thirty "hands" are now wanted where a hundred hands used formerly to be wanted; but it is *not* to tell us how the remaining seventy hands are to live, either in their old lines or in new lines. So again, to affirm that high wages in machine-factories have been proved to mean a low cost of production, while low wages in hand-industries have meant a high cost, is to affirm what we must readily admit; but it offers no consolation to the "depressed." In the same way, the new system of combinations has been much vaunted as beneficial to the public; but it is not beneficial to the "depressed"; it is, on the contrary, an aggravation. Again, as to means of transit, we have no need to have it proved to us that steam can do quickly and cheaply what the slow method did slowly and expensively; but this is chiefly a benefit to the traders—it lessens the chances of work for the workers. Finally, as to agriculture (for mark that one reason why the "smock-frocks" have rushed up to the metropolis is that agriculture, like manufacture, is depressed); it was once a purely domestic occupation, in which machinery was unknown for thou-

sands of years—and when known was at first cordially detested; it is now an open trade, full of mechanical rivalry, and driving the yokel and the bucolic to their despair.

Let us not linger too long on such subjects (political economy is dry work), yet we must add that quality has now quite ousted quantity as the first desideratum in merchandise; the effect of the invention period being to make the demand on intelligence much greater than the demand on physical force. Brains are now wanted, not bodies. The “unemployed” consist chiefly of the unskilled. Invention necessarily displaces unskilled labor. Brute force is of no use in mental tactics. Whereas, formerly the strong arm was everything, now the faculty, the intuition, are supreme. Moreover the newest inventions are always changing. Each invention is almost sure to be improved upon. So that the skilled workman (and what is to become of the unskilled?) must be always equal to the emergency of freshness, and this freshness may come upon him from day to day. The old-fashioned factory-hand is out of date. As to children, they are scarcely wanted in factories. Inventions have made children “in the way.” Parents cannot “put them out” to science-work. Nor can you educate the old fashioned weaver to the new style, nor the old fashioned farm-hand to machinery, without subjecting him to some discipline of education, such as will quicken him and interest him at the same time; and until this is done he is valueless. Thus the result of the invention period is that machine workmen are well paid, but manual workmen are paid worse than ever. It is now the struggle between fitness and unfitness. And when will unfitness become fitness? Not until—and this is waiting for a distant date—trained intelligence shall take the place of the untrained, and technical education shall become general. “The million” must be educated in a technique for which they have no natural aptitude, nor (perhaps) brains. Truly a big, national aspiration! Since quality must always be aristocratic,—for it is the product of the few, not of the many,—how are we to make the “masses” rich in quality, when even the trained “classes” are not so? Thus, as we said at the beginning, we see the *causes* why the poor are so poor, but the *remedies* remain purely theoretical.

To touch briefly on a few collateral “causes”; causes of the superlative poverty of the extreme class: the recent enquiry before Lord Dunraven’s Committee has made clear these three terrible wrongs: (1.) that the fashionable tradesmen of the West End get their work done by sub-contract, that is, by “sweating” their work people; (2.) that they pretend to employ the best workmen at good wages, whereas they employ the poorest class at the worst wages (of course this is not true of all proprietors; it

has only been proved against some of them); (3.) that the principal "sweaters" are low-class Jews, who, themselves being the slaves of the high class proprietors at the West End, grind their working slaves down to the last farthing. Now here is the explanation of at least one groove of suffering, among the teeming, starving masses of the metropolis. Further, an alien and a physically-enduring population of Germans, Poles, Russians and other foreigners take the bread out of the mouths of the London poor (eighty-three per cent. of the tailors in one parish are authoritatively stated to be foreigners); a competition which obliges women to "work fifteen hours a day on tea and dry bread, for a wage that will not even purchase those luxuries"; thus necessitating a degree of "temperance" which, as one of the witnesses has observed, "is more injurious to health than even intemperance." Meanwhile we are informed that "the number of London work people, even without reckoning the crowds of foreign immigrants, increases by tens of thousands every year."

What may be called the social causes of poverty are also increasing yearly in the metropolis. "Society" must be held responsible for a good deal. The gravitation of the rich classes to one another, and the gravitation of the poor classes to one another, are equally produced by interest and by pride. Interest makes it desirable for the house-builders to keep neighborhoods distinctive as to caste, well knowing that moneyed people will not live among poor people, and that the "genteel tradesman" prefers a "middle class neighborhood." The old suburbs of London, forty years ago, used to be dotted with beautiful houses and large gardens; but now all these beautiful houses have been pulled down, so that a dead level of mediocrity may be established. Well-off people will not live in "respectable" neighborhoods where paltry gentility offends the eye with its demureness, "a good address" being now more thought of than a good house, and a West End street being much preferred to an East End mansion. Conventionalism lifts the hem of its garment, not only from poor districts but from unfashionable ones, so that we may walk through a dozen "merely respectable" neighborhoods without seeing one carriage from the West End. Now how does all this localizing of classes affect what are called the London poor? First there is the complete isolation, physical and mental isolation, of that one class which all the other classes shun. So intense is the realization of this truth by the class which is shunned by all other classes that they instinctively shun the classes that shun them. They get away from them as far as they can. They gravitate, as a rule, to the far East, because there they can live solely among their equals, and not be conscious of being ostracised from society.

The West Enders, on their part, reciprocate the avoidance, and are serenely unconscious of the East Enders. Indeed a dweller in May Fair is no more conscious of the East Enders than he is conscious of the dwellers in Mesopotamia, or of the possible aborigines of the moon. And the middle classes take their cue from the upper classes. *They* too regard the class called the London poor very much as they regard the vermin in their dustbins, and would be disposed to "destroy" both by a not dissimilar insect powder, should both make themselves painfully present. Such a remark of course applies only to "classes"; we shall have noble truths to tell presently of individuals; yet the fact remains horribly undeniable that there is *no* sympathy between any of the London classes, and worse than no sympathy towards "the poor." Here, however, we reach a point in our subject, which may be best treated by "going among the poor."

II.

Let us first take the dark side, then the bright side.

Sunday is a good day for studying poverty in its mental or cogitative attitudes. It is on Sundays the poor go to their clubs, on Sundays they attend public meetings, on Sundays they listen to infidel lectures. (We are speaking now only of the dark side.) Sunday is largely devoted by the working classes to the propagation of anti-Christian principles, to Socialistic and Communistic disquisitions, to quasi-political and also dramatic entertainments. On one Sunday, a few months ago, twenty-one dramatic performances were given in various districts of the metropolis. On the same Sunday there were twenty-five secular concerts, and seventeen other meetings for amusement. The clubs, for the discussion of all kinds of subjects, have their weekly gatherings on the Sunday. Such subjects as "The Christ of Mythology," "Why Christianity Demoralizes Society," with kindred or congenial blasphemies, are boldly advertised every Saturday and Sunday morning. Politics are of course much affected; such captivating headings being selected as appeal most to poverty or bad temper: "Monarchy a fraud upon the people;" "Royal paupers;" "Criminal classes high and low;" or "Signals of the coming Revolution." It is important to bear in mind that the persons who give these lectures are not adventurers, but gentlemen of education. The arguments are both critical and persuasive. The rooms for such gatherings are the largest that can be had, and they are invariably crowded to excess. Meanwhile out of doors the same sort of propagandism goes on in the streets and in the parks. (There are two or three verdant spaces in the East End.) The most advanced views are loudly preached in the thoroughfares, the police appearing listless or

bored. Sympathy with the best causes is often expressed by the speeches, but that sympathy is a poor apology for such injuriousness. The combination of irreverence with manly protest, of downright blasphemy with the ridicule of hypocrisy, or of rabid radicalism with really generous, liberal politics, makes such speechifying a most corrupting education. And here it may be noted, as an important modern fact, that what *used* to be the unmixed rowdy or vulgar class is now largely leavened by an intelligent class; at least one-half of the London poor being in earnest, as busy-minded polemics or partisans. No longer simply grumbling, they are didactic. They are working up, intellectually, for revolution. They are reading, studying, debating, and even organizing, and getting into a sort of drill habits for campaigning. When their day comes they will be dangerous.

They will be the more dangerous because they have had so much experience of the penalties and hazards of campaigning. Trafalgar Square has been a drill ground for recruits. Those recruits have now become riot soldiers. We shall get to understand the London poor all the better (we are speaking only, be it remembered, of "the dark side") by a little observation of the methods, tactics, or discipline of what may be called the "London poor in action." Now, first, it is perfectly certain that all meetings—and therefore riots—are fathered by the despair of the London poor of getting their miseries attended to by the rich. This despair forces even the amiable and the long suffering to become social firebrands—that is, rioters. The London poor are sternly lectured by the journalists for the immorality of meeting in their thousands, making speeches, selecting deputies, parading the streets; and the London poor reply, "As we can only force you to listen to us by doing the very things you tell us not to do, and as we *have* been successful in gaining your attention by methods which you assure us are insufficient, we regard your stately sermons as hypocritical rubbish, and we intend to go on doing what we have begun to do." In other words, the London poor know—as well as Irishmen know—that if they want to get justice, out of the British Government, their only way is to agitate till they get it. The London poor know—as well as Irishmen know—that selfishness and indifference, intrigue or party passion, are the political and social levers of the powerful classes; and that all the cant about philanthropy is mere posing. On a Sunday afternoon of last October, a small detachment of "the unemployed" marched in procession to Westminster Abbey, to listen to a sermon on charity. As the preacher was descanting on the beauties of that virtue, one of the poor men yelled out the abrupt comment: "We want a dinner." The remark might be unusual during a sermon,

but it was a frank protest against a verbal Christianity. So again, when one of the unemployed said on the same day of protest, while he was haranguing an audience in Trafalgar Square, "We have abolished black slavery, we are now determined to abolish white slavery to the titled scoundrels of the West End;" the vehemence of the speaker's language only superlatively stated the truism: "Human nature hates indifference from the prosperous classes." Most men will submit to a severe code of laws, but few men will submit to personal indifference. The indifference, in the major part of the wealthy classes, has engendered "revolution" among the working classes. Street riots are the small beginnings of revolution. And now that government is no longer a feudal privilege of the aristocracy, but has been largely transferred to "the common people (and we are hastening forward to the "one man, one vote" principle), it is obvious that unless the multitude can respect the aristocracy—look up to them as superiors in character—the days of revolution are at hand.

Put together the two points we have referred to: the utilizing of Sundays for a sort of political education, and the utilizing of riots for demonstration: and then add one more point—official selfishness—which is a perpetual provocation to popular wrath; and we shall see the tendency of "the London poor in action." That tendency might find its expression in this pleading: "You, the government, who have the conduct of great properties, vast revenues, rich guilds, plethoric societies, ought to consider the interests of the many, while respecting the interests of the few. With what consistency can you, the government, which wastes ten millions of the tax-money in enslaving poor Arabs or poor Africans, refuse thousands to the home wants of your own countrymen. The moment your stock exchange speculators cry out, Oh, my bonds! what ever is to become of my investments? you, the government, increase the income tax for *their* benefit; but while a quarter of a million Londoners are, quite innocently, out of work, you will not make a grant to help *them*. The three grooves of selfishness from which our pauperism arises are: (1) the preference of the British Government for wealthy and vested interests over the interests of mere workers or slaves; (2) the determination of all richly funded societies to prefer dividends to the prosperity of the work people; (3) the indisposition of the rich classes to regulate their expenditure with reference to the special needs of special times. So soon as we get the 'one man, one vote' principle—and Mr. Gladstone will get it for us if he lives—we will make a clean sweep of this injustice."

Perhaps such language fairly expresses the animus of what we call "the London poor in action"; the London poor who are

maddened by their sufferings. But there is one attitude to which it is necessary to attend more carefully, since it is the main distinction between "the dark side and the bright side." Politics may be very much the same on the two sides, but religion is in all respects exactly opposite. Now—still keeping to the dark side—let us notice two or three features of the modern painfully aggressive anti-Christianism. The unbelief of the East End is simply gross; it is not the unbelief of the West End. In the West End there is a vast amount of fantastic speculation; perhaps even some sympathy with such wild nonsense as Mr. Laurence Oliphant has recently elaborated in a treatise which he is pleased to call "Scientific Religion"—the "science" being too occult to be discerned. But such rhapsody is peculiar to the West End. You do not hear in the East End any grave entertainment of the ideas of "inter-atomic energy" or dynaspheric force"; there is no attempt at a realization of the operation of the interlocked atoms which act and react upon one another with a systolic and diastolic motion, sometimes apparently in the brain, and sometimes in the nerve centres and *solar plexus*. Such scientific religion may be hired in Mudie's library, but the East Enders are above it; they have too much sense. *Their* irreligion is a sort of syllogism: "I am miserable: God is said to be happy: therefore, it is impossible for God to be my Father." This rough reckoning serves for all apology. If we talk to an unbelieving East Ender, he does not bother us about "the pneumatic atomic union which is established between him and his last wife"; he tells us bluntly that his wife went into a consumption because there had been nothing in her larder for six months; and that *this* proved to him that there was no Providence. Having arrived at that conclusion, he proceeds to abuse the Bible, and "the Free Thought Publishing Company, Limited" has supplied him with a cheap library, out of which he will bring us arguments that are incontestable. Here we have the hard state of antitheism. And the "Free Thought Publishing Company, Limited" has helped it on.

All the worst books against the Bible, against religion, against God, have been issued by this Limited Liability Company. The firm may be limited in financial hazards, but it has no limitations in its antitheism. It has its emissaries,—blatant messengers of evil. These emissaries are dispatched to the places where roads meet; and are there encouraged by grinning youths and smirking housemaids to abuse the Old Testament, the New Testament, and the clergy, Catholic, Anglican, and Nonconformist. Probably the "Company" would disown such preaching fanatics; they would decline to be held responsible for their wild readers; but with what object, for what advantage, can a half-educated vulgarian

stand up at a corner where ways meet, and seek to destroy every vestige of popular belief, unless he has that one motive which puts to flight all mental hazards, being grounded on the *auri sacra fames*. An assassin, if he be hired, has a motive, and all such hirelings are known to deplore their task; but an assassin of men's souls, hearts, intellects, and deathbed peace, would probably ask an extravagant sum for his crime. It is for this reason we must assume such men are "sent." If they are not sent, what can possibly be their motive? For, it is obvious that if freethinking have any principle at all, it must be the leaving the human intellect to work out its own conclusions without harass from the opinions of other persons. To force negations on the mind of another person, or even to hazard negations without being asked, is the contradictory of the first principle of freethinking; which is to leave every man to be the architect of his own belief. If freethinking mean anything, it means "let alone." Yet in the poorest districts of London—as well as in Hyde Park—the emissaries of the "let alone" principle thunder their vituperations; as though the truest test of all freedom were to insult everybody, to call everybody a fool who does not agree with you. The poor East Enders,—the worst victims of London poverty, who need religion to support their burden of worldly sorrow,—are preached at every Sunday, not to console them with the brightest hopes, but to dash from them the one sustaining prop of faith.

III.

But to turn from this dark side to the bright side.

It is of the non-Catholic poor that we would speak; for as to the Catholic poor, they are the same all over the world, and no eulogium need be passed upon *them*. What may be called, loosely speaking, the London Protestant poor—that is, such poor as are "necessitous"—are often as remarkable for their piety as they are commiserable for the depth of their sufferings. Yet their piety takes this (reasoning) form, that, since they have their miseries in this world, they believe they will have their joys in the next. They almost pity the voluptuous West Enders, in the moral certainty of their future retribution; believing that "it is easier for a camel to go through the needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into Heaven." But over and above this retributive view—this persuasion of a "lex talionis"—they are profoundly impressed by the personality of the Saviour, by His being a man of like sufferings with themselves. They go to their Protestant churches—much more frequently to dissenting chapels—to listen with rapt attention to any earnest, homely preacher who will speak to them *only* of the Saviour. They dislike dogma. For this reason they

avoid Anglican churches; at least, they frequent only such Anglican churches as have the attraction of an earnest and plain preacher. They detest a preacher who "preaches over their heads" as much as a preacher who preaches dogma. They can see through the sham of Anglican dogma, which they know to be the mere clothes of a skeleton. Their being perpetually ground on life's grindstone makes them keen. Reality is what they pine for, and will have. They want to be talked to, not at. They have no reverence for such a preacher as the Anglican clergyman of Bath, "who, when speaking of sin in the abstract, looked his congregation in the face; but when addressing the sinners of his congregation, looked up at the ventilator." The present writer has talked to hundreds of hungry poor, in the direst neighborhoods of utterly scorned East Endon; and he has marvelled at the simple reality of their Christian faith, and the perfect self-containment of their religion. All their religion is inside their own hearts, with a profound indifference to all religions, ecclesiastically.

Such admirable material—the purest innocency of Christian sentiment, untaught, unprejudiced, unspoiled—very naturally finds expression in the most exquisite charity, in the daily, perpetual doing of good works. The charity of these people is a sublime poem. Rich people cannot credit, can scarcely imagine, the self-sacrifices these people make for one another. Not only is their abnegation superlative, but their delicacy and refinement are equally so. They possess all the sentiment, the soul, of Catholic charity, with an almost blank ignorance of the Catholic religion. (Of course we are speaking only of a typical class.) They see the Catholic priests who are often passing their doors; they hear of them from an Irish neighbor or from an English convert; but their general state of mind is a repugnance to any "system"; a sort of idea that any "authority" must be a mistake.

It would be out of place here to dwell on Catholic missions; because we all know priests' work, priests' charities. Suffice it to say, briefly, that the London priests in poor missions have a very exceptional, almost insurmountable, difficulty—the not knowing where to find their own people. For the last six and thirty years it has been very uphill work throughout the whole of the large diocese of Westminster. No sooner has some struggling mission been planted in a poor district, than the poor district has been swept away by the Board of Works, and the Catholic families have been driven into the suburbs, there to necessitate the founding of a new mission. In one way this has spread the Catholic religion, but in another way it has exhausted the stock of priests. Had it not been for Irish help the English hierarchy would have found it difficult—indeed, they would have found it impossible—to serve

not a few of their town missions. The Church in Ireland has sent over numerous young priests, who, equally devoted and appreciated, have fought the hardest battle for religion. The present writer has often met these young priests in strange, out-of-the-way, ill-famed places; where, instinctively, they seemed to hunt up the stray Catholics, and to persuade them to form the nucleus of a new flock. Yet "what are these few priests among so many"? In that huge half-a-county, East London (in those twenty towns which we may be said to pass by in twenty minutes, if we take a London steam-boat from London Bridge and steam past Wapping, Shadwell, Limehouse and Deptford; merely feeling a sort of incubus of a dozen other immense districts, all lying in contiguity to these river ones), a thousand Catholic priests could find mission work to commence, which not even a thousand lives could fairly ripen. Very beautiful and very silent as is the heroism of the few priests who "work" these huge areas of poverty, it is obvious that they can do little more than make a beginning; the field, too, is preoccupied by Protestantism.

To return to the Protestant poor. We must remember that their disadvantages might well condone an immense amount of human frailty. The overcrowded state of their dwellings is absolutely fatal to the "domestic idea," to a realization of what we commonly account "home." Four-fifths of Londoners are said, by the Registrar General, to live in tenements which, by no possible stretch of courtesy, could be called even "respectable lodgings." Their rooms are held from week to week at others' mercy; the broker can seize everything for a week's rent; the tallyman can claim the household utensils, and the furniture man, who has lent the furniture on hire, can take not only his own furniture but others', too. There is no such thing as a freehold homestead for a poor Londoner. And the effect on the poor families is most injurious. The children do not know what "a home" means. A permanent residence is an idea they do not dream of. The sheriff's officer is the presiding genius of their fireside; the County Court bailiff is their guardian. No protection is afforded by the law to the poor families—to wives, mothers, children, sick or dying. A whole family may be "down, sick"; yet even so the cruel landlord may take the bedding and the clothing; nor does the law so much as reprove him for his severity. Here, then, we have the domestic picture of the London poor! In such colors must we paint their "dear homes," their few feet of kennel for bed and board. And if, in spite of such drawbacks, we find one-half of them "very good"; not only uncomplaining but sweetly patient; while they are brimful of charity for their poor neighbors, whom they regard as heirs of Paradise like themselves, we must admit that there are "beau-

ties," as we said at the beginning, "features which are captivating, even fascinating," in that standing National Shame, London poverty.

Naturally, we must say a word about Temperance, while considering "the reason of being" of the London poor. We will keep clear of Legislation, as being too digressive. Suffice it that in the present state of the controversy on the "drinking question," argument pales its force before enjoyment. The poor Londoner is normally a drinking animal, because he is normally a wearied animal. In the same way the poor Londoner is normally a smoking animal; taking his pipe to solace his too ruffled temperament. The arguments against drinking and against smoking strike upon the same shield of defence; the self-indulgent one rejoining: "An unnatural strain upon my energies demands an at least exceptional consolation." "You, Masters," he continues, when defending his two luxuries, "force me to lead an utterly unnatural life, an unhealthy and overstrained twelve hours of toil; and yet you chide me for going a little bit out of the common in search after my restoratives and *solatia*." This is the normal response of the average poor man. It is a sort of "tu-quoque," and a deserved one. No one defends intemperance, not even the fool. Very few of the London poor are (now) intemperate. "The lower orders," not the "humbler classes," are intemperate; but the humbler classes are the exact opposite of the lower orders. The middle classes tipple more than even the lower orders, as witness the multiplication of London wine bars; while the higher classes tipple precisely as they have ever done; habitually, perhaps decorously, yet voluptuously. The simple poor, the superior poor, are not tippers. In the East End, spite of the presence of a low order, there is very little evidence of this folly. The London poor, as a body, must be defended against the accusation that they "imitate the vices of their superiors, for want of finding any virtues that they can imitate." Meanwhile, the League of the Cross, and other kindred associations, are winning thousands to the happy perfection of total abstinence; a happy perfection which even the "moderate people" admire, and not a few of them are sufficiently brave to attain to.

Mendicancy is very uncommon among the poor. The beggars as a professional class are tabooed. In London to ask alms is against the law—that is, street-begging by word of mouth. A man may sell matches; he may pose at a street corner, presenting some modest merchandise to the passer-by; he may sing, very painfully and consumptively, or whistle on a half-penny lute which has few keys; in short, he may demonstrate his need by every appeal to the senses, save only by the simple entreaty to give. In the poorest parts of London we may see the match-seller, the lute-player, the one-leg'd lugubrious singer, the blind fiddler; and it is well known

that such a vagrancy is far more lucrative in humble districts than in the Squares and Avenues and Terraces of the plutocracy. But there is all the difference between "the unfortunate" and "the beggar." The lowest poor of the East End never beg. A few weeks ago some fifteen hundred poor match-makers were thrown out of work by a trade-strike. The Socialists advised them to go in procession to the West End, begging of the rich classes to give them bread. They replied with indignation, "We have not got so low as to go cadging; we would much rather starve than do that." And this is the ordinary spirit of the London poor—that is, of the "bright side" of the London poor; and it is of the bright side we are now speaking. They have an immense amount of what the rich call proper pride; but nothing at all of the improper pride of the rich. There is a striking dignity in their ordinary endurance of crushing woe. Domestic troubles, domestic famine,—which even to think of makes one groan—are borne by them with a profound calm and deep silence, such as the old Greek philosophers would have richly praised, and the old Greek poets would have sung.

IV.

From alms-needing to alms-giving—what a leap! Many an Englishman will shy a copper at a poor man, and will consider that he has merited a paradise. This is not the place in which to discuss alms-giving, save so far as it is an apology for want of charity. And want of charity, on the part of the comfortable classes, is the main cause why the London poor are so unhappy. Let a few words be permitted on this point. "Low Radicalism" is provoked chiefly by the upper classes,—who affect to be so extremely disgusted at it,—by their bad example of dismal egotism and complacency, or by their vulgar treatment of those who work hard for them. This is true in all the grooves of moneyed life. Thus, a "Company," in order to raise its dividends by a paltry fraction, will overwork and underpay all its servants; leaving fathers to keep their families on a very few shillings a week, so as to add one-eighth to the six and a quarter per cent. interest. And then the shareholders in this company will column their Christmas charities in the very newspapers which are read by those very workmen from whose muscles and whose stomachs that extra fraction per cent. per annum was wrung by such simply shameful injustice. Here we have one scandal of London poverty. And in the same spirit business managers, overseers of poor work-people, who have no regard for the health or happiness of their servants, will prate about honesty and integrity and justice, while sapping the nerves and the very souls of young and old by their brutal want of sense and sensibility. "Charities" are no reparation for all

this. A country is Pagan which can contemplate it, and there is more of it in England than in any country. England is the slave country of Christendom. *Par excellence* it is the country of unhappy workmen. It is the country of a sort of national penal servitude, London being the Tullamore of the convicts. And to compensate for a chronic state of barbarism the newspaper-charity-giving is ostentatious. To patronize the poor is to exalt oneself; and this is the most abundant "active" charity. Rich people who would not habitually go into "the slums" if they were asked by an angel guardian to do it, are as proud of their Christmas cheques, Christmas blankets, Christmas soups, as though they had almost sacrificed a dinner. The babbling about social virtues is social cant. The London poor perfectly appreciate the London rich, when Grosvenor Square sends a five pound cheque to Shoreditch.

But just as there is a bright side to the London poor, so there is a bright side to the London rich. And, first, let the highest praise be given to the Anglican clergy—who, though not rich, are the chief distributors of most "charities" which are placed in their hands by the benevolent—for the admirable devotion and constancy with which they work their hardest in the East End. It is not an agreeable lot to live all one's days in neighborhoods where there is no cultured class, no "society;" or to spend one's days among the poorest of the poor, ministering to their bodies as well as souls. These gentlemen deserve infinite praise. They have difficulties of all kinds to contend with. They are sometimes asked, "Why do you not discourage early marriages, which are the cause of much of the misery of the poor?" Their answer is, "Because, if we did so, the young people would get married in some secular or possibly Pagan way, and we think it better to try to keep them within restraint." Again, they have the difficulty of protecting their flocks against the howling infidelity which encircles them; and this difficulty to Protestant clergymen is necessarily twice as great as it would be to priests of the Catholic faith. Moreover, they have to contend against the enchantments of the spirit shops, the drinking clubs, the large variety of cheap allurements to dissipation; nor can they persuade their poor parishioners to come to church in their rough toilets—Sunday clothes being an exceptional luxury for the very poor. On the other hand, they are assisted, and very generously assisted, by exceptional, kind, and wealthy individuals, who provide concerts, evening clubs, and amusing lectures—besides helping to found museums and polytechnics—for the entertainment and the instruction of many thousands. The universities also have sent their emissaries to the East End; educating and also examining the aspiring poor, and thus imparting a high tone to some poor neighborhoods.

As to the normal conventional postulate, "poverty is a crime;" it is national, perhaps Protestant, certainly British. In Rome, in the good days of Pius IX., poor people who were incompetent to work were presented with a sort of medal of incompetency, and were allowed to make their living by begging. In England the rule is: "Go to the workhouse or starve." But the workhouse is in all respects a prison save only that the leaving it is optional. So the very poor, as a rule, prefer to starve. And they do starve. About five thousand people die every year in London from either rapid or protracted starvation. And nobody's night's rest is disturbed by it—nobody whose feather-bed is well made. Now and then there is a spasmodic eleemosynariness; the rich have a sort of fit of pauper interest; H. R. H. goes down into the slums, and a brief fashion of sympathy sets in. Then all is cold again for five years. Unless there is a riot or an epidemic, sweet oblivion lulls the interests of the comfortable.

There is no cure for it. Politico-economic causes may be modified; tradesmen may abandon "sweating," or may decrease it; the foreign immigration may become less; socialism and communism may lose their hold on desperate men who now rush at any theory which looks promising; injurious clubs may be discountenanced by the authorities; an enlarged electorate may bring the poor man's friends into Parliament; wealthy guilds may make better use of their funds; temperance may be enforced by act of Parliament; education may be fostered by the philanthropic; and museums and polytechnics may be multiplied; but—all this granted—ruinous evils must prevail. The gravitation of the rich classes to exclusive neighborhoods; the horror of the "respectable" classes of poor districts; the sense of despair among the poor of being really cared for by the government, by society, by the rich tradesmen; the habit of commercial companies to think only of their dividends and not of the work people who create them; the determination of most landlords to exact the largest possible rent for the smallest and most wretched of lodgings; the brutal indifference of managers and overseers to the health and happiness of their subordinates; and, above all, the prevailing English fallacy that poverty in itself is a crime; these and kindred causes must keep the poor poor, must keep the poorest from even the first rung of the ladder. Nor even if London should become Catholic—one of the most unlikely of hypotheses—would many of the natural evils be removed. Rich Catholics are as conventional as rich Protestants. This, at least, is the general principle. The London poor are partly the product of the size of London; but human nature—not the bricklayer or the politician—is the Alpha and Omega of all scandals.

THE DIOCESE OF QUEBEC UNDER EARLY BRITISH RULE.

1. *Mandements, Lettres Pastorales et Circulaires des Evêques de Quebec.* By Mgr. Têtu and L'abbé C. O. Gagnon. Second volume. A. Côté & Co. Quebec, 1888.
2. *Biography of Bishop Plessis.* By L'abbé Ferland. G. & G. E. Desbarats. Quebec, 1864.
3. *Etudes Historiques et Legales sur la Liberté Religieuse en Canada.* By S. Pagnuelo, Advocate. G. O. Beauchemin & Valois. Montreal, 1872.
4. *Le droit Civil Canadien.* By MM. Doutre & Lareau, Avocats. Montreal, 1872.
5. *History of Lower Canada.* By Robert Christie. Quebec, 1850.
6. *Rome in Canada.* By Charles Lindsey. Toronto, 1877.
7. *The Maseres Collection of Papers.* Attorney-General Maseres. 1772, et seq.
8. *Reports on the Canadian Archives.* By Douglas Brymner. 1888.

THE second volume of the *Mandements, Lettres Pastorales et Circulaires des Evêques de Quebec*, issued within the past few weeks, is an elaborate work entrusted to the competent hands of Mgr. Têtu and L'abbé C. O. Gagnon, of Quebec, and will be of interest to all historical students.

This volume covers a period of over sixty years, from 1741 to 1806, and embraces the last of the old French *régime* and the first half century of English rule. It closes with Bishop Denaut, and the next volume will be of even greater interest, as certain to contain much of the writings of Bishop Plessis not generally known to the English-speaking public. It was during the episcopate of this distinguished prelate that the vast Diocese of Quebec was divided; and so every part of the Dominion of Canada, as well English as French, is referred back to those times in tracing the origin of its own diocese. The period embraced in the volumes already published is of interest to the whole of North America. In considering in advance some circumstances in the early history of Canada under British rule, the reader will the better appreciate the position of Bishop Plessis and his predecessors; he will be able also to see more fully the whole situation when the next volume of the *Mandements* is put before him. The writer of this paper has necessarily drawn from other authorities, and will look

forward with great eagerness for their confirmation or correction by the work in question.

There are some circumstances in the history of the Church in Canada under British rule, of more than local interest. Towards the middle of the last century it will be remembered that, by the fortunes of war, Canada with all its dependencies fell under the sway of the English. The Canadian population at that time may be set down at seventy thousand inhabitants, all of whom, with the exception of the civil and military officers and a few others, not aggregating altogether five hundred persons, were Roman Catholics. Freedom of religion was guaranteed to the Catholics, but only such freedom as the laws of Great Britain permitted to Catholics. At that time there was no freedom for the exercise of the Catholic religion, there was no legal recognition of a Catholic in Great Britain. Apparently, therefore, the guarantees meant nothing; they seemed contradictory and nugatory, as much as to say the Catholics are to have freedom of worship so far as they can under a system of laws which prevent them from having any sort of freedom whatever. Yet within the first half century of British rule these difficulties were cleared up, and to-day the Catholics are in as good a position before the law as any other denomination. Indeed, they are thought by some to be the favored body under our constitution.

The object of this paper will be to show how the legal inconsistencies and other difficulties of the first half century were met and disposed of; and the circumstances may be worth the passing notice of those learned in the great history of the Church. In a lesser way it may be of interest to those learned in the subtle science of the law, as another instance of the confounding and mystification of that misguided man, be he historian or litigant, who does not first seek counsel from those learned in its mysteries.

The occupation of Canada from 1759, when Quebec was taken, down to 1763, when the treaty of cession was signed, was purely military. So far as religion and other matters were concerned the terms of capitulation of Quebec and Montreal were the interim guides. Everything was uncertain; the ultimate destiny of the colony was in doubt; affairs were managed largely by the English commander as around a drum-head council. Fortunately for the Catholics, that commander was a reasonable, sensible man; and his conduct towards the Bishop of Quebec and the Catholics generally was, in view of his position and his prejudices, not to be fairly found fault with. Bishop Pontbriand, who had ruled the ancient See for nearly twenty years, was ill at Charlesbourg during the siege of 1759, and when, at the end of September, he returned to Quebec, it was to find the Cathedral, the palace, the churches of

the religious communities, all in ruins. The venerable bishop survived the fall of his city less than one year. He died at Montreal on the 8th of June, 1760. His *Mandements* and circular letters in these latter days refer generally to the sad state of the colony, which was reduced to a pitiable condition. "You will say to the poor," were his last words, "that I leave them nothing in dying, because I die poorer than themselves." His last letter, addressed to the Canons, contained some instructions in regard to the approaching vacancy in the See, a matter which he foresaw would give rise at once to complications under the altered circumstances of the colony.

On the 2d of the following month, after his death, the Canons of Quebec met and named administrators for the diocese: one charged with the part dependent on the English Government, one for Three Rivers and that part of the government under the French, one for Montreal and the upper part of the colony. Outside of Canada proper an administrator was sent to Acadia, one to Louisiana, and one to the Illinois country.¹ The first *Mandement* is that of "Étienne Montgolfier, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Quebec," formally addressed to the secular and regular clergy, etc., residing in the Government of Montreal. This is dated 6th of January, 1761. Three weeks later Joseph Francis Perreault, Canon of the Cathedral Church and Vicar-General, addressed his charge at Three Rivers. Both of these refer to the Lenten season, and are silent respecting public affairs. The short circular letter of M. Briand, dated in the interval and coming from the city of Quebec, gives a passing, but complimentary, notice of the Governor. The loyal attitude of the Church towards the civil powers appeared, however, in three several *Mandements*, dated in February, 1762, in which a "Te Deum" was directed to be chanted in all the parish churches on the occasion of the coronation and marriage of George III. In the following year an expression of respect and submission to the king was made to General Murray by Vicar-General Briand. An ordinance appeared on the last day of the year regulating a prayer for the royal family. These are all the official ecclesiastical records between the year 1759 and the treaty of 1763.

The attitude of the civil or rather the military authorities towards the Church should be found in the capitulations of Quebec and Montreal. The inhabitants were preserved in their possessions and privileges; the exercise of the Catholic religion was *conservé*; the Bishop was recognized, and was permitted, freely and with decency, to exercise the functions of his state. This is the substance of the capitulations at Quebec. At Montreal the free exercise of

¹ M. Beaudoin to Louisiana, and M. Forget to the Illinois country.

religion was to subsist in its entirety. As will have been noted, the Bishop died on the 8th of June, 1760, so that when the capitulation of Montreal was signed on the 8th of September following, there was no Bishop. This accounts for the extraordinary-looking request of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, that the French King should continue to name the Bishop of the colony. The nomination of a Bishop was the first difficulty, but it did not arise until after the treaty had been signed, and was not adjusted for several years after that date.

The Treaty of Paris (10th of February, 1763) guarantees freedom of religion to the Catholics, "so far as the laws of Great Britain permit." The short fourth clause of the treaty containing this guarantee and this dangerous looking restriction of it must not have appeared to the Canadians so satisfactory as the diffuse wording of the capitulations. The *mandements* that follow the proclamation of the treaty of peace do not contain much on the subject. M. Perreault says: "Ainsi, quand la perfection de la religion que vous avez l'honneur de professer, et dont le libre exercice vous est accordé par le traité de paix, ne vous prescrirait pas une scrupuleuse fidélité envers votre nouveau et légitime Roi, la reconnaissance seule vous y obligerait."

M. Briand refers to the illustrious and charitable General Murray, to whom he had communicated the date and particulars of chanting the solemn Te Deum. M. Montgolfier wrote apparently with a bitterness that cost him the dislike of the English, and for which they revenged themselves later. Speaking of the cession and the king he writes: "Vous goûtez déjà depuis plusieurs années les douceurs de son règne. Lors même qu'il vous a conquis par la force de ses armes, il a semblé préférer le sort de ne vous avoir plus pour ennemis à la gloire de vous vaincre. Il pouvait lancer sur vous son tonnerre, et il ne s'est annoncé que par la voix de ses bienfaits. Depuis que vous êtes devenus sa conquête, quelles grâces, quelles faveurs n'en avez-vous pas reçues! N'en entreprenons pas le détail, il serait infini; la preuve la plus sensible est votre affection et votre attachement respectueux au sage gouverneur qui nous représente si dignement un si gracieux souverain. . . ."

The Canons and Chapter of Quebec in the following month (13th September) petitioned the king that the vacant See be filled. After stating their position and the necessity of continuing the episcopate, they clearly put down what they required.

"On propose un Chapitre dont les membres ne seraient que les prêtres mêmes des séminaires, qui auraient le nom et la dignité de chanoines sans en avoir les obligations, parce qu'ils n'en auraient point les émoluments; c'est-à-dire que les chanoines destinés par

leur état à la célébration de l'office divin ne seraient alors chargés que du service des peuples de la ville, du soin des séminaires, et de l'instruction des jeunes gens et particulièrement de ceux qui se destineraient à l'état ecclésiastique.

"De cette sorte, avec les mêmes fonds et revenus, sans multiplier les prêtres, l'Eglise du Canada conserverait son même état; elle aurait son Evêque, son Chapitre et des directeurs de séminaires, on contenterait pleinement la piété et les desirs du clergé, et d'un peuple qui en vérité n'a fait paraître en rien tant de sensibilité dans la révolution présente que sur le fait de la religion dont il appréhende l'extinction dans la suite, si Votre Majesté refusait un évêque. L'illustre et sage gouverneur, Monsieur Murray, à la pénétration duquel le bon caractère du peuple Canadien et son attachement à la foi de ses pères n'ont point échappé peut informer Votre Majesté que nous ne disons rien qui ne soit dans la plus exacte vérité."

Two days after this the Chapter met to consider the choice of a Bishop. M. Montgolfier was unanimously elected. He set out for England to have his nomination confirmed, but General Murray opposed it and the government would not recognize him. He resigned and named M. Briand, who, in the following September, was elected by the Chapter. The Governor gave M. Briand a letter of recommendation to the Colonial Secretary, and after all difficulties were overcome, on the 21st of January, 1766, the Bulls were sent him from Rome.

The meeting of the Canons in September, 1763, when M. Montgolfier was elected, is worthy of mention on another account. It was arranged then, as appears, by a joint *mandement* of all the Vicars in authority, that the expenses of a deputation to London should be borne—a deputation commissioned to demand the execution of the fourth Article of the Treaty, as to freedom of religion.

An application had been previously made to General Murray, demanding that the Bishop and his Chapter should be invested with the like rights possessed by Bishops and Chapters in all Catholic countries. "Murray," Garneau says, "commended this application to the favorable attention of the British ministry, and, in 1763, sent his secretary, M. Cramahé, to London to sustain the application."

Shortly afterwards, by reason of deputations, correspondence, reports and otherwise, the British Government were in possession of all necessary facts in regard to Canada and its Catholic inhabitants, and the fourth section of the treaty came in for a large share of legal consideration.

By royal instructions, in force at this time, all Canadians were

bound to take an oath of fealty, and the priests were officially notified that if they refused to take it they might prepare to leave the country. They were called upon to renounce the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Rome, and were subjected to annoyances in their every-day life. When, therefore, the English Government saw its way to the appointment of a Catholic Bishop, it was no doubt because the position of Catholics in Canada, under the treaty, had been fully considered. The crown officers in England made the amazing discovery that the dangerous words in the fourth section were not in legal intendment such as were popularly understood. When it was conceded that the Catholics were to have freedom of religion so far as the laws of Great Britain permitted, the crown officers gave it as their opinion that by the phrase *the laws of Great Britain* were meant such British laws only as were in force in British colonies. Consequently, none of the penal laws of the Old Country were in force in Canada. Elizabeth's statute as to supremacy was the only one applying to the outlying realms of the crown; and by what must now be deemed a ridiculously strained construction this statute was held to be in force. The freedom of religion was therefore complete to the Catholics, except that the supremacy of the King of England was to be recognized instead of the supremacy of the Pope. This did not read much more favorably to the Catholics than the unknown terrors of the fourth section as it stood. It was much as if an Eastern despot should say to his slave, I allow you perfect freedom of existence as to your body, but you must wear a different head hereafter.

Such was the state of the law and its interpretation when Bishop Briand, the first Bishop since the cession, took charge of Quebec. It was as awkward a situation as could well be imagined, and each year added to the awkwardness.

The Governor, after a time, was surrounded by administrative and judicial officers, all of them Protestants and most of them intolerant of Catholics. The Chief Justice and the Attorney General considered it out of the question that there could be a Catholic Bishop at all, and the Chaplain of the garrison was intended to step into the vacancy at Quebec. The Attorney General, with much care, drafted a commission by which the Chief Superintendent of the Church of Rome could be safely recognized. It occurred to him that there might be two titular bishops for the one See, and this was considered a clever way of getting over the absurdity. From 1763 to 1774 affairs continued in a very unsatisfactory state. The Government endeavored to force the Catholics to take the oath of abjuration and other oaths required in the Elizabethan statute and its amendments; but the people and the clergy refused to accede to this. The result was that the matter rested there.

In 1774, when the Quebec Act put it beyond doubt that the statute of Elizabeth was intended to apply, the British Parliament changed the objectionable oath in it to a milder one. The supremacy of the king in matters ecclesiastical, however, remained; and the one aim of all the governors, presented with greater or less degree of earnestness, was to bring the Bishop and the curés under the control of the crown.

The very first Royal instructions provided that "no person should receive Holy Orders, nor have charge of souls, without a license duly obtained from the Governor. The Governor was strictly to safeguard the supremacy of the King to the exclusion of every power of the Church of Rome, exercised by any of its ministers in the Province, not absolutely requisite for the exercise of a tolerated worship." These instructions were not interpreted very strictly, for, in the very year in which they were received Bishop Briand was paid a pension by the Governor. His coadjutor, Monseigneur d' Esglis, had been previously chosen, and recognized by the State, *cum futura successione*, taking the oath of allegiance in full Executive Council. Each subsequent bishop had his coadjutor in the same way. While over-zealous officials were bringing the subject into prominence whenever it could be done, it so happened that there was always more urgent public business for the Governor to attend to. The war of the American Colonies occupied all parties from the Quebec Act until the peace of Paris in 1783; and the Province of Quebec took the intervening time between that date and its own division, in 1791, to consider more important internal matters.¹ The first Protestant bishop did not appear until 1793, after Upper and Lower Canada were called into existence. When Lower Canada had settled down under its new constitution, it was evident from the writings of the time, that the question was likely to be pressed to a definite solution. A man, named Ryland, had been secretary for a number of governors, and, as he grew older, he increased in bitterness against everything Catholic. There lived contemporaneously with him a young priest who was subsequently Vicar to Bishop Denaut, afterward coadjutor, and ultimately bishop. This was Joseph Octave Plessis. He was the last bishop of the ancient See of Quebec as it existed in its original vast limits. He was worthy of the line of bishops, and worthy of his time; and much needed in the then crises of events, one of which was the freedom of his Church from State control. In the last years of his predecessor, and the first of the

¹ It was a favorite recommendation during this time that no priest, connected with the Bourbons, should be allowed into Canada. Priests from Savoy, Lord North wanted. See letters in the Haldimand collection, Canadian Archives.

century, the estates of the Jesuits were secularized ; the presence of Bishop Mountain was an excuse why no other bishop should be recognized ; the good will of Ryland towards the oppression of the Catholics could always be counted on : and the general peace of the times made everything favorable towards effecting a settlement of a question that, for forty years, had given abundance of trouble whenever it was broached.

In 1801, the Governor, Sir Robert Shore Milnes, finding the popular influence too strong for the sort of government that then prevailed in the Colony, brought the causes of it under the notice of the Duke of Portland. One of these causes was " the independence of the whole body of the Roman Catholic clergy, who are accountable to no other authority than that of their own bishop." His Grace, in reply, directs his subordinate in this fashion :

" With respect to the Roman Catholic clergy being totally independent of the governor, I must first observe that I am not at all aware of the causes that have led to a disregard of that part of the King's Instructions, which require ' that no person, whatever, is to have Holy Orders conferred upon him, or to have care of souls, without license first had or obtained from the Governor. The resumption and exercise of that power by the Governor, and the producing such a license as a requisite for admission to Holy Orders, I hold not only to be of the first importance, but so indispensably necessary that I must call upon you to endeavor to effect it by every possible means which prudence can suggest. You will, therefore, readily conclude that I must see with pleasure your proposal of increasing the allowance to the Catholic Bishop, adopted almost to any extent, if it can prove the means of restoring to the king's representative in Canada, that power and control which are essentially necessary to his authority, and which is expressly laid down by the forty-fourth article of your Instructions, above alluded to."

The Governor, having at this time a quarrel on his hands with the Chief Justice Osgoode, was unable to devote much attention to the Catholics,¹ and, at that time also, the Rectors of the Protes-

¹ No reader of Mr. Parkman can fail to have observed with what avidity the learned historian seizes on the small scandals of the French *Régime*, dwelling with relish on the petty quarrels of the governor, the intendant and the bishop. Should he think well of turning his attention to the first fifty years of British rule in Canada, he will find scandals more in keeping with the dignity of his subject. It will be no longer a question between the bishop and the governor as to which one of them is entitled to the first obeisance of the schoolchildren ; nor need the historian concern himself with deciding what petty functionary is to have precedence in the place of honor in the church. Much graver material is at hand. There was not one chief-justice, within the period referred to, that was not reported against, or impeached, or

tant Church were in need of increased salaries, and official correspondence is mainly taken up with such matters. A letter, bearing the initials H. W. R., and no doubt written by Secretary H. W. Ryland, appeared in 1804, respecting Church establishments :

"The Protestant Church," he says, "ought to have as much splendor, and as little power as possible.

"I would, therefore, give to the Bishopric of Quebec a Dean, a Chapter, and all other ecclesiastical dignitaries necessary for show, and I would endow the See with sufficient lands to support this establishment in the most liberal manner ; but not one grain of civil power would I give to the Clergy, beyond the walls of their churches or church-yards."

It is not to be expected after this that Mr. Ryland would be very tolerant of what he calls the Popish Clergy. He says : "I have long laid it down as a principle (which in my judgment no governor of this Province ought to lose sight of for a moment) by every possible means which prudence can suggest gradually to undermine the authority and influence of the Roman Catholic priests. This great, this highest object that a governor here can have, might, I am confident, have been accomplished before now, and may, by judicious management, be accomplished before ten years more shall have passed over." He then sets out his plan for education, for Superintendents "by the King's (not the Pope's) letters-patent," and the licensing of those having the charge of souls ; "and these instructions once followed up, the king's supremacy would be established, the authority of the Pope would be abolished, and the country would become Protestant."

These views of the zealous official were propagated with great assiduity, and the more so, as at that very time Bishop Denaut was at the point of death, and the power and standing of his successor a matter likely then to be determined. Mr. Ryland failed, however. On the 26th of January, 1806, M. Plessis was to be admitted to the Council, and Ryland writes to his own bishop that, "to his infinite grief, vexation and disappointment, the President (Mr. Dunn) has determined to admit Mr. Plessis to take the oaths in Council to-morrow." On the following day he wrote : "Mr. Dunn, having determined to admit Mr. Plessis to take and subscribe the oath as Bishop of Quebec, and by his special direction,

dismissed from office : Gregory, Hey, Livius, Smith, Osgoode, Sewell, Monk. The governors reported against judges and attorney-generals, and *vice versa*, and, in a couple of instances, the governors were cited before the courts, and obliged to defend themselves. The first chief-justice, Garneau says, was taken out of a prison to be placed at the head of the courts, and one of his successors is, on the same authority, said to have been an illegitimate son of George III.

this title has been entered on the minutes." On the 3d of the following month, Mr. Ryland was fairly beside himself with rage when, in like manner, "the Reverend Mr. Panet" took the oath as coadjutor of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec.

The new bishop, however, found himself surrounded with many difficulties, not the least of which were certain requests or petitions presented to the king and the governor, by his predecessor, Mgr. Denaut, praying for civil existence to the clergy of Canada. These seemed necessary at the time, as the civil courts had refused them recognition. Ryland, the watchful secretary, had communicated this to Mr. Peel, the then Under-secretary of State for the Colonies. Ryland and the Protestant Bishop, Dr. Mountain, had gone to England to advance the Protestant and Episcopal cause, but with only a small measure of success. "I endeavored to give Mr. Peel a clear and correct conception of these matters," complains Mr. Ryland, "God knows with what success!" Writing to Sir James Craig, the new governor, the secretary says: "One particular, however, in the course of our conversation, struck me, and I think it necessarily deserving of notice. It is, that, when I observed to Mr. Peel that you had with you all the English inhabitants, and, consequently, all the commercial interest of the country, he remarked that the Canadians were much more numerous; and he repeated the same remark more than once in a way that indicated a fear of doing anything that might clash with the prejudices of the more numerous part of the community, and this, if my apprehensions are well founded, will be the great difficulty in the way of decided and effectual measures."

Mr. Ryland's apprehensions were well founded. Three days later he had another interview in which he "availed himself of the opportunity to say a few words concerning the character of Mr. Plessis"; and in the course of this interview he managed to give a bad character to most of the Canadian officials. Every week thereafter this indefatigable secretary pursued the unfortunate Mr. Peel, but without making substantial progress. "I was mortified" he says "to find that he has but an imperfect idea of the subject." He was subsequently told that the subject of his concern would be made a cabinet measure, and a meeting of the cabinet was called in which Lord Liverpool discussed every phase of colonial government, except that of the colonial church. In the course of a month, a formal state paper issued from Downing street, but it contained not the remotest reference to the Bishop or the Supremacy. Mr. Ryland, not disheartened by this, prepared a special memorandum in regard "to the proposed assumption of the patronage of the Romish Church," and called later on Mr. Peel about it. "He admitted me the moment I sent up my name."

Ryland describes it, "but he appeared very different from what I have been accustomed to see him. * * * * He seemed quite *distrain*, and I did not stay with him above two minutes."

The reader need not be wearied with the pertinacity with which everything anti-Catholic was pressed on the King's ministers. The law officers of the crown in July, 1801, had reported on the Sulpicians's estates in Montreal, and also on the question "Whether the right of presentation to vacant Roman Catholics living in the province of Canada be in the crown?" The answers were unfavorable to the Church and to the Seminarians. The lawyers in the course of a long report admit the possessory right of the Sulpicians and the impropriety of disturbing them; and as to the other question they say: "We think therefore that so much of the patronage of the Roman Catholic benefices as was exercised by the Bishop under the French Government is now vested in His Majesty"—His Majesty George III. No answer was given to the chief difficulty, which, however, was settled in Canada by the force of circumstances.

In 1775, as the Abbé Ferland says, "Sir Guy Carleton declared publicly that if the Province of Quebec had been preserved to Great Britain, it was owing to the Catholic clergy. He testified his gratitude by allowing the Bishop to exercise his functions peaceably, and to dispose of the cures at his will without having recourse to the Royal instructions, which seemed to him to have been prepared only for the destruction of the Catholic religion." The obligations to the clergy seem to have been forgotten as soon as the services of the clergy were no longer necessary; but when the war of 1812 began, the clergy became important once more. In the interval the governors had tried the methods of persuasion, of bribes and of threats, and in all they were unsuccessful. "They offer the Bishop an estate and revenues," says Mgr. Plessis in 1806; "*haec omnia tibi dabo si cadens adoraveris me. . . .*" In the preceding year, Attorney-General Sewell had discussed the situation with the Bishop, in the course of which the former said:

"The government, acknowledging your religion, and avowing its officers to be officers of the crown, should provide for them as for all others. The Bishop should have enough to enable him to live in a splendor suitable to his rank; and a coadjutor also in proportion."

To which the Bishop replied: "I do not wish to see the Bishop in splendor, but, I wish to see him above want. I do not wish to see him in the Legislative or Executive Councils, but as an ecclesiastic, solely entitled to the rank which is due to him in society." The threats came later and deserve a more extended notice. A year or so prior to the war of 1812, Bishop Plessis had issued a

Mandement on the occasion of the imprisonment of Pope Pius VII., in which he invited the faithful to pray for the Holy Father. He styled himself Bishop of Quebec, as had been the custom at all times in Canada. This offended the Anglican Bishop, Dr. Mountain, and offended the civil authorities as well. "We have been praying for the deliverance of the Pope here," writes the Governor, Sir James Craig, to his secretary, Ryland, who was then in England; and the governor enclosed a copy of the offending pastoral—"as an instance of the complete independence which is assumed." The worthy Ryland submitted a case to the crown officers and asked if the Rev. Mr. Plessis did not render himself liable to a criminal prosecution thereon. The officers of the crown, however, paid no attention to the matter, and it was completely overlooked by the ministry.

A reference to one other circumstance immediately after this will be sufficient to show the perilous position of the Church at this time. The Governor and the Bishop in the course of a lengthy conversation on the whole case laid open the aims and claims of the conflicting Church and State. This conversation has been preserved in two versions and is of considerable importance. It was the last scene before the curtain fell.

The Bishop, writing to his Vicar-general (Roux), says: "I had yesterday a conversation with His Excellency the Governor, which lasted one hour and three quarters, in which he exhausted himself, and me also, in speaking, without our being able to fall into accord upon the only point that was agitated, to wit: the nomination of curés. He viewed it obstinately as a civil affair, and as a prerogative of the Crown which it would never abandon, and which he maintained had been exercised from all time by the Kings of France and England, even before the Reformation of the Church in the latter kingdom. I tried to make him understand the essential difference between the patronage exercised over certain benefices, whether by the king or by private persons, and the canonical institution, which could only proceed from the Church, and without which all the commissions or nominations of sovereigns and other patrons, would be of no effect."

The Bishop in conclusion says: "That having done as much as my predecessors for the service of Government, I expressed a hope that the Governor did not desire to treat me worse than my predecessors; and further, that I would try more and more to deserve his protection, not so much for myself as for the faithful, in whose salvation I interested myself; that divine Providence would bring, without doubt, more favorable circumstances, etc. We disputed much, but the Governor was not angry, and we parted at last, little satisfied with each other."

The Governor's account of the interview is in this way : " I have lately had some conversation with Plessis, relative to his situation and that of his clergy. I had once or twice loosely talked with him on the subject, but without entering very particularly into it, as I wished first to be more master of opinions at home upon it. I was therefore a little surprised when about a month ago he came to me and renewing the subject he expressed a wish that it was finished, and certainly at the moment implying upon the footing upon which it had stood with his predecessor, Denaut. I assured him that I thought there would be no difficulty. He then told me that he was to go to Three Rivers a day or two after, and requested to defer entering more particularly into it till his return. Whether he consulted Noiseux or Calonne, or both, I know not ; but when he returned, I found him entirely changed, for his conscience would by no means permit him to consent to the Crown nominating to the livings. I immediately told him that it was unnecessary to continue any further conversation, as that was a matter which did not rest upon his assent or denial ; the right actually existed in the Crown and would most assuredly sooner or later be resumed. Our conversation did, however, continue two hours and a half, but we parted without either inducing the other to change."

A short time after this conversation Craig was replaced by Sir George Prevost, who fortunately for the Bishop and the Church was of a different disposition from that of his predecessor. The Bishop prepared a memorial showing what was the position of bishops before the Cession, and since that time ; and also the position it would be proper for them to occupy for the future. After tracing the history down to the year 1807, when his own coadjutor, Mgr. Panet, was consecrated, he sums up the change in Craig's administration in this way :

" It is very well known that the bishops of Quebec do not pretend to exercise any other than spiritual authority over the Catholic subjects of their diocese ; and neither their jurisdiction nor their titles were ever contested till these latter years ; when some insinuations artfully spread, and some assertions advanced in the courts of justice of this Province, began to throw over the exercise and even over the existence of the Catholic Episcopate of Canada, certain clouds, calculated to deprive these prelates of the influence which is necessary to them, whether for the conduct of their flock, whether for the success of services which the government of His Majesty might expect from them for the maintenance of good order, or for the security of the Province in moments of invasion. . . For the future, the spiritual powers to be exercised by the Bishop of Quebec should come from the Church by way of the

Sovereign Pontiff. He is not permitted to despoil himself of them either in whole or in part, nor to draw them from any other source. . . . He desires then that he and his successors be civilly recognized as Roman Catholic Bishops of Quebec; having under their episcopal jurisdiction all the Catholic subjects of his Majesty; . . . and that the said bishops may enjoy in an acknowledged manner the rights and prerogatives up to the present exercised without interruption by those who preceded them in the government of the Church of Canada; and further, that the property of the Episcopal Palace be confirmed to the Roman Catholic Bishops of Quebec, and that they may transmit to the bishops, their successors, the acquisitions which they may have made in that quality."

This unmistakable language was preceded by a memorandum which is worth reproducing, as it puts the conduct of the Bishop in its true light. It will be remembered that the Bishops of Quebec had from the time of the Cession been in receipt of a small pension from the Government—a pittance of two hundred pounds a year; Mr. Sewell had proposed that they live in splendor, as officers of the Crown should live; Sir George, that they should be put on a respectable footing, as he termed it.

"I am obliged to declare beforehand," writes the Bishop, when the shilling was again offered, "that no temporal offer can induce me to renounce any part of my spiritual jurisdiction. That jurisdiction is not mine. I merely hold it as a deposit for the Church, which I am in no wise permitted to dissipate, and of which I must render a good account."

Whilst the relations between the Church and the State continued in this way, the war of 1812 began. The Bishop, unmindful of past injuries, and acting only as his duty impelled him, threw himself with great energy into the defence of his country. He provided chaplains for the militia, counselled the curés, and issued a stirring address to the warriors who were exposing themselves for the defence of their country and their firesides. The Catholic subjects of the King gave good evidence of their loyalty to the Crown on this serious crisis, and gave it at a time when the loyalty of every man counted. Their services were praised and publicly recognized: as to the Bishop himself, long before the treaty of Ghent was signed, the Colonial Secretary wrote to Sir George Prevost as follows:

"I have to inform you," Lord Bathurst says, "that His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, in the name of His Majesty, desires that hereafter the allowance of the Catholic Bishop of Quebec be one thousand pounds per annum, as a testimony rendered to the loyalty and good conduct of the gentleman who now occupies the

place, as well as of the other members of the Catholic Clergy of the Province."

The Anglican Bishop and Mr. Ryland objected to the recognition of the Catholic Bishop in this way, but they were repulsed by the Secretary of State, who curtly informed Dr. Mountain that it was not an auspicious time to bring up such questions. In the course of a year or so, Mgr. Plessis was officially recognized as the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec. A *Mandamus* issued on the 30th of April, 1817, by which a seat in the Legislative Council of Lower Canada was accorded to him in virtue of his ecclesiastical position. Subsequently, by a circular despatch of Lord John Russell, it was directed that the word "Lord" should be put before the name of the Bishop. So ended the questions of Royal Supremacy, Ecclesiastical Superintendents, Rights of Benefices, and such kindred matters in the Church in Canada.¹

¹ The curious reader will find in the sixth volume of Christie's "Canada" the Draft of Letters Patent for the appointment of a Superintendent for the Church of Rome in Canada, an elaborate composition in four pages of fine type. A paragraph will suffice:

GEORGE III. BY THE GRACE OF GOD, ETC., ETC.

To all to whom these presents shall come:—GREETING.

WHEREAS, ETC., ETC.

Therefore, to this end, we, having great confidence in the learning, morals, probity, and prudence of our beloved A. B., of, etc., have constituted, named and appointed, and by these presents do constitute, name and appoint him, the said A. B., to be Our Superintendent Ecclesiastical for the affairs of the Church of Rome in Our Province of Lower Canada, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the said office of Superintendent Ecclesiastical for the affairs of Our Church of Rome in Our Province of Lower Canada for and during Our Royal pleasure, with a salary of pounds Sterling per annum.

THE CHURCH AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Histoire de la Constitution Civile du Clergé. Par L. Sciout. 4 vols.
Paris. 1872-1881.

IT is a pity that the men who attempted, so many ages ago, to found and perfect on the famous Babylonian plain a city and a state independent of the Almighty Lawgiver and Governor of the universe, have not left us a detailed account of their design, their proceedings, and their final failure. The Book of Genesis, written by a descendant of that Heber who was himself a witness and an actor in the memorable enterprise, only contains a brief, unsatisfactory mention of it. From the very ruins heaped up on that land, the second cradle, in some respects, of the human race, they are yearly digging up monumental records which shed no little light on the narrative of Genesis. This, however, in its very conciseness, is full of a pregnant and far-reaching meaning. It teaches the world that no people can build itself a home, or secure to itself permanent prosperity, greatness, and glory, while setting aside the known will of the Creator, and violating the laws of nature, or His laws rather who is the Author of nature and its laws.

"Come!" said these purblind descendants of Noe, "let us make a city and a tower, the top whereof may reach to heaven; and let us make our name famous before we be scattered abroad into all lands."

It was the City of Pride. The builders, mindful of the then recent Deluge, only sought to erect a citadel so strong and so high that no avenging flood could reach up to its battlements. Had the unnatural crimes in which they indulged made them forget that the Lord of Heaven and Earth can, at His will, submerge beneath the waters the broadest continents with their loftiest mountains, and raise up from the deepest ocean-beds continents broader and fairer with mountains loftier still?

"And the Lord came down to see the City and the Tower which the children of Adam were building. And He said: Behold it is one people and all have one tongue; and they have begun to do this, neither will they leave off from their designs till they accomplish them in deed. Come ye, therefore, let us go down, and there confound their tongue, that they may not understand one another's speech. And so the Lord scattered them from that place into all lands; and they ceased to build the City."

The second Parent of the human race, NOE, was still living among that God-defying generation, together with his blessed son Sem and the progeny of the latter. It is not to be believed that either the great Patriarch or the son, from whose line the Messiah was one day to spring, had any share in the impious pride, the self-worship, the idolatry, or the mad ambition which *then* inspired the designs and ruled the councils of the founders of Babel.

The city and the tower, which at that early age of the world, human policy and pride sought to erect in opposition to the designs of Providence, are typical of all political institutions and civil societies which men would fain build up and animate with a life and an immortality independent of the Spirit of God. But Noe and Sem were the founders of another city, the first parents of another society, with which God was evermore to abide, imparting to it the possession of truth with all the promises of eternity.

"One kingdom is," says Leo XIII.,¹ "that of God on earth, namely, the true Church of Christ, to which all who would belong, from their hearts and with due regard to their salvation, must needs serve God and His Only Begotten Son with their whole mind and most earnest will; the other kingdom is that of Satan, in whose obedience and power are all those who, following the fatal examples of their leader and our first parents, refuse to submit to the eternal law of God, and who, setting God aside, undertake many things against Him. These two kingdoms, like two cities (or states) ruled by opposite laws and following opposite purposes, are those which St. Augustine clearly discussed and described, compressing into the following words the efficient cause to which each owes its origin: *Two sorts of love gave rise to two Cities, the love of self going to the contempt of God to the Earthly City; the love of God reaching to contempt of self to the Heavenly City.*"

Never, since the rise of Mohammedanism, did the permanent conspiracy of "the City of Satan" against the Kingdom of God assume a more formidable shape, or wage a more destructive war against the Church, than in France during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. And no study can better enlighten the Christian scholar on the strategy used by the conspirators to compass their end—the annihilation of the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, the extinction of Catholic worship and Catholic education, and the blotting out of Christianity itself from the land in which it was most firmly rooted.

The conspirators seemed, less than a century ago, to have succeeded completely. Providence, and the heroic resistance of the French clergy and people, baffled the persecutor when his power

¹ Encyclical *Humanum Genus*.

was most unsparing and irresistible. Still, though the conspiracy has been obliged to pause and to yield a great part of the vantage ground then gained, it has, all through the nineteenth century, been skilfully reorganizing its forces, reoccupying every available foothold of power and influence, until, exactly a hundred years after its first mighty triumphs, it proclaims itself ready to complete the work interrupted or suspended under the Directory and the Consulate.

A careful survey and analysis of the gigantic struggle which then took place, from 1789 to 1801-1802, will enable us now, as the conspirators return to the fray more powerful, more confident, and more merciless, to weigh the chances of success on either side, and to forecast the result.

As the year 1789 dawned upon the world, France, though fallen from the military supremacy which she had held in the reign of Louis XIV., was still in undisputed possession of that moral supremacy which gave her the first rank among the nations of Christendom. The peoples who had driven her fleets off the seas, and beaten her armies on the battle-field, were the first to yield to her intellectual superiority, to acknowledge the sway of her literature, her arts, and her manners. Before another decade had passed away all Europe would have to tremble before the victorious French legions.

The Popes, who had been the bestowers of all imperial and kingly titles in the Christian society which arose on the ruins of the Roman Empire, had also given to the sovereigns and peoples of Christendom the honorific titles merited by their achievements and glorious services to religion. The sovereigns of Great Britain still cling, with a not very commendable pride, to the title of "Defender of the Faith," bestowed by Leo. X. on the eighth Henry in acknowledgment of the latter's vindication of Catholic truth against Luther.

The Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary still claims the title of "Apostolic Majesty," bestowed by the Pope on St. Stephen, the first King of Hungary, the apostle and parent of his people. From the same authority, the fountain of all true honor and nobility, came to the kings of Spain the envied title of "Most Catholic"; to those of Portugal the title of "Most Faithful"; and to the Kings of France that of "Most Christian." This supreme distinction was extended to their entire realm, which the successors of St. Peter loved to call "the Most Christian Kingdom"; and France herself from olden times was fondly designated as "the Oldest Daughter of the Church."

By a singular coincidence, the same volume of the Pontifical Acts of Leo XIII. which contains the magnificent encyclical on

Freemasonry also gives us the authentic text of another encyclical (*Nobilissima Gallorum gens*), addressed to the archbishops and bishops of France. The former encyclical describes the anti-Christian conspiracy which was directed in the last century toward the overthrow and utter destruction of the Church in France; the latter aims to encourage, sustain and direct the faithful hierarchy, priests and people, of "the Most Christian Kingdom" in their present gigantic struggle with the triumphant Masonic conspirators.

Weisshaupt and Voltaire chose the Most Christian Kingdom, while it was under the corrupting and degrading sway of Louis XV., as the field on which they could most successfully conspire to ruin the Church, to discredit and destroy the Catholic religion, and with it Christianity itself.

Certain it is that now, as we write, there is no longer a "Most Christian King" in the political order to represent the "Oldest Daughter of the Church"; and that the men who now govern France are anything and everything but jealous of claiming for themselves and the nation the once proud and glorious title of "Most Christian."

The overwhelming majority in both houses of the French Legislature are daily becoming more noisy and more pressing in their demand for repealing the Concordat of 1801-1802, and thus undoing what the first Bonaparte had done to restore the Church overthrown by the French Revolution. The Masonic lodges, represented by this parliamentary majority, are loud in declaring, through the all-powerful daily and periodical press which they own, that this repealing of the Concordat will clear away the ground for the anti-Christian social edifice which they contemplate erecting in the ancient kingdom of Saint Louis.

Nothing but the most preternatural forbearance on the part of Leo XIII., of his official representatives in Paris, and of the French archbishops and bishops themselves, could have staved off, from month to month and year to year, the final and inevitable rupture between the French Government and the Vatican.

There is no use in endeavoring to demonstrate to men who are either irrevocably pledged to a certain course, or forcibly urged forward by the mighty Masonic power behind them, that it would be a most sound and salutary policy to keep up friendly relations with the Holy See, the great moral and conservative force of the civilized world. It would require superhuman wisdom and superhuman eloquence to make men wilfully blind to open their eyes to the folly, the madness, of weakening the national unity by paralyzing or destroying the mightiest of all vital forces—religious conviction

and sentiment—at a time when the nation is isolated, doomed and perishing.

Such are some of the perils of the actual condition of things in France, among a people whose national character in their glorious Christian days, and whose achievements in the past, both in peace and in war, must win the admiration and sympathy of mankind.

Leo XIII. never uses words in vain. France, and even the infidel and Voltairian press of France, read with a thrill of pride the praise so justly bestowed by the Pontiff on the Frenchmen who had raised the name of their country to such a height of fame. "The most noble French nation," he says, "by their many illustrious achievements in peace and war, acquired in the eyes of the Catholic Church the singular glory of meritorious deeds for which she preserves an undying gratitude, and the glory of which can never wane. By the Christian training and institutions, to which, under the leadership of Clovis, she was initiated at an early period, she did indeed well deserve, as a testimony and reward of her faith and piety, the name of the '*Oldest Daughter of the Church.*' From that distant period . . . your forefathers seem to have been the helpers of Divine Providence itself in accomplishing mighty and salutary results; but in an especial manner has their courage gloriously shone in maintaining the Catholic name, in spreading among barbarous peoples the Christian faith, in freeing and protecting the holy places of Palestine, so as to justify the truth of the popular saying, '*Gesta Dei per Francos*,—the exploits of God through the Franks.'

"And on this account it came to pass that [your ancestors] by devoting themselves in a spirit of faith to the interests of Catholicity, have become in a manner intimately associated with the glories of the Church, and have founded very many institutions, public and private, in which are displayed the powerful influence of religion, of charity, and of greatness of soul."¹

It was, therefore, a masterly stroke of the Satanic policy of the eighteenth-century conspirators to destroy the Church in such a nation; to blot out Christian faith from the lives of the people; to turn the chivalric and heroic genius which had spread, protected and represented the Christian name all over the globe into the genius of Antichristian propaganda.

But how did the conspirators go about their work?

Here lies the chief interest for the serious-minded Christian or student of history. The facts themselves, as they are rapidly and tragically evolved from month to month, from year to year, bring with them such examples of sublime heroism, in men and women

¹ Encyclical *Nobilissima Gallorum Gens*, Feb. 8th, 1884.

of all classes, as have never been surpassed in any age or in any country.

If among the 60,000 members of the French clergy at the beginning of 1789 there were found a small, a very small minority of worldly, ambitious, weak, or unworthy men, the fidelity, the purity, the devotion, the invincible constancy of the remaining host of Christian priests offer a spectacle never beheld on the same scale of grandeur.

The priesthood and people of Ireland can alone furnish a parallel to the trials to which the French Catholics were subjected during the twelve years which followed 1788. In France they were indeed twelve years which tested to the utmost the supernatural virtues of the persecuted millions. In Ireland the persecution raged for centuries. All the powers of Hell seemed let loose on the then living generation of Frenchmen. In Ireland generation after generation passed unshrinking through the fiery furnace. Nor are the present sufferings of the majority of Irishmen without their deep cause in the anti-Catholic passions inherited from an unhallowed and oppressive ascendancy.

Since 1878 the Church of France has again fallen *sub hostili dominatione*. As we write these lines the measures taken against her hierarchy, and the open persecution authorized or tolerated against her clergy, secular and regular, as well as against her religious congregations of men and women, are only the shadows—shadows dark and portentous—of mighty events near at hand.

Strange to say, the first step of the Antichristian conspirators of 1788–89 was to impose on the Catholics of France an ecclesiastical establishment that resembled in more than one feature the Protestant Establishment sought to be forced on the acceptance of Irish Catholics by Henry VIII., Edward and Elizabeth.

What is known in history as the Civil Constitution of the French Church was a part and parcel of the new political Constitution forced on Louis XVI. in 1789. In the Constituent Assembly, which framed that instrument, both the higher and lower clergy were represented. But these representatives were both insufficient in numbers and without any express or adequate powers from those who sent them, to make or sanction the mighty changes in Church and State brought about by the revolutionary majority.

Moreover, the Civil Constitution of the Clergy was simply devised to create a schismatic church, wholly dependent on the State, bound hand and foot to the civil authority, destined to exist, to act, to live and move, and exercise its functions, without deriving its jurisdiction from the Vicar of Christ, or being in any wise subordinated to the centre of Catholic unity and government.

It is a fundamental doctrine of the Catholic faith that the

Church, wheresoever she exists, constitutes a society perfect in itself, with its own divinely given power to legislate, teach, administer the sacraments, to direct and govern all its members in whatever pertains to their spiritual welfare and eternal salvation.

In the national church of France, as conceived by the Constituent Assembly, as it came, modeled, moulded, trammelled, and fitted for action, from the brain and hand of its creators, there was nothing but a State machine, adapted for the performance of State functions. Its ministers were only public functionaries, made by the State, liable at will to be unmade by it, working for it alone, salaried by it like any other of its officers, receiving from it the breath of life, and looking to no other authority or power beyond the State for its *raison d'être*.

This Civil Constitution left, therefore, to the enslaved Church of France no shadow of that divine independence and inalienable freedom which the Church of Christ holds by her institution from her Divine Founder.

The first step taken toward destroying this independence was the confiscation of all church property. The needs of the public treasury were put forth as a pretext for this. But the Jansenists, Protestants, Voltairians, and Jacobins, who formed the dominant faction in the Assembly, wished to take away from the Clergy all their property, because they considered property to be, in every well ordered and stable community, the basis of independence and social freedom.

Not only was ecclesiastical property of every kind taken gradually away from its owners, but the State at length claimed the sacred vessels on the altar and the vestments used in the sanctuary.

Thus despoiled and enslaved, the French clergy would, its enemies thought, accept whatever functions or conditions the State chose to impose on them.

The Revolutionist majority in the Assembly fancied, it may be, that such of their clerical colleagues as the Bishop of Autun, Talleyrand, or the Jansenist Abbé Grégoire, could be taken as samples of priestly virtue and constancy. Such men only represented the small worldly-minded minority among the glorious priesthood of France. They were the dross among the mass of pure gold which, cast into the fierce flames of the revolutionary furnace, came out thrice chastened and most worthy of the divine acceptance.

We have before us, as we write these lines, the text of the Civil Constitution sought to be forced on the French Clergy as the everlasting code of their degradation and servitude.

By a stroke of the legislative pen all the ancient sees of France

are suppressed. The old provincial demarcations have been obliterated, and the surface of the kingdom is divided into eighty-four departments. Each of these departments is to form a diocese to be presided over by a bishop. The Holy See, to which it belongs by inherent right to found a diocese and fix its limits, to institute a bishop and to give him jurisdiction over a definite portion of the flock of Christ, was entirely left out of the question both in the creation and limitation of these new dioceses, and in the nomination, consecration, and institution of the new bishops.

The political quacks and knaves who manufactured this strange code of ecclesiastical polity, boasted aloud that they were only remodeling Christianity in France on the ideal of the primitive Christian societies. Therefore did they reduce the clergy to a state of the most dependent, and, therefore, the most degrading poverty.

Moreover, as they were inaugurating a new democratic era, they would have the appointment to every office in their new church made by popular election. The departmental electors chose the bishop and submitted the choice to the state authorities. The bishop-elect thus approved by the civil power was, upon presentation of the proper official documents, to be consecrated by the neighboring bishops. These were bound to give their brother consecration and institution in the name of the State, without in any manner waiting for the consent of the Pope. The bishop thus inducted into his see was at liberty to notify the successor of St. Peter of his appointment, such notification being deemed by the legislators to be all that was required to keep up communion with the head of Catholicity!

In like manner the rectors of parishes were chosen by the district electors, the bishop being notified of the choice, and the nominee inducted into his charge by the local civil authorities.

The creative power of the State ran through every part of this Civil Constitution of the Clergy, calling forth everything into being, giving to persons, offices and functions their existence, form, and vitality.

It was all of the earth—earthly—of heaven, of what pertained to the really spiritual, supernatural, Christian order, there was no element there.

Of course no priest but an ambitious, unscrupulous, reckless one, would aspire to the evil eminence of becoming one of these "Constitutional" bishops, or would accept such a nomination when it came unsought to him. Of course, every cleric who sought or obtained office or benefice under such a bishop, felt that he acted in opposition to his own conscience, as well to the traditions and laws of the Church Catholic.

As we have said, the Pope was not consulted in this religious revolution and transformation. On the contrary, the authors and leaders of this momentous change openly professed their contempt of the Papal authority, and spoke of the Holy See and its prerogatives in the most insulting terms.

The weak Louis XVI., after many protestations and much hesitancy, gave his signature and sanction to this Civil Constitution of the Clergy.

The members of the lawful hierarchy in France, with two or three exceptions, refused to acknowledge the new ecclesiastical order of things. The dignified and the parochial clergy stood firmly by their chiefs. The only defections were among the few of the unworthy and ambitious who sought elevation, office, and pelf for their own sake.

And then began the struggle between the new intruders and the lawful hierarchy and priesthood of France. On the side of the former was arrayed the omnipotence of the State, wielded too with the violence and ferocity which an anti-Christian revolution lent to legal proceedings and popular movements.

Be it said just here that the fearful rapidity with which events were precipitated in France during 1789 and the four following years, went far to unsettle men's minds. Pius VI., so long as the Constituent Assembly only dealt with political changes and reforms, prudently abstained from all interference.

But it was otherwise when the Assembly laid its hand on the Church and invaded the sanctuary. The Pope was deeply pained by the king's action in giving the royal sanction to the Civil Constitution of the clergy. He wrote to his Majesty condemning both the royal act and the schismatic legislation which it approved. Pius VI. also wrote to some of the most exalted dignitaries in the French Church, formally reproving all that had been done against the canons and the essential rights of the divine society established by Christ.

As the French law forbade the publication in the kingdom of all Pontifical letters without the previous permission of the Council of State, these briefs of Pius VI. had not been officially published. The civil authorities and the new State bishops sturdily affirmed that no such documents existed. They went even so far as to maintain that the Pope had given his sanction to the Civil Constitution, and spurious briefs and Pontifical letters were printed and scattered broadcast throughout the country, approving all that had been done by the King and the Assembly.

In the midst of the revolutionary whirlwind and storm which prevailed in France, without intermission and with ever-increasing

fury all through these years, it was, unhappily, easy enough to deceive, or to be deceived, on such matters as Pontifical briefs.

Certain it is that long after the Civil Constitution of the Clergy had become a dead letter, and the schismatical body, which it substituted for the Church of France, had become a foul odor and evil memory, a good many persons, lay and clerical, were found who still believed that Pius VI. had approved the *Constitutionnels*, and that the condemnatory bulls issued against these were mere forgeries.

Authentic history has furnished many peremptory proofs of the fact that the schismatic church, thus created by the French Assembly, was only intended by its authors to serve to discredit the Catholic religion, and thereby to prepare public opinion for the destruction of Christianity itself.

As all the churches in France were forcibly handed over to the schismatics, so no form of public worship would be tolerated save that performed by the Constitutional bishops and their clergy. Every argument and effort, short of the most extreme violence, were made use of to compel people to be present at the Mass celebrated by the intruders. And in Paris, as well as in all the cities and country places in France, the most extreme violence, torture, bloodshed, and death itself, were resorted to against all who ventured to assist at Mass celebrated by a good priest.

The shameful and terrible scenes which were thus enacted everywhere, either in the name of the law or by the murderous villains who pretended to uphold its authority, were knowingly intended and encouraged by the revolutionary leaders for the purpose of making public worship itself odious, the most solemn rites of religion ridiculous, and thus leading, by a natural and practical sequence, to the suppression of all religious worship.

This sequence, in its logical and chronological order, is clearly marked in the records of the French Revolution.

Women, as is their wont, were most forward in their zeal to hear Mass and seek the consolation of the Sacraments from the faithful and proscribed ministers of God. The weakness of their sex proved to be no protection against the mingled ferocity and brutality of the street mobs, intoxicated by the strong wine of Jacobinism and frenzied by the blood they daily shed with perfect impunity, if not with the connivance of the clubs.

“On the 9th of April, 1791, a band of char-women, who had become an integral part of all street riots, together with a crowd of men, some of whom were dressed in women’s clothes, broke successively into the convents of Paris, seized the nuns and other ladies who had retired to the convents, dragged them forth into the street, and there amused themselves by beating and scourg-

ing them publicly with rods. The municipal authorities were careful not to interfere with their pleasant occupation."

Such is the first act of this kind of torture related by the historian of the Civil Constitution.

These abominable scenes took place in the capital soon after the instalment of the infamous apostate Gobel as Archbishop of Paris. "The number of nuns and other women who were thus scourged," the same author says, "was enormous. Three Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul, residing in the parish of Sainte Marguerite, died in consequence of this odious treatment."

It became the rule, wherever people were seen to go to any church but the Government churches, to assemble at the door, seize the women who came out or attempted to enter, and to whip them, no matter what their age or their condition. In Brittany and elsewhere the most shocking scenes of cruel brutality were enacted, in which the wives of the Government officials were the leading actors and the victims were cloistered nuns and Catholic ladies guilty of no crime but that of fidelity to their vows and their religion.

The poor king was himself continually besieged and his life even threatened in order to compel him to send away his Catholic confessor and chaplains, and to submit to the services of "Constitutional" priests. As Eastertide came round, the revolutionary press clamored loudly for his giving a proof of obedience to the laws, by receiving communion publicly from a schismatic priest. He compromised the matter—weakly and without pleasing anybody—by assisting with the queen and the court at a High Mass, celebrated in Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, by one of Gobel's priests.

Poor king, indeed! who knew how to die heroically, but who had never known what it was to rule and govern!

As the law imposed an oath of loyalty and obedience to the new Constitution on all who held any kind of office in the transformed French Church, a new term came immediately into use, designating and dividing into two classes the clergy of France, the schismatics or "Constitutionals" being called *prêtres assermentés* ("priests who had taken the oath"), and the Catholics being called *non-assermentés*, *non-jureurs*, or simply *prêtres réfractaires* ("disobedient priests"). The oath itself, in so far as it demanded the formal validity and approval of a Constitution at once schismatical and heretical, could not be taken in conscience by any true child of the Church.

Presently the denomination of *réfractaires* began to attach to the faithful laity as well as to the faithful priests, and marked both of them out for the assassin, the prison, or the guillotine. At first, and while the most strenuous efforts were employed to have

the Constitutional Church, its worship and ministrations accepted by the Catholic masses, the Jansenists and Protestants (like Camus and Barnave), who were the parents of this new establishment, borrowed from the religious history of Great Britain and Ireland the terms of Conformist and Nonconformist and applied them to the schismatics and Catholics respectively.

But events in France went forward with a rapidity which baffled the forethought and calculations of statesman, legislator, and philosopher. The masses in the cities, indoctrinated with the theories of the Illuminati and Voltairians, allowed the clubs to plan and the legislative assemblies to discuss laws, and to mature grand financial schemes, while they turned into acts of wholesale plunder, massacre, and oppression the notions thinly disguised under the splendid eloquence of Mirabeau, or boldly advocated as immediately practicable by Marat or the *Père Duchesne*.

The revolutionary torrent, once let loose, is an Alpine stream in springtide, which bursts over its banks, rushes madly down the declivity, inundates and devastates the plain, carrying with it bridges and dikes, and bearing along among its numberless victims both the strong man who tried to breast the current and the weak man who had sought to save himself by swimming with the tide. Such was the thought, if not the very language, of one who had witnessed the ravages of the French Revolution—the illustrious De Bonald.

The decree of the Assembly prescribing that all loyal French priests should take forthwith the oath of obedience to the constituted authorities and the established order of things, was accompanied or closely followed by an order banishing from French territory or imprisoning the non-conformists. Hundreds of priests were assassinated by bands of Jacobins in the interior of France or as they sought to reach the frontiers. The cry had been raised and re-echoed industriously that the emigrated nobles and priests were conspiring near the borders of the kingdom with the enemies of France. Armies of invasion were already in motion, it was said, led by “the monsters which France had vomited forth.”

In Paris, in Versailles, and their neighborhood, the prisons and the monasteries confiscated by the Government were filled with men and women, with priests, nobles and magistrates, who had, as non-conformists, incurred the hatred of the Jacobins, or who, on simple suspicion, had been denounced by the clubs and arrested.

Who has not heard of the September massacres in Paris? The “History of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy”¹ affirms that the then Minister of Justice, Danton, organized these massacres, as he plainly paid the murderers out of the public purse.

¹ This work has received a premium from the French Academy.

During the last month the streets of Paris bore placards in flaming characters inviting proposals for a monumental statue to Danton to be set up next year. For is he not one of that giant brood of the Revolution who, after deluging France with blood, ended by destroying, devouring each other?

Surely, as the centennial celebration of 1789, the Revolutionary period it opened, approaches with rapid strides, we are justified in believing that it is not without a purpose that such names are called up and glorified in presence of the posterity of the men who did these deeds of blood.

Will the present rulers of France learn no wisdom *now* from the fearful lessons given *then* to their country and the world? With all our heart we do pray God to save Frenchmen from themselves and the logical consequences of the memories and the doctrines they cherish.

We have only made a passing allusion to the "September Massacres." They may be said to mark the real beginning of that Reign of Terror than which nothing more fearful has ever been recorded in history. It dates from August 10th, 1792, when the two rival factions of Girondists and Jacobins united their forces and compelled the king to abdicate. The authority of the Legislative Assembly was set aside by the insurgent clubs, and the Commune of Paris became the supreme power in France.

On the 11th of August, in a public session of this same Commune, it was boldly proclaimed that every member of the Royalist party and its abettors, who had been worsted and humiliated the day before, "were devoted to the guillotine."

It demanded—commanded, rather—that the Assembly should give over six millions of francs to pay the services of the men it had hired; and that very day the Assembly bestowed on every one of the 36,000 municipal councils of France the absolute right to take cognizance of all crimes of a nature to threaten either the internal or the external security of France.

This was giving to each city, town and hamlet the power to hunt, arrest, judge and execute every man, woman and child hateful to the Jacobins, who at that moment covered the entire kingdom with the network of their clubs and fearful espionage.

On August 17th, at the demand of the Commune, the Legislative Assembly created the Revolutionary Tribunal. Forthwith, and without a moment's delay, the now all-powerful Commune established a Committee of Surveillance, to receive and enregister all denunciations. It received on the spot the prophetic and truthful appellation of the Committee of Execution. Thus was wholesale murder organized and legalized; its machinery all ready and only waiting for a signal to begin its bloody work.

Already, on August the 11th, the Jacobin Central Club in Paris issued an order to all its members to spread everywhere the report that on the preceding day the non-conformist priests had disguised themselves as Swiss guards and had attempted to massacre the friends of the Revolution.

On the 13th it was announced in the Assembly that the town council of Rouen, friendly to the king, had purchased eight cannons, three thousand muskets, and that the city was drilling five thousand priests to the use of arms.

The next day the Assembly decreed that all the bronze monuments to be found in the churches of Paris and the provinces should at once be melted and made into cannons. Then came, in hot haste, an order from the Commune to break up and melt all the crucifixes and lecterns in the churches and chapels, to leave but two bells for each parish, and to deliver forthwith to the mint every vessel of gold and silver in the sacristies or on the altars.

"The most sacred worship of all," said the Mayor of Paris in a proclamation, "is LAW. . . . The misery of the people calls for the suppression of these superfluous bells. They only sound to flatter the pride of the rich, the enemies of equality even after death, who will have these bells disturb the poor man's sleep."

One can imagine the agitation, the excitement, the terror, which all these decrees, these orders, these rumors, tended to create in the minds of the peaceful masses.

But, the reader will ask, was there no army in France, to stand by the king, the head of the State, to protect citizens from anarchy and riotousness?

No! Step by step the military forces of France had been disorganized, broken up, scattered, annihilated. A kind of citizen-soldiery, called the National Guard, arose in the cities at the bidding of the Jacobin clubs, with which most of the members of this force and all its officers were affiliated. These guards became everywhere the shameful abettors of illegal violence and murder.

Moreover, in every locality, the municipal government was, in fact, supreme. Its decrees and its acts were all the more sure to be applauded in Paris, that they displayed a greater zeal in punishing and exterminating "the enemies of the Revolution."

The Catholics were, in city, town, village and country-side, the "mad dogs" which all could hunt and kill and be thanked for it. Why wonder, then, at the September massacres?

On August the 31st, the eve of this never-to-be-forgotten saturnalia of blood, Tallien read in the Legislative Assembly a long address or message from the Commune in which was found this striking sentence:

"We had all the priests, disturbers of the peace, arrested; we

have had them placed in confinement in conformity with your decree, *and before many days are over the soil of Liberty shall be cleansed of their presence.*

Examining the official daily reports of the National Guard of Paris on September 3d, the third day of the massacres, we have the following entry:

"A crowd of armed persons went last night to the prisons and did justice to the evil-disposed of August 10th. *There is nothing else. Patrols and rounds made exactly in the legions (districts).*"

This is eloquent enough and needs no commentary.

To the Legislative Assembly succeeded the National Convention, elected on the very day when the prisons and streets of Paris were running red with the blood of priests and bishops. Thus, born in blood, its baneful existence was marked by the hecatombs unceasingly immolated in the desecrated names of liberty, equality and fraternity.

On September 21st the Convention declared that royalty was abolished in France. The Republic was proclaimed the next day. Within the bosom of this sanguinary assembly the two great parties, Girondists and Jacobins, or Sans-culottes, began the bitter conflict to be ended on June 2d, 1793, by the defeat and proscription of the former.

Before then the ill-starred Louis XVI. terminated his life on the scaffold, displaying in his captivity, his trial and his death, the virtues which atoned for the weakness and mistakes of a reign which he would have made a happy and a prosperous one had his lot been cast in other times.

His heroic wife and sister perished after him, the former standing forth amid the lurid light of that epoch as the sublimest tragic figure of all time; her sister-in-law, Elizabeth, appearing by her side as the angel of Divine consolation and gentleness.

How many other noble men and women, noble in every sense of the word, but rendered infinitely so by their sufferings and their Christian fortitude, pass in countless procession before the eye of the historian during that year of terror, 1793! Where can be found such a vindication of Christian culture, Christian civilization at its highest, as in the conduct, under unequalled trial, of these leading classes of French society, offering calmly the flower of their manhood and womanhood to be cut off by the pitiless guillotine, while the mob jeered and they prayed for France and her people with their latest breath?

The leading classes in the kingdom of Saint Louis had, in the preceding hundred years, given examples and favored opinions which Providence could not allow to remain unpunished. France had been raised to a sort of primacy among the nations of Chris-

tendom. The scandals of the two long reigns of the fourteenth and fifteenth Louis had to be expiated by the martyrdom of Louis XVI. and his magnanimous queen.

We see around us in the Paris, in the France of 1888 the descendants of that old nobility devoting their whole existence to the defence of religion and the welfare of the laboring classes. They are the men on whom the world relies for the final regeneration of their people and country.

Others there are, also, who seem bent on following the giddy, pleasure-loving, self-seeking crowd around them in their blind, headlong race to perdition. They seem to have learned nothing, nothing, from the glorious examples of their kinsfolk and class in 1792 and 1793.

Does Providence, or shall we rather not say nature, whose laws and lessons these men and women so criminally violate, intend to renew for them within the next decade the teachings and trials of a hundred years ago?

But while clergy and nobles were thus leading all classes of the French people in that right-royal road of suffering and devotion, the revolutionary factions were destroying each other.

Robespierre and Saint Just immolated hecatombs of the Girondists who had been so ardent in proscribing, banishing, massacring the faithful French clergy and non-conformist laymen.

Then came the turn of the ferocious Danton and his blood-stained acolytes, sent to the guillotine by the same Robespierre. And so the terrible orgies of mingled impiety and bloodshed went on, till the demons who governed France, appalled and horrified by the monstrous cruelty of the leading terrorist, seized him, tried and sentenced himself and his peers in atrocity to the death they had meted out to so many thousands.

Then came a momentary lull in the storm. The earthquake, the whirlwind, and the flame ceased awhile to rob men of their sleep by night and their reason by day. But the persecution against the devoted, the unconquerable, priests of France continued without abatement.

Without speaking of the thousands who perished from 1789 to 1801, within the limits of French territory, falling by the hands of the Jacobin murderers, by the guillotine, the wholesale fusillades, the *noyades* or wholesale drownings at Nantes, hundreds upon hundreds met a premature death in the prisons, in the convict ships at Rochefort, in the fetid transports which conveyed them to the coasts of Spain and Italy, or bore them to the distant, fever-haunted shores of French Guyana. Here they were, of a set purpose, sent away into the most unwholesome part of a country which at its best is fatal to the European colonist. They were huddled to-

gether in long sheds built of wattles and covered only with branches, the breeding place of venomous reptiles and insects innumerable.

Through this roof the equatorial rains poured down in torrents on the wretched inmates, who were compelled to sleep as best they might on the soaked ground. And as to wholesome or sufficient food, or care for the sick and the aged, such things could not be thought of in a place of perpetual torture, well called *la guillotine sèche* (the dry guillotine), because the blood of the martyrs was not daily poured forth on the earth that witnessed such cruelty.

No; the blood of these heroic sufferers did not cry out to Heaven from the soil of our America. But the voice of their daily prayers did continually ascend to the Mercy Seat on high. For, in the authentic accounts left us of these confessors of the faith in Guyana, we are told that, with all their unspeakable sufferings and wretchedness, the daily life of these prisoners was as regular and edifying as that led at Clairvaux by St. Bernard and his first disciples. The divine office was recited at the appointed hours; the long morning meditation was made in common—a bath of life, renovating all the energies of the soul, and lifting up the infirm body itself to share the sublime energy of the spirit.

All this happened under the Directory. When, at length, an order came to bring back to France the remnants of that martyr-band, it was only to pen them up once more in the naval fortresses of the Isle of Rhé—as if the persecutor hoped that not one of his victims should survive to relate what they had been made to endure.

As to the exiled French priests, England, Ireland, the United States, and Canada have not forgotten their virtues. In our New World they seemed naturally to take up the work begun and carried on two centuries before by French Franciscans and Jesuits, by the priests of Saint Sulpice and the missionaries of the Seminary of Quebec. We can never repay the debt we owe them.

But we can, as 1889 brings to our mind the centennial memory of their sufferings, give to their brethren and successors in France, and to the noble people so honored by their Christian heroism, the hearty tribute of our sympathy and prayers.

For, unless we sadly mistake the signs of the times, both the French Catholics and their clergy are about to pass through an ordeal which shall test that same Christian heroism as fully as the persecutions of Girondist or Terrorist.

One fearful engine of persecution and torture exists in the France of to-day, which was only feebly represented a century ago by Marat's *Ami du Peuple*, and by the ferocious *Père Duchesne*; that is, the ubiquitous, all-powerful, and anti-Christian press of Paris and the Provinces.

The Jacobin Clubs of the French Revolution, covering as they did the entire kingdom, created among the masses, among the needy and turbulent working city classes especially, a murderous public opinion directed against religion, against the Church, the clergy, the religious orders, and all ecclesiastical institutions.

This public opinion, systematically fostered, kept up a Satanic hatred of the very name of priest, and of everything connected with his profession. Side by side with this monstrous hatred a contempt of religion was fostered, which was as effective as the homicidal hatred itself.

As I read the discourses pronounced in the States General of 1789, in the Constituent Legislative Assemblies, and in the National Convention, I find that the foremost orators give continual vent to both of these sentiments. They give their coloring to the legislative decrees, the official reports, the language of the clubs, the editorials in the press, the countless, clever, and inflammatory pamphlets with which the country was deluged. These same pamphlets, more perhaps than anything else, continually excited the people to contempt and hatred of religion, and then to the murder of all religious persons.

The assassins in the pay of Danton, who broke into the prisons of Paris and slaughtered indiscriminately men and women, had but two words by which they addressed their victims—*scélérat* (villain), *misérable* (wretch). Not a bishop fell, unresisting, beneath the hand of the executioner, or the stroke of the assassin, but was apostrophised in this way.

The cargoes of priests who were sent across the ocean to perish miserably on the voyage, or to suffer and die obscurely in the swamps of Guyana, were all spoken of as if they were the deepest-dyed criminals, the vilest among the vile. And this language is persistently applied to them by the men in power, by legislators and officials, down to the time of the First Consulate.

This same policy and practice is skilfully pursued in France at the present time. One needs only to be present in the French Chambers during any discussion where the interest of the laboring classes, the question of education, the maintenance of the Budget of Public Worship, or the exemption of clerics from military service are concerned, to be convinced, by the insulting and outrageous language of the radical majority that they despise religion and the priesthood with a heartiness which only equals the fierce and ferocious hatred expressed against the Church, her ministers, and institutions.

The whole civilized world is thoroughly informed about the success and completeness with which the party in power in France is carrying out the programme of the Masonic Lodges in de-Chris-

tianizing France and *laïcising* (as they term it) school and hospital, almshouse and prison, the army and the navy.

The religious orders of men and women—even those devoted to the care of the orphan, the aged, and the sick—are pitilessly proscribed, and must disappear. Few, indeed, of them are left in the institutions where they so long ministered, like angels of light and mercy, to the deepest needs of our poor stricken humanity.

But the Masonic press must needs cover these men and women, the honor of France and the glory of their kind, with infamy before they drive them forth from their homes.

Several instances of this kind of wholesale moral assassination have quite recently occurred. The most monstrous vices are imputed to the members of these devoted communities. The entire infidel press has repeated the foul assertion again and again before any refutation can reach the public. And even when this refutation, peremptory and triumphant, appears, who but Catholics will read it in the columns of the Catholic journals?

It is the purpose of the slanderers that the lie should start on its rounds far ahead of the refutation. They know that the lie will take root and flourish and bear fruit among the classes from which truth is as carefully excluded as the light of day is from the caves of Kentucky.

It would seem a hopelessly unequal battle. But French Catholics do not lose heart, or despair of their Church or their country.

It was the most splendid achievement of the anti-Christian conspirators to weaken, humiliate, dismember, and isolate France. There is no longer any Congress of Christian powers in which France may claim the first seat as the most Christian nation. They have humbled her in the dust. And now it is sought to extinguish in her bosom the last spark of that Christian faith which sent St. Louis to Palestine and Samuel de Champlain to Quebec.

They will not succeed. The insane effort to build up a new nation, or to restore a fallen one, by giving it atheism as a cornerstone or a crowning, is as futile as to think that the Eiffel Tower, when completed, will be as splendid a triumph of the builder's art as Notre Dame, or St. Peter's in Rome, or the Cathedral of Cologne.

ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE.

OUR mortal eyes are held in that, through their agency, we have but small knowledge of a yet smaller portion of the creation. "Who," asks the inspired writer, "is able to declare His works?" And because our vision is so held, except we are blessed with the faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, the conviction of things which appear not," we gradually lose the remembrance of, or belief in, the existence of things not seen. So in the rush and turmoil of this, our nineteenth century, we are carried upon its flood with such an impetus that it is impossible to give our souls pause, or to cast a retrospective glance at the period when time was not—nor aught else, save God.

The era of the Creation looms up but dimly from out the mists of the ages, and the days when Adam walked in Paradise seem so lost in the perspective, that many of his sons, impatient of the mental strain required to trace yesterday into yesterday through yesterdays innumerable, have taken refuge in a total denial of the yesterday sought:

"In the beginning God created heaven and earth. And the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the Spirit of God moved over the waters."

Until then, since an eternity, so incomprehensible that in the endeavor to realize it the first of Creation's mornings presses so closely upon our own little day as to seem a part of it, the perfections of the Godhead had been revealed to no created sense. Reflected in that vast crystal sea which St. John saw spread before the Throne, the beauty and the grandeur of the adorable Trinity had sufficed unto itself.

That boundless Love, ever springing from the Nature of the Father, found no created being to revel in the beauty of it; to thank Him for the boon of it; no responsive spirit to bow in adoration.

But "God said, 'Be Light made,' and Light was made, and God saw the Light that it was good!"

He spoke, and lo! the refulgence of thrice three thousand suns could not make up the sum of that material light's intensity. Whence was it? Did it emanate from the Face of the Triune God? Or was it a radiance from the wings of those ethereal beings to whom that Word, gifted with twofold power over the material and the intellectual, was the Word of Life?

Endowed with a wisdom and a knowledge of which the finite mind of man cannot conceive, the Angels understood the scheme of the Creation, and that it included a being gifted with an intelligence only a little lower than their own, whose place in heaven should be nearer the Throne than theirs, won by the sacrifice of God to God; that this Sacrifice was to be the outcome of the Creator's love for this creature, all ungrateful and disobedient though he be. Their jealousy at this choice of a nature wanting in so many of their own high gifts, and, therefore, so immeasurably beneath the Godhead, and their astonishment at this revelation, fructified into insurrection. One-third of their number, led by him who, even amid that refulgent throng, shone as the Star of the Morning, fell into rebellion against the Will they had so lately worshipped.

And for their sin there was no mercy; awful beyond the power of words was their instantaneous punishment.

I.

For an account of the fall of the Angels, which, according to theologians, took place before the creation of man, and about the first day of the six devoted by the Creator to His work, we must go to the last book of the Scriptures—the Apocalypse. By a retrospective revelation St. John was allowed to witness this engagement, short, sharp, and decisive.

“And there was a great battle in Heaven; Michael and his angels fought with the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels, and they prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, the old serpent, who is called the devil and Satan, who seduceth the whole world; and he was cast forth into the earth, and his angels were thrown down with him.”

Let us rise on the wings of Faith, guided by the Word of God, to the Footstool of the Throne. Here, nearest to Jehovah, stand the Seven; St. John saw in His hand the seven stars, which “are the angels of the seven churches,” and that each angel held a trumpet. Very beautiful is the vision which the Scriptures permit of these:

First of the mystic group is the princely Michael; he whom we saw but now flushed with victory. This radiant figure stands forth distinct and glorious, even in the white splendor which surrounds his God.

Gabriel, the gentle angel of the Annunciation, the Trumpeter of the Judgment Day, is particularly dear to us, as it was through him came the glad tidings of redemption.

Raphael, he whose nature responds to the heart-throbs of hu-

manity, to whom he brings most tender comforting, is the prince of guardians.

Uriel is mentioned in the Fourth Book of Esdras, "The angel who was sent to me, whose name was Uriel."¹

The nine choirs form the next division, but the sacred text does not give the order of their service.

Although the sacred writings do not tell us of any special ministry of the angels while our first parents were untempted, the sense of Scripture is that Lucifer, the fallen Archangel, spoke by the Serpent's crafty tongue. Then came the act of disobedience, and the man and woman were driven from their earthly Eden while Cherubim and a flaming sword turning every way kept the gates.

Hagar, fleeing from Sarah's anger, is met by an angel and sent back, and the future greatness of her unborn son is told her. Afterwards, the innocent victim of a jealous woman's anger, she is turned into the wilderness with her child. Her small stock of provisions soon fails, and where in all that stretch of sand will she find water? She puts the child down, and, going a distance, covers her face and wails out her plaint to God. The heaven opens and an angel speaks. A fountain has sprung up at His bidding, and the outlawed boy is saved.

The three men whom Abraham entertained in his tent, and at whose prophesy Sarah laughed, were angels. An angel prevented the sacrifice of Isaac; because of Lot's hospitality to two angels he and his escape the destruction of Sodom. Jacob has the vision of the ladder upon which angels are ascending and descending. Again, angels meet him when fleeing from Laban, but no mention is made of their mission. Later an angel wrestles with him, from whom he afterwards asks a blessing.

Night falls over Egypt and in its silence the dread angel of God goes through the land touching with fateful finger the hearts of the first born and bids their pulsations cease. Then, and not till then, does Moses lead out the chosen people. An angel guide is provided for them, to whom God advises them to listen:

"Take notice of him and hear his voice, and do not think him one to be condemned, for he will not forgive when thou hast sinned and My Name is in him."

There is another battle between Michael and the fallen Lucifer, which is mentioned only by St. Jude in his epistle, and that was "when Michael the Archangel, disputing with the devil, contended about the body of Moses." It is Michael whom Joshua meets in

¹ The Fourth Book, however, it must be remembered, is not recognized by the Church as canonical Scripture. She, nevertheless, has adopted from it one of her Introits in Easter week. From the same book is derived the text current through all Christendom, "*Magna est veritas, et praevalabit*" (Truth is great, and shall prevail).

the field of Jericho. Unlike the wrestler with Jacob, he does not refuse to tell his name. After Joshua's death the people fall back into idolatry, and an angel is sent to reproach them, whereupon, with equal facility they repent and lift up their voices in weeping. The place of their lamentation is called the Place of Tears.

Gideon was called while engaged in preparations for flight from the Madianites. To the salutation of the angel, "The Lord is with thee, O, most valiant of men," he returned an answer very natural under the circumstances: "I beseech thee, my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why have these evils fallen upon us?" And when, after the burning of the victims of the usual sacrifice offered on such occasions by means of the fire communicated through the touch of the angel's rod, Gideon recognized the character of his celestial visitor, he was alarmed lest death follow, and cried out, "Alas! my Lord God; for I have seen the angel of the Lord face to face." And the Lord answered, "Peace be with thee; fear not, thou shalt not die."

The story of the birth of Samson is a long one. When upon the offering of the sacrifice "the flame of the altar went up towards heaven, the angel of the Lord ascended also in the flames," and Manoe also feared death from having seen the face of an angel.

Sennacherib sought to destroy the holy city, and lo! an angel of the Lord goes out and smites his forces during the night.

There is no more exquisite idyllic picture in all the old Testament than the story of Tobias and his archangelic companion. The meeting, the journey, the return—each is perfect in itself, and through all the sweetness of the great prince of the heavenly cohorts is seen his prudence, wisdom and charity supreme.

The prophets held daily converse with these celestial messengers, receiving the word of God through their agency. Isaias saw the Seraphim gathered about the Godhead making a shield of their wings. And they cried to one another: Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts, all the earth is full of His Glory! And one of the Seraphim flying to the prophet, touched his lips with a live coal which he had taken off the altar, with the tongs, saying: Behold this hath touched thy lips, and thy iniquity shall be taken away, and thy sin shall be cleansed.

The vision recorded in the first chapter of Ezechiel was of the Cherubim: "The noise of their wings, like the noise of many waters, as it were the voice of the Most High . . . and when they stood their wings were let down." In Daniel we read of the angel who walked with the three young men in the fiery furnace. The prophet's vision of the ram and goat is interpreted by Gabriel, and, again, that later vision, relating to the coming of our Lord, is read by the same messenger. The third vision vouchsafed to Daniel is after

he has humbled himself by fasting and penance. Again, Gabriel, although he is not named, comes to comfort him, for the vision was most awful in its grandeur. He explains it at great length, but before doing so recounts a battle which he had with the "Prince of the kingdom of the Persians," in which Michael had assisted him. After recounting the meaning of the vision, he says: "And now I will return to fight against the prince of the Persians. When I went forth, there appeared the prince of the Greeks coming, . . . and none is my helper in all these things but Michael your prince, that is, the guardian angel of the Jews." Gabriel also tells Daniel that from the first year of Darius the Mede, "I stood up," *i.e.*, "fought for him, that he might be strengthened and confirmed"—to assist God's chosen people. When Daniel was thrown the second time into the lion's den, Gabriel was ordered to carry Habacuc by the hair of his head from Judea to Babylon, that he might feed the imprisoned prophet with the dinner he had prepared for the reapers, "and he had boiled pottage and had broken bread in a bowl."

When Zacharias questioned as to the meaning of his vision of the angels, the Archangel Michael replied. Afterwards the Archangel made that touching supplication for the people: "O Lord of hosts, how long wilt thou have mercy upon Jerusalem and on the cities of Judea with which thou hast been angry, this is now the seventieth year?" This book is replete with angelic explanations of prophetic utterances.

And when Heliodorus would have seized the treasure of the Temple, he was baffled. "For there appeared to them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, adorned with a very rich covering, and he ran fiercely and struck Heliodorus with his fore-feet, and he that sat upon him seemed to have armor of gold. Moreover, there appeared two other young men, beautiful and strong, bright and glorious, and in comely apparel," who added the scourging with many stripes to the trampling of the hoofs.

As the priest Zachary is performing the duties of his office by offering incense within the Temple, an angel stands beside the altar and foretells the birth of John. He announces himself to be "Gabriel, who stands before God." Meantime the Sinless One has been assigned by marriage to the protection of Joseph, and six months after his visit to Zachary the same benignant being stands within the humble Nazarite house and hails its mistress "Full of Grace!"

The work of redemption is begun.

An angel dispels the doubts of Joseph regarding his beloved spouse, and saves the Immaculate from vulgar judgment.

"Whilst deep silence dwelt on all things below, and the night was in the midst of its course, the Almighty Word came down

from its throne." Mary and Joseph kneel in humblest adoration, angels throng the stable, while out there, where there are shepherds watching their flocks by night, an angel of the Lord appears and bids them "fear not, for I bring ye glad tidings. This day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord," . . . and presently there was a multitude of the heavenly hosts with him singing "Glory to God on high and on earth peace!"

An angel warns Joseph of the designs of Herod, and directs him to carry the Child into Egypt. When the danger is over, by the same messenger, he is ordered to return to his own country, but to Nazareth, not Bethlehem.

After the going up to Jerusalem and that mysterious three days, loss, there is silence, and the next eighteen years are summed up in five little words: "He was subject to them."

The three years so full of mystery, of awe, and of awe-dispelling love, began, as we know, with the Baptism. If the Dove which descended upon the Son of Mary on that occasion was accompanied by angels, there is no record of them. Only after the temptation is there mention of any such spiritual ministrations. Again, in that most awful dereliction in the Garden, when the precious blood streamed from every pore, St. Luke tells of an angel coming to strengthen Him. The sacred writings make no more mention of angels through those hours of torture; only on the morning of the resurrection do we again see their radiant faces. And once more upon the hill of the Ascension is their gracious presence visible.

In the Acts we read of the revelation by an angel to Cornelius of the Italian Legion; of the sending of St. Peter to him; of the release of St. Peter from prison, and of the constant interest with which they fulfil their Creator's bequests in His ordering of His Church.

The Apocalypse teems with angel ministrants.

At the last day—that direful day, sung by sibyls and prophets, at the very thought of which our bodies faint and our souls shrink into nothingness, the power and the beauty and the multitude of the angelic hosts will be fully revealed, as God's messengers and assistants; led by Michael, Gabriel, and their compeers, they will bear to each the blessing or the ban as the soul shall merit. With triumphant hosannas they will marshal the saved into their own bright realms; with pity, perhaps, but with unquestioning obedience they will drive the lost into the yawning pit.

II.

In the preceding remarks the Scripture story has been followed, if not in its entirety, at least with no presuming note or comment. All flights of fancy, all dreams of poets or of painters have been

intentionally ignored, although the temptation to fill out the outlines as they ran was great. But in portraying the angels as guardian spirits, it will not be possible to preserve so colorless a tone.

In what has been collected we see that the angels were indeed ministering spirits, guarding and watching, not only individuals but nations, not only cities, but temples and altars. Hence the doctrine referring to the guardian angels is built upon foundations coming up from the beginning of the world, although not defined as *of faith*. The conviction has always been general that angels are the agents of Divine Providence.

"The angels," says Origen, "preside over all visible things, earth, air, fire and water; that is, over the principal elements, the animals, the celestial bodies. Their ministries are divided. Some take the productions of the earth; others preside over wells and rivers; some again preside over the winds, others over the sea."

Nor is this the only patristic testimony. Even pagans support the idea, as Apuleius. "If it is not becoming for a king to govern all things by himself, much less would it be so for God. We must, then, believe that, in order to preserve his majesty, he is seated on a sublime throne, and rules over all parts of the universe by celestial powers. It is, in fact, by their ministry that he governs this lower world. To do so costs him neither trouble nor calculation, things which are inseparable from the ignorance and the weakness of man."

They preside also over the government of the invisible world. Ministering spirits sent to procure the sanctification of the elect, the angels execute the will of God towards man. It is certain that He has almost always made use of their services in the wonders which He has wrought, in the graces which He has bestowed, and in the just judgments which He has executed in favor of His Church, as well under the old as under the new law.

Judith went forth into the camp of Holofernes restful in her confidence in the protection of her angel-guardian. In the Acts one of the most prominent displays of angelic interference is the sending of Philip the Deacon to the road leading from Jerusalem to Gaza, that he might instruct and baptize the envoy of Queen Candace.

They keep guard over the human race, and it is chiefly to this guardianship and care that the celestial intelligences are appointed. "God," says Lactantius, "sends His angels to guard, and, as it were, to cultivate the human race; they are our guides and tutors."

They guard empires, as we have seen in Daniel, the archangel Gabriel is engaged in dispute with the Prince of the Persians. From this passage and some others, the Fathers absolutely conclude that every nation or kingdom has its tutelary angel. St. Basil positively distinguishes national from individual guardian

angels, and proves, by Scripture, the existence of both these angelic ministries. The other Fathers of the Church teach the same.

They guard each church. That which St. Basil, St. Epiphanius, St. Jerome, and many other ancient writers say of kingdoms and nations they also say of each particular church, which they do not doubt is placed under the protection of a special tutelar angel. Origen states in several places that it would be too long to prove it. Eusebius, of Caesarea, is no less formal. "God wishes," he says, "that every angel should watch as a guardian over the Church committed to it."

St. Gregory Nazianzen believed the same thing. Hence in the beautiful discourse which he delivered when quitting Constantinople and bidding a tender farewell to all who had been connected with that great metropolitan Church, he placed in the first rank the holy angels who were the protectors of it. All the Fathers were persuaded, with St. Ambrose, that God is not content with establishing a bishop over each flock, but He has likewise appointed an angel to guard it.

They guard the universal Church. If each particular Church has a tutelar angel, with much greater reason must we suppose that a very large number of angels watch continually over the welfare of the universal Church. "The celestial powers," says Eusebius, "guard the Church of God." St. Hilary represents them as surrounding the sheepfold of Jesus Christ, and fulfilling in its regard the duties of soldiers, who are appointed to the defence of a city. St. Gregory of Nyssa compares them to that tower which is mentioned in the Canticle of Canticles and from which hung an immense number of bucklers, to teach us that these blessed spirits protect and defend the Church in its continual warfare against the powers of darkness.

They guard each one of us. Every man has a guardian angel destined to enlighten, defend and guide him during the whole course of his mortal life. This consoling truth is, next after dogmas expressly defined, one of the best founded in Scripture and tradition. Although it is neither expressed in formal terms in the Holy Books, nor absolutely defined by the Church, it is, nevertheless, received by the unanimous consent of this same universal Church. It has, moreover, so solid a foundation in texts of Scripture, understood according to the interpretation of the holy fathers, that we cannot deny it without very great temerity and almost without error. Such is the opinion of Suarez, who remarks, moreover, that Calvin was the first who dared to call this truth in question and then to reject it.

So far the Catechism of Perseverance, which we have followed almost verbatim.

"He has given His angels charge over thee, and in their hands shall they bear thee up, lest, perhaps, thou hurt thy foot against a stone." These words of the royal prophet and sweet singer of Israel, although pointing especially to our Saviour, as is seen by Satan's quotation after the temptation, yet are equally applicable to each one of us. Our Saviour Himself says of the little ones that "their angels do behold the Face of my Father who is in Heaven."

The love which these guardians bear us is so ardent that the prophet asks: "Who makest thy ministers a burning fire?" According to St. Augustine their love is beyond all conception; it is fanned into a flame by the consideration of God, of man, and of themselves. It is the perfection of charity. They are so ravished by the ineffable dignity, beauty and loveliness of the Sacred Humanity that, according to St. Peter (1 : 12), the more they gaze upon it the more they love it, the more they would like to love it, the more they consecrate themselves to it, the more perfect still they would wish to make their holocaust, "on whom the angels desire to look." And again, "when He bringeth in the first begotten into the world, He saith: "And let all the angels of God adore Him?"

St. Augustine calls them the "enlighteners of our souls, the protection of our bodies, the warden of our goods." In Jacob's blessing upon his grandsons, "the angel that delivereth me from all evils, bless these boys," we have authority for begging their blessing upon our avocations and ourselves. And in the angel who walked in the fiery furnace with the three children we see how they sympathize with us in our afflictions. Also in Isaiah: "Behold they that see shall cry without, the angel of peace shall weep bitterly." But also—O blessed and most sweet comforting! "there is joy among the angels of heaven over one sinner who repenteth more than over ninety-nine just."

How triumphantly do Peter's words sound, after his liberation: "Now I know in very deed that the Lord hath sent His angel and delivered me out of the hand of Herod and from all the expectation of the Jews." And Judith proclaimed, with the same triumphant spirit, to the people how she had trusted to her guardian angel: "As the Lord liveth, His angel hath been my keeper both going hence and abiding there and returning from thence, hither."

"Our weakness," adds St. Hilary, "could not resist the malice of the evil spirits without the assistance of our guardian angels." "God aiding," says St. Cyril, "we have nothing to fear from the powers of darkness, for it is written: the angel of the Lord will encamp round those who fear Him and will deliver them."

"Our guardian angels," to quote Origen again, "offer our prayers to God through Jesus Christ, and they also pray for him who is confided to them." "It is certain," says St. Hilary, "that the angels preside at the prayers of the faithful." And St. Augustine once more: "The angels not only bring us the favors of God, but they also offer Him our prayers." Not that God is ignorant of them, but the more easily to obtain for us the gifts of His mercy and the blessings of His grace."

St. John saw, as he tells us in the Apocalypse, "another angel came and stood before the altar having a golden censer, and there was given him much incense, that he should offer the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God, and the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God, from the hand of the angel.

But above all, in his gracious, tender patience, his pity and compassion, as type of angelic compassion, stands forth the star-crowned Raphael.

This dispensation is not the least among the adorable rulings of God's mercy to men. These friends of ours, closer and more intimate than any mortal companion can be, never leave our side. Some favored few among us, of exceptional holiness have been permitted, either to see their guardian in material form, to realize his guiding by sensible touch, or to receive his advice through their sense of hearing. The fathers do not agree as to the extent of the protection of the angels to all men. Some think that each human being in existence has a guardian who never leaves him; others that only the just are so favored and only for the time that they persevere in justice. Sin seems to move them to a distance. St. Basil says: "The angels are always near each faithful soul, unless they are banished by evil actions." He says also that the guardian angels assist those more especially who give themselves to fasting. St. Thomas says that no sinner is entirely abandoned by his guardian angel.

Adversaries of the doctrine of the invocation of saints and angels seize upon the use of the word worship, as implying an adoration as to God. In this they do not distinguish between worship and worship; the Church does so, very strongly. Supreme homage or worship has, in the language of the schools been denominated *Latria*.¹ There is a lower honor or worship which we are even commanded in the Decalogue to give to superiors and rulers, religious and civil. How much more is such honor owing to angels and saints, whom God is pleased to honor as His friends?

¹ From the Greek *λατρεία*,—the worship due to God only;—from *λατρεύω*, to serve, to worship. (See Rock's "Hierurgia," p. 227.)

In the Western Church there was no such difficulty of misinterpretation of the honor paid as there was in the East. Here the devotion has grown with the centuries. The mention of the Angels is frequent in the Psalter, of which the canonical office consists. There is a commemoration of them in the Preface and in the Canon of the Mass and so incorporated was the reverence of them into the daily prayers of the people and the festivities of the Church, that no special day was assigned in which to honor them for some years. Afterwards the 2d of October was made the Feast of the Guardian Angels, setting this special phalanx of the heavenly army aside from the others. But as the Church, gathering the months into her hands, transforms them into spiritual blossoms and with them weaves an unfading wreath to lay at the Tabernacle door, so the month of October is the flower of the angels and during its thirty-one days, they are kept particularly in the minds and hearts of her children.

"White winged angels meet the child
On the vestibule of life,"

And they follow it through all the years allotted to it upon this terrestrial globe; nor does the bright spirit leave its charge until the soul, having been withdrawn from its earthly tenement, receives its sentence, whether for weal or woe.

This teaching regarding the angels is only one of the many charms with which our Mother would charm her children. In fact, the Catholic lives in an ideal world of which those outside the Fold have small conception, a world of ideals and symbols—which elevates, consoles and purifies—a world within this one of human wants and weaknesses, yet above and beyond it and by means of which the Mighty Mother draws her little ones as by silken cords up to the tender Heart of her heavenly Bridegroom.

"Thou art all beautiful, O my Beloved, and there is no spot in thee!" Such is the Church, the Pillar and Ground of the Faith.

III.

The first poet to commemorate these ethereal and intangible creations was the Shepherd-king of Israel. But at the mention of them in connection with the literature belonging to them, one naturally turns to Milton and his immortal epic. To be sure, he gives us angels as grim, stern and solemn as himself and his poem; here and there, however, will break forth a picture of airy grace and beauty which astonishes. He evidently shared St. Thomas' idea regarding the action of the angels in the creation; as in the tenth book of "*Paradise Lost*:"

“Such was their song,
While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty angels, gave them several charge,
As sorted best with present things.”

This description of the fallen spirits thrills with a horror which fixes rather upon the punishment than the crime, and he portrays his Lucifer more the proud, rebellious mortal than the incarnation of sin. In reading Milton's Satan, we are more inclined to pity than to blame:

“What time his pride
Had cast him out of heaven with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled The Most High.”

Picture the conquering spirits hanging motionless amid the blue empyrean, while with awe-struck vision they watched his fall. And in that fall did some, ere the sulphurous fumes of the fiery lake hid them from their agonized gaze, turn, touched by a too late repentance, one backward glance at the crystal battlements of their lost inheritance, the glory and the beauty of which no human tongue can portray? utter a cry for mercy which mingled and lost itself in the triumphant hosannas of the celestial army?

And Lucifer?

Did an all too late submission come to him with the remembrance of his vacant place, up there, before the Face of God? Or, perhaps, as he, in his unconquered insolence, proclaimed that it were better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven—even his own vaunting words may have aroused the fell despair which was ever after to be his other self and forced him to exclaim:

“Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and Infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.”

The battle over, what joy amid the triumphant choirs! What sheathing of celestial swords, what massing of heavenly standards. How the archangelic cohorts must have awaked the soft zephyrs of that higher Eden, as, on silvery pinions they swept through the radiant masses to meet and escort the victor to his place before the throne, casting one glance of regret, perhaps, towards the vacant spot where erst resplendent Lucifer shone amid his princely compeers!

Not all the physical perfections yet left to fallen humanity, were they centred in one being, could compare with those of the first of the star-crowned seven. As, however, in the performance of his

Creator's behests, Michael has shown himself to us a young man clothed in full and radiant panoply—so only can we bring him before our mental vision. But even then we dare not raise our eyes to the splendor of that heavenly armor, else we lose all power of future seeing.

Come we now to the earthly Eden, and entering walk beneath the umbrageous branches of the tree of knowledge. The Creator's task is done, and he has supplemented it by the last and loveliest of his handiwork, our fair, first mother, Eve.

Ah, how fair she was! Fair with the beauty of her womanhood, fresh from the hand of her Maker—fairer still with the beauty of that perfect sinlessness—a beauty the like of which was to bless this earth of ours but once again in all the myriads of her daughters—only once again in her, the second Eve, who was to crush the serpent's head and give the world a Saviour. We are left by Holy Writ to imagine only how the angels must have watched and marvelled over the work of these strange six days. That they were not all jealous of the love with which the Son of God even then loved the new creature risen from the dust of the young earth, we know through their subsequent obedient service. But we do not see them in the garden until the last sad hour.

The poets, however, take a greater license: Milton establishes Gabriel upon an alabaster rock near the eastern gate, a vigilant sentinel; to him when "twilight grey hath in her sombre livery all things clad," comes Uriel with his cherubim to keep the night watches. Within, with the eye of faith, we may see them, more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore, crowding around that man and woman. The soft movement of their pinions ruffles the air of Eden; the trees bend and sway to it while they look forth from among their luxuriant foliage; they sweep over the surface of the waters and the streams ripple beneath the stirring of their wings smiling back at them. The light from their benignant faces reflects itself in all nature, and adds to the brilliancy of newly created sun and moon. Entranced, they follow every act, listen to every word, note every footstep. Some, assuming an appearance similar to that of this marvellous pair, but still retaining their ethereal character, alight with airy tread upon the sward and walk beside them, entrancing in their turn the objects of their solicitude by the charming of angelic voices recounting the wonders of the heavenly paradise of which their own is but a faint reflection, Alas! that the cunning of the serpent should evade their loving vigilance!

"What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy;
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between the vast extremes!"

Satan having made his first journey round the earth "seeking whom he might devour," disguises himself as an angel of light in order to effect an entrance into the earthly paradise. Thus he deceives the archangel Uriel, whom he finds on guard, since "neither man nor angel can discern hypocrisy, the only evil that walks invisible, except to God alone," who points down to the spot occupied by Eden, to which Satan at once betakes himself. Uriel, having discovered his mistake, descends to warn Gabriel, who, when Uzziel assumes his guard, sends Ithuriel and Zephon to investigate the condition of the garden. They find the tempter "squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve," and the former drives him forth by a touch of his bright spear.

Raphael is sent to warn Adam, and he is thus described :

"Six wings he wore to shade
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament ; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colors dipped in heaven ; the third, his feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,
Sky tintured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide."

All too soon the idyllic days of innocence are ended. Driven from their home by the very spirits, led by the glorious Michael, who had so lately been their playmates—we see the man and woman pass through the gates of Paradise while

"The world was all before them where to choose."

And the flaming sword revolved above Ithuriel and his cherubim keeping watch and ward over the desecrated portals.

Down through the ages the world echoes with exquisite sensitiveness to the light tread of angel footsteps ; all the celestial music which reaches the poor old earth in these her days of decadence is from the passing of the hosts ; their pearly wings pulsing upon the air, quicken it with memories of the lost delights of Eden ; the glory shining from their radiant faces gives greater brilliance to the sun, throws a reflection even upon the black and lowering, storm-mantled sky.

But in the early days, while God was leading His chosen people to their inheritance, these heavenly visitants were allowed to demonstrate themselves to the weak human eye. For that marvellous dispensation was one of closest intercourse between the Creator and the creature, and the Almighty, since His grandeur

was such that no mortal could look upon it and live, needed heralds and messengers to convey His mandates and his mercies.

Their passings, as recorded in Sacred Scriptures, have been chronicled, from the vision of surpassing beauty which, leaning from the dazzling sky, greeted the despairing eyes of Hagar and brought her hearts-case, to the radiant form which illumined the prison of St. Peter and wrought his release.

As has been said above, the first of poets to commemorate the angels was the Shepherd-King. In psalm 102, he sings:

"Bless the Lord, all ye His angels, you that are mighty in strength and execute His word, hearken to the voice of His orders.

"Bless the Lord, all ye His hosts; you ministers of His that do His will."

Again, in the 137th Psalm, he calls upon the angels to witness his worship of a merciful God:

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; for Thou hast heard the words of my mouth.

"I will sing praise to Thee in the sight of the angels."

One of the old English poets, Sandys, has made a pleasing versification of the 148th Psalm:

"You who dwell above the skies
Free from human miseries,
You whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers!
Angels! your clear voices raise!
Him your heavenly armies praise!"

As to the Rabbinical legends of the realms of the air, there is none more exquisite in delicacy of conception, with the added beauty of Longfellow's magic verse, than that of "Sandalphon."

Lancisius quotes from Philo a tradition among the Jews. God asked the angels what they thought of the work of His hands? One replied that it was so vast, so perfect, that only one thing was wanting to it; that there should be a clear, mighty and harmonious voice which should fill all the quarters of the world incessantly with its sweet sound in thanksgiving to the Creator. Did God set the spheres rolling to produce this harmony? Perhaps this is the secret of the music of them.

But if fancy may revel amid the opening pages of the world's history and gather a wealth of imagery around these guardians of and ministers to the wants of the young creation—how much richer and more replete with beauty is the wonderful and awesome epoch of the coming of the lost world's Saviour? And here, we

know that not the wildest dreaming, not the utmost exuberance of imagination can approach the truth.

And now the flower from the root of Jesse is about to bloom. Heaven and earth are waiting for the marvel. But before the outward manifestation of it the angels are crowding that humble hamlet of lower Galilee under the shadow of Carmel, where is to be found the second marvel of the Creator's handiwork, the one pure being sinless and stainless since the Eden days. In the month Tisri, the first of the Jewish year, and while the incense of holocausts was rising to the face of God in expiation, she of whom it was foretold to exiled Eve that she should avenge her wrongs, is born.

The legend has it that an angel announced to Joachim and Anna, until then childless (which condition, in view of the human motherhood by which the Messiah was to come, was regarded as a disgrace in Israel), that they should have a child who should be blessed throughout the whole earth. But when the promised one was born, although of royal parentage, no less than the blood-royal of David, no earthly pomp or ceremony attended her. Only the angelic choirs chanted her glories and bent in wondering awe before her attributes. For in the supernal beauty which shines forth even in her infant helplessness they see the elected daughter of the Eternal Father; in her unspotted purity the predestined mother of the Eternal Son, and in her precocious wisdom the spouse whom the Holy Ghost will choose unto Himself. But as the link in this golden chain which binds her most closely to the Godhead, do they reverence and rejoice in her perfect purity, her exemption from even the inherited stain—and not more gladly than does she herself. They pay homage to her as their queen, and through all the coming years while the Nazarite maiden is drawing near to womanhood and the fateful hour, they hover over and around her. If the beauty of Eve entranced them, how must they have marvelled at Mary's surpassing grace!

At three years she is taken to the Temple, angels lead her baby feet up the fifteen steps to the altar. This *motif* is a favorite one with the Italian painters. So through all the years of her stay within those sacred walls the early artists have given her the companionship of angels. "They also," it is said, "brought her celestial food—the bread of life and the water of life, from Paradise."

"Pictures of the Blessed Virgin in her girlhood reading the Book of Wisdom while angels watch over her," says Mrs. Jamison, "are often of great beauty."

Fifteen years, as we count time, and then the archangel Gabriel comes to Zachary. How impatiently must this gentle spirit have waited for the intervening six months to pass.

“He bore the palm
Down unto Mary when the Son of God
Vouchsafed to clothe Him in terrestrial weeds.”

Thus Dante saw him and thus Angelico has painted him.

At the first look of the Omnipotent, indicating His Divine will, the gracious messenger raises his pinions all glowing with the light of the Divine Complaisance above his head, rises upon them above the watching throngs and sweeps through the ether to that small house of Nazareth; standing before her whom he has watched over and loved as only angels love, bending his star-crowned head and veiling his radiant face with his pulsing pinions, he hails her “full of grace!”

The watching angels who have accompanied him wait—as do the mighty hosts, the numberless spirits in the sphere whence they have just descended, as do the millions of the just who languish in that dark abode which is the only rest they have known yet, as does, O marvel of marvels, even the adorable Trinity itself—upon that weak woman’s answer. They know her to be the Immaculate—will she jeopardize that supreme endowment for the glory of a divine motherhood? She questions and is answered, and then—

“Behold the handmaid of the Lord.”

Hark to the angelic hosannas! They echo down the centuries bearing superhuman strength and heavenly consolation to hearts “weary with dragging the crosses” of an existence otherwise beyond all mortal bearing.

Henceforth it would seem that the courts of the King of kings must be deserted, so dense is the throng of angels in that small corner of the world where dwells the Mystic Rose. They crowd the house at Nazareth all the day, they hover over the slumbers of their queen during the midnight watches, and when she moves abroad surely she of Seba was not more magnificently attended. Angels sustain her footsteps, archangels shadow her with their wings lest the Syrian sun beat upon her head too fiercely, the winds of the Syrian desert assail her form too roughly. The principalities and dominations watch her lest she grow weary, the virtues lead her gently, the powers ward off the evil one who will not believe that earth holds a mortal who is not his lawful prey.

Above, in the blue arch of heaven, the higher choirs chant the praises of the Creator in that He has shown such mercy to man, and has had regard to the humility of this His handmaid; verily is she to be called “blessed.”

The humble cave of Bethlehem is now the centre of attraction to the heavenly hosts. In the deep silence of the midnight hour, whilst animate and inanimate nature slept, a light from heaven

shone over the humble manger and angels worshipped God made man. Leaving the rich and learned of the earth to discover the meaning of the new star seen in the eastern heavens, a message of simplest wording, requiring no interpretation, is sent to the lowly shepherds.

All suddenly, they know not whence he came, a radiant form stands beside them, "and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear." But a melodious voice sounded in their ears speaking words of comfort: "Fear not," said the angel, "for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." And then there appeared a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace."

When the awed listeners to this heavenly harmony spoke, how discordant must not their voices have sounded, even to themselves.

There is no event in all the childhood around which more graceful legends have clustered than the flight into Egypt. Angels are particularly busy here, from the one who roused St. Joseph from his sleep saying: "Arise and take the Child and His mother and fly into Egypt," to the dainty cherubs who poise themselves among the branches of the sycamore trees. Angels lead the ass upon which our Lady rides, and angels bring them food, arrange for their shelter at nightfall, lead the way through the wearying desert and along the barren sea coast.

And when the time is come for the return to Nazareth an angel again leads the way. Did they, for "come the immortals never alone," and we speak of one as it is written, but we know they were countless—did they remember the former Exodus, its tumults, disobediences, and wicked disorders, and their wonderment at the patience of the Almighty?

The helpless infancy is passed, and with His parents He goes up to Jerusalem. We all know of that sad and bewildered searching through those three days and nights. Had it been permitted the angels could in one moment have eased their trouble. May we not imagine the Virgin Mother reproaching them with a reverend familiarity, that they did not, or that they had permitted her and "His father" to depart without their precious charge? But this is one of the mysteries of the Life, as the temptation is, and we may not question.

And afterwards? The record of the next eighteen years is summed up in five words. We would fain know more, our hearts yearn over that sweet group at Nazareth; surely never was womanhood more perfect, motherhood more tender. And far and beyond all reverend homage and loving service rendered by son to parent,

was the filial abnegation of that Boy. For "He was subject to them." That is all. We would question of the ministering spirits something of those precious years, that wonderful childhood, that gracious youth, that benignant early manhood—but all is silence. There we must leave Him in that humble cottage beneath the shadow of the Galilean mountains, with the angels for His play-fellows while He grows in grace with God and man.

The mystery of the Baptism opens up the three years; henceforth in all the journeyings by mountain and valley, by lake and river, the angels throng the world's Saviour with adoring love, seeking to compensate His tender heart for the scorn, neglect, and hatred of His best beloved creatures; seeking also to drown the discord of human coarseness, by those entrancing melodies with which the heaven is echoing; now swelling to the full diapason of the angelic choirs, anon whispering low the liquid tones as of trembling flageolets, of one hovering spirit, they would rock His soul in ecstasy. Imagination presents the thought and love dwells on it caressingly that angels, hovering always over Him, held Him in their arms when the Son of man was weary and would rest; that when night fell upon the mountains of Judea, and the stars mirrored themselves in Genesareth, while the owls hooted amid the palm trees of Galilee and all the world of humanity was wrapped in slumber, the heavenly hosts vied with each other in ministering unto Him. Imagination also pictures the multitude who hung above the City of His Tears, and watched shudderingly the horrors of those last hours. The angel of Gethsemane is not named, we know not who it was who with adoring love swept to the solace of that bleeding agony beneath those gnarled and knotted olive trees, while His chosen ones slept. We do not know even whether it were one of the seven, the star upon his brow dimmed in the eclipse shed over all heavenly things by that mighty sorrow. We cannot think it the martial Michael—rather we picture *him* bending from the crystal battlements with sword half drawn, restrained by the will of Omnipotence and holding back his angelic cohorts by the silence of his own agonized obedience. A moment of expectant doubt pulsates also over the waiting hierarchy when they hear that prayer for the passing of the chalice.

The action of Peter in cutting off the ear of the high priest's servant was witnessed rejoicingly, if we may so speak, and the words of our Saviour's rebuke: "Thinkest thou that I cannot ask my Father and He will give me presently twelve legions of angels?" must have thrilled through the watching hosts as they turned expectantly towards the throne. But what words of human tongue can voice, what reaching of human intelligence can realize the angelic wrath and horror of those onlooking throngs?

The lashes fall upon that tender Flesh while angels' tears fall with them in a helpless pity; the tears fall too upon the thorn-crowned head in a loving effort to cool its fever. The rabble rout, soldiers, Levites, lawyers, followed the cross-laden One up the long ascent; so too do the angels—and when the nails were crushed through these nerves more delicately sensitive than any other of woman born, the crystal drops came down in a very torrent, mingling with the Precious Blood. Hardly could the watchers be restrained from sustaining the sacred Form in their tender arms while the cross is dropped into its socket, thus racking with exquisite agony every joint and fibre. But they may not offer one slightest alleviation beyond their tears. Unable to tear themselves away from the scene, they bow their blanched faces, cover them with their trembling wings and so await the end. Is it possible to imagine a silence of agonized sorrow in God's glad heaven?

But the angels of the Resurrection are radiant with recovered joy; their spotless garments are lustrous with the recovered lights of heavenly rejoicings; and their vibrant hallelujahs fill the air about that place of skulls where so late they hung mute over the tragedy the last cry of which yet throbs along the years in echoes that miss, to us, the despairing cadence which echoes have, in the promises of hope and faith. So too, the celestial vicars who replaced Him on the hill of the Ascension. Henceforth naught of earthly woe can cloud the brightness of their natures, dim the glories of their heaven.

But Mary remains upon the earth and angels still watch and guard her life, when, at length she pays the debt of mortality, they bear her in rejoicing to the throne prepared for her. The legend is that after the crucifixion the Mother dwelt with her foster child, St. John, and her time was spent mostly in pilgrimages to one or the other of the scenes of her Son's passion. One day she experienced intense longing to see her son once more, and presently an angel, clothed in light as with a garment, appeared and said:

"Hail, O Mary! blessed by Him who has given salvation to Israel! I bring thee here a branch of palm gathered in Paradise; command that it be carried before thy bier in the day of thy death; for in three days thy soul shall leave thy body and thou shalt enter into Paradise, where thy Son awaits thy coming."

Then Mary asks the angel his name, which he does not willingly tell, but says it is the Great and the Wonderful. She also asks that her soul, when delivered from her body, may not be affrighted by any spirit of darkness, and that no evil angel be allowed to have any power over her. Also, that the Apostles

may be united around her before she dies. The angel accedes to her request; the Apostles are scattered, but, says the angel, "He who transported the prophet Habakuk from Judea to Babylon by the hair of his head, can as easily bring hither the Apostles. And fear not thou the evil spirit, for hast thou not bruised his head and destroyed his kingdom?" Then the angel departed into Heaven and the palm branch which he had left behind him shed light from every leaf and sparkled as the stars. The Mother made her preparations and at the same moment John, who was preaching at Ephesus and Peter at Antioch, and all the other Apostles, dispersed about the world, were suddenly caught up by a miraculous power and found themselves before the door of the habitation of their queen.

She thanked and blessed them and gave the palm into St. John's hands. She prayed and they all wept, and about the third hour of the night, while St. John stood at the foot of the bed and St. Peter at the head, a mighty sound filled the house and a delicious perfume. Our Saviour, accompanied by a countless throng of angels, patriarchs and prophets, appeared and surrounded the bed singing hymns of joy. Then our Saviour said: "Arise, my beloved, mine elect! come with me from Lebanon, my espoused; receive the crown that was destined for thee!" And Mary replied: "My heart is ready; for it is written of me that I should do thy will." Again there was singing by the attendant angels, and Mary's soul, leaving her body, was received into the arms of her Son, and by Him was carried into Heaven. The Apostles looked up, saying: "Oh, most prudent Virgin, remember us when thou comest to glory!" And the angels who received her sang: "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness leaning upon her Beloved? She is fairer than all the daughters of Jerusalem."

The body of the Mother remained on earth, and three among the virgins prepared to wash and clothe it in a shroud. Then the Apostles took her up reverently and placed her on a bier, and John, carrying the celestial palm, went before. Peter intoned the 114th Psalm, "*In exitu Israel de Egypto.*"

On the third day our Saviour said to the angels:

"What honor shall I confer on her who was my Mother according to the flesh?" And they answered: "Lord, suffer not that body which was Thy temple and Thy dwelling-place to see corruption, but place her beside Thee on Thy throne in heaven." And our Saviour consented; and the Archangel Michael brought unto the Lord the glorious soul of our Lady. And the Lord said: "Rise up, my dove, my undefiled, for thou shalt not remain in the darkness of the grave nor shalt thou see corruption," and immediately the soul of Mary rejoined her body and she rose up

glorious from the tomb and ascended into Heaven surrounded and welcomed by troops of angels blowing their silver trumpets, touching their golden lutes and singing and rejoicing as they sang: "Who is she that riseth as the morning, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army set in array."

Meantime the Apostle John visits the tomb to find it empty, hears the story of the translation from an angel and relates it to the others. One of the Apostles was absent—the same Thomas who had doubted of the risen Saviour. He would not believe the marvellous story and insisted that the tomb should be opened for his inspection. It was found to be full of lilies and roses fresh with the dews and fragrant with the perfumes of Paradise.

Even the pagan Virgil had endeavored to comprehend the natures of these spirits, for he speaks thus of them: "They boast ethereal vigor and are formed from seeds of heavenly birth."

Dante describes the angelic boatman, "the bird of God," gathering into his boat the souls whom Purgatorial fires are to cleanse. Also he saw "forth issuing descend beneath, two angels, with two flame-illuminated swords, broken and mutilated of their points," to guard the entrance of Purgatory against the attempts of Satan to enter there. The gate of Purgatory is opened for Dante and his companion by the angel deputed by St. Peter to keep it, and angels lead them about and explain what they see.

He witnesses, while in Paradise, the assumption of the Blessed Virgin by her Son. In the ninth Heaven he sees the three hierarchies, the nine choirs, classified and named by Dionysius the Areopagite, who, having known St. Paul intimately at Athens, heard from his lips many of the revelations made to him when wrapped into the third Heaven.

The place of these hierarchies is in succession beyond the chosen seven who stand before the Throne. They each comprise three choirs.

The first contains the seraphim. Lost in the contemplation of the perfections of their Creator, they are all on fire from love of Him, and from their numbers arises ever the flame of an adoration most pleasing to Him. The cherubim, wisest of the angelic host, chant ever their hymns of praise to Him who gifted them with a wisdom approaching nearest to His own. The thrones, so called because these resplendent angels are raised above all the inferior hierarchies, to whom they carry the mandates of their King, sharing with the seraphim and cherubim the privilege of seeing the truth clearly in God Himself.

The second hierarchy comprises the dominations, the principalities and the powers.

The dominations rule over all the angelic orders charged with the execution of the commands of God.

The principalities receive their orders from the dominations and transmit them to the others.

The powers are invested with a special authority. They are commissioned to remove obstacles that interfere with the execution of the Divine commands; they banish the evil spirits who continually besiege kingdoms, in order to turn them from their appointed end.

The third hierarchy comprise virtues, archangels and angels.

The virtues by their name indicate strength. They preside over the material world and the laws that regulate it, maintaining order in each department.

The archangels have in charge the direction of the government of provinces, dioceses, religious bodies; between them and us exists a constant intercourse, as was shadowed forth by the ladder of Jacob.

The last order is that of the angels. The word means messenger, and is common to all the heavenly spirits, since they are all employed to notify of the Divine thoughts. To this office the higher angels add certain prerogatives from which they derive their peculiar names. The angels of the last choir of the last hierarchy, adding nothing to the ordinary occupation of envoys, retain the simple name. They more directly and intimately watch over the two-fold life of man.

Tasso, languishing in his prison, has visions of angels, and Petrarch was not oblivious of their beauty in his dreams of Laura. Goethe sings of them in the second part of Faust.

Spencer sees their "golden pinions cleave the flitting skies like flying pursuivants." He believed in guardian angels:

"They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love and nothing for reward."

The iconoclastic spirit of the English reformers wrought destruction not only to many priceless works of human art, but would have made of the mind of man a *tabula rasa* to receive only the cold, soulless, hopeless, dark and dreary ideas of God and religion which they had formulated out of a fanaticism which eliminated all of spiritual or of supernatural from the Deity, making Him a being to their own image and likeness—at once repulsive and repulsing. Wordsworth realized the debasing effect and thus voiced his protest:

"Angels and saints in every hamlet mourned,
Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
Let not your radiant shapes desert the land,"

And again Mrs. Hemans asks:

“Are ye forever to your skies departed?
Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more?
Ye, whose bright wings a solemn splendor darted
Through Eden’s fresh and flowery shades of yore?”

Catholics in the fulness of their triumphant faith realize that these fears are groundless. Angels are as busy to-day with the affairs of men as in the Eden-time, and the folk-lore of Scotland and Ireland is leavened with them. In Catholic Germany the legends regarding the Angels are numerous and very beautiful. Longfellow has embalmed one in his prologue to the “Golden Legend”; the scene is the air around the Strasburg cathedral.

In Italy, as in France and Spain, we meet traditions of these marvellous creatures at every town.

The angels were very near to the tender heart of dear Father Faber, for they flit among his pages as birds amid the leafage of luscious June.

“There are three gorgeous hierarchies, subordinate the lower to the higher, the lower illuminated by the higher and the highest by God Himself. In each hierarchy there are three congenial choirs of various gifts and holiness and power, whose names the Apostles have recorded for us, and of whose diversified functions and loveliness the traditions of theology have much to tell. Each angel, say some theologians, is a species by himself. But in some respects there is an unkindliness about this view; for then many million species of God’s reasonable creatures were extinguished with Lucifer, so far as their means of worshipping their good Creator are concerned. Others say that in each choir there are three species, differing from each other in ways of which it is not easy for us to form a conception; while the grace of each angel is distinct and singular. Thus, as it were, by twenty-seven steps, through thrice nine rings adumbrating the Most Holy Trinity, we mount upwards through the angelic kingdom, mingled with the elect sanctity of earth, until we reach the Royal Throne of the angelical vice-gerent, which Lucifer forfeited by his fall, and which is now occupied, some conjecture by St. Michael, some by St. Joseph, in reward for his office of foster-father to the Incarnate Word. See to what a height we have mounted! And if we look back on the magnificence we have traversed, especially those nine oceans of living intellectual light and angelic holiness, how bewildering is the prospect, how entrancing, one while the music, one while the glad silence that reigns all around.

“Higher still. Beyond the vice-gerent’s throne come the seven mighty chosen angels that stand ever before the throne of

God. * * * * O what delights does not the Incarnate Word find in the mighty beings and deep spirits and magnificent worship of these glorious creatures. If science could walk the coral depths and explore the sunless caverns of the whole Atlantic and Pacific, the Arctic and Antarctic oceans; if it could note and class and learn the genera and the species of shells and weeds and living things innumerable, a more various fertile world would not be opened to the discoverer than the almost inexhaustibly rich natures and stupendous graces and amazing glories of these seven spirits who are the chosen neighbors of the Throne of God. The soul of the Incarnate Word explores them with consummate complacency, crowns this worship by His blissful acceptance and vouchsafes to receive from their clean thuribles the earthly smelling incense of our human prayers."

By poets and painters Michael is often represented in the armor in which he so frequently showed himself to the chosen people, and also as being typical of his military character. He tramples Lucifer under his feet, holding in his left hand a green palm-branch, and in his right hand a lance, on the top of which is a banner as white as snow, with a red cross in the middle. The church dedicates two days in his honor. The festival of May 8th is to commemorate the apparition of this glorious spirit to the Bishop of Siponto, commanding him to build a church in his honor upon Mt. Gargano, now called Monte San Angelo, in the Neapolitan kingdom. The truth of this vision is vouched for by the chronicle of Sigebert and the traditions of the churches of that country. Its date is 493.

The second festival, in which is included all the angels, is kept on the 29th of September, and has been always observed with great solemnity. On this day the church, built in obedience to the vision spoken of above, was dedicated. On the same day, in 610, Pope Boniface IV. also dedicated a church in Rome to the same archangel. Several other churches in the West were at different times dedicated to St. Michael on this day. Sozomen tells us that Constantine the Great built a famous church in honor of this glorious archangel,¹ called Michaelion, and that in it the sick were often cured and other wonders wrought through the intercession of St. Michael. The historian himself often experienced relief there, and mentions others whom he knew. It was enacted in the laws of Ethelred in England, in the year 1014, "that every Christian who is of age fast three days on bread and water, and raw herbs, before the feast of St. Michael, and let every man go to confession and to church barefoot. Let every priest with his people go in procession three days barefoot, and let every

¹ Butler's Lives, September.

one's commons for three days be prepared without anything of flesh, as if they themselves were to eat it, both in meat and drink, and let all this be distributed to the poor. Let every servant be excused from labor these three days, that he may the better perform his fast, or let him work what he will for himself. These are the three days, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, next before the feast of St. Michael. If any servant break his fast, let him make satisfaction with his hide (bodily stripes), let the poor free-man pay thirty pence, the king's thane a hundred and thirty shillings, and let the money be divided to the poor."¹ Michaelmas day is mentioned among the great feasts of the Saxon Chronicle in the year 1011, in the Saxon Menology of the ninth century, and in the English Calendar.² The Greeks make mention, in their Menæ, of an apparition of Michael at the ancient Colossæ in Phrygia. Michael is to be invoked at the hour of death. His name signifies "WHO IS LIKE GOD?" being the watchword of the conquering hosts. He is constantly referred to as the protector or prince of the Hebrews, the protector of the Jewish Temple as he is now of the Church of God and her supreme head. He is piously believed to have been the guardian of our Saviour's Humanity and in the apportionment which some pious beliefs make of the seven sacraments to the charge of those "who upon their brows the seven planets wear," it is said that he has special care over the sacrament of the Eucharist, inciting to devotion to it, and preventing sacrilege, and that he so revealed himself to St. Eutropius and several others. He is regarded as the shadow of the Father.

The gentle Gabriel, whose name signifies the strength of God, the angel of the Annunciation, as also of the dreaded day of judgment, is represented with a trumpet in his hand or a lily which he holds in his right hand, the left being occupied in pointing to a mirror marked with spots of various colors. To him the sacrament of Baptism is assigned. He is the prince of the kingdom of the Medes, the shadow of the Son, the guardian of our Lady, and thence, naturally, the lover of sacrifice and the inspirer of prayer. His feast day is March 24th, very appropriately.

Raphael, the tender-hearted—the gracious one—is the shadow of the Holy Ghost. His sacrament is Extreme Unction. He is a guide to the traveller, eyes to the blind, medicine to the sick. He is represented as having a fish in his mouth, in his left hand is a box, and he holds Tobias by his right. His dress is generally a close-fitting habit, such as travellers wore, or such as physicians of the time assumed. His name signifies the "healing of God." He is supposed to be the prince of the Persians, and his feast is

¹ Sir Henry Spelman's Councils, and Johnson's Collection of the Canons.

² Butler's Lives, September.

celebrated in October. How radiant with the glory of heaven must he not have appeared when he revealed himself to Tobias as one of the seven who stood before the Throne—so that father and son fell on their faces and so remained for three hours!

These are the only ones whom the Church venerates by name, and with Uriel, mentioned in Esdras, these four are all who are named in Scripture. But St. Boniface tells us that in a council held at Rome under Pope Zacharias in 745, it was decided that the names and attributes which tradition had given to the other three might be recognized by the pious.

Uriel is called the strong companion, and is represented in Christian art as holding a drawn sword in his right hand, the sword resting across his breast, his left hand full of flames. He is the angel of Confirmation.

Sealtiel, the praying spirit, said to be the angel who appeared to Hagar in the wilderness, is depicted with bowed head and downcast eyes, and hands clasped upon his breast. He is the patron of priests and their sacrament, Orders.

Jehudiel, the remunerator, is pictured holding a golden crown in his right hand and a scourge of three black cords in his left; he is supposed to be the angel whom God said He would send before the children of Israel to lead them out of Egypt. His charge is the confessional.

Barachiel, the helper; he it was who rebuked Sara when she laughed. He is painted with the lap of his cloak filled with roses, and is the protector of the married.

The termination *el* of their names implies power, strength, and is synonymous with that by which we call the Almighty—God.

Madam de Stael was once asked, in a spirit of badinage, how it was that the angels were always spoken of in the masculine and appear in the guise of men? She promptly replied:

“Because the union of power with purity constitutes all that we mortals can imagine of perfection.”

But, alas, when Titus fills the valleys of the Kedron and Himmon with his myriad army, and from the heights of Olivet hurls destruction into the doomed city, no angel in celestial armor dight sweeps from the blue Judean sky to draw an unconquerable sword in its behalf! The time for the fulfilment of the awful curse called down upon themselves before the judgment seat of Pilate has come—henceforth the once chosen of God have neither country nor worship. Over people and temple is written “*Ichabod*.”¹

Doubtless there were some among them who remembered their scoffs, long years past, at the prophecy of the son of the carpenter.

¹ The glory has departed.

It is not surprising that, in the ages when art was the handmaid of religion, few painters thought of portraying their queen without her attendant train of angels. Botticelli has an exquisite picture in the Florence gallery of the Blessed One writing her "Magnificat." Her babe is in her lap and her face is the reflection of the words she spoke in such sweet and humble exaltation to Elizabeth. But the shadow of the future is in the faces of the angels who look on with a love thrice tender from the pity of it—as if wondering that she should forget the sword of Simeon. Who has not been held awe-struck by the masterpiece of the Dresden gallery—nay, of the world! *The Madonna di San Sisto*? Surely the Sanzio's brush was guided by an angel's hand! She seems transfigured, the Virgin Mother, at once entirely human and entirely divine; the impersonation of love, of purity, and of benign power. So lightly is she poised upon the air that she needs no other support. But what is it she sees with those dark, dilated eyes, as she gazes into the infinite? Is it that beyond those myriad angels whose adoring faces melt into the softest clouds of distance she recognizes the horror of that mountain top? Does she realize that closely as she may clasp Him to her breast and kiss His rounded limbs and hush His infant slumbers now, the day will come when rough and cruel hands, instinct with the hatred of Lucifer, will hold Him from her—He, whose eyes so like her own, the baby Face reflecting her beauty as in a mirror, seem stricken as by the same terrific vision?

There is a modern Holy Family, by Möller, which appeals to the devotion of all serious hearts, in which the group rests by the wayside and an angel stands before them playing upon a violin, the music of which, with the sight of the Spirit, is audible only to the Boy, while the Mother and St. Joseph watch his wrapt expression wonderingly, tenderly.

The visions of angels vouchsafed to saints would fill a volume by themselves were they all collected. Suarez recounts many revelations regarding these celestial beings, and he it is who says that at the last day our Saviour Judge will be borne by the choir of thrones, "those beings of overwhelming restful strength and loveliness, resplendent and inexpressible." Surin always saw these thrones around the Blessed Sacrament at Mass, as did Angela di Foligno, who also tells us that their numbers are countless.

"There seems a strong inclination," says Father Faber, "to connect the choir of thrones in some special manner with the Blessed Sacrament. When St. Mary Magdalen di Pazzi goes through the nine choirs to obtain some special grace from each, she says she has recourse to the thrones to put her into the arms of the Incarnate Word, especially in His sacramental union with His espoused souls. Angela di Foligno after her vision calls the

thrones the 'society' of the Blessed Sacrament. So also Boudoin in his life of Surin mentions the continual visions of the thrones which he had in connection with the Mass."

We may be very sure that the angels are in attendance upon their Lord in every sanctuary. Numerous as a congregation may be during the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, the unseen assembly is larger still. Nor can all the pomp of vestments and ceremony, of lights and music, of incense and flowers, approach the magnificence of their ritual. Thus do they guard the Fortress of the Faith, even as yonder bronze Michael watches from the apex of Hadrian's mole.¹

WANTED—A NEW TEXT-BOOK.

THE Catholic *parochial schools* in this country were begun without any special plan or system, as the wants of the young in a particular spot required, and both course of instruction and the building where the children were gathered were controlled by the means of the congregation which heroically assumed the burden in order to save their children from perversion by direct or indirect proselytism in the schools which the State afforded.

Gradually, however, the Catholic body has become thoroughly imbued with the conviction that the State schools are and will remain thoroughly Protestant in management, in officers, and, to a great extent, in teachers, as well as in general tone, in class-books and oral instruction; and such they will remain until the not remote day when Protestantism itself will be made a scoff in them, and with it all revealed religion.

Now, when Catholics complain of any more than usually gross outrage on their feelings in the public schools, Protestant ministers and fanatics from their flocks rush forward with as much zeal as though their churches, their publishing houses of denominational books and papers were in jeopardy. Their very action is in itself a proof that a large part of the people regard the public schools as part of the Protestant system to be upheld at all hazards. Recent events in Philadelphia and Boston show this clearly.

¹ Placed there to commemorate the apparition of this Archangel during a grand penitential procession ordered by Pope Gregory the Great, in 593, in order to obtain relief from the plague.

Catholics accept the position in which Providence has placed them, and, to avoid a perpetual and useless strife, have made the erection of parochial schools general. This has not been accomplished without immense sacrifice and self-devotion, for, at this time, they have more than 2600 parochial schools, and considerably more than half a million of pupils under instruction. And the work is going on, and will go on; for, immense as the work already accomplished appears, there are not half as many parochial schools in the United States as there are churches. When the numbers of schools and of churches become equal, our parochial schools will contain far more than a million of pupils.

We have a Bureau of Education at Washington, which prints reports on schools all over the world, but has never yet discovered that there is a single Catholic parochial school in the country. Not a report has ever been made on our Catholic parochial school system, and to their shame the officials of that bureau have never honestly investigated the subject or laid before the American people what there is in the system generally adopted by the States for schools that makes them so prejudicial to Catholics, that sooner than avail themselves of the advantages these schools offer, members of this large Christian body, numbering at least one-sixth of the whole population of the United States, have gone to the expense of erecting their own schools, and maintaining them at a heavy annual outlay.

The objections of Catholics cannot be slight or trivial, to nerve them to such sacrifices, and it is no credit to our State governments that they maintain so stubbornly, and in such a sectarian spirit, a system repugnant to the religious convictions of one-sixth of the population of the country.

But the Catholic system of parochial schools must go on, and their number and extent have called for organization and a well considered method of instruction. The organization of a school board in every diocese, begun in Indiana, has become general. Improved school-books and proper grading of studies will be one of the immediate results of this step, and, though at first the attempts to introduce harmony and order may seem weak and ill-directed in some places, yet, on the whole, the operation has been beneficial, and has infused a new spirit into the whole body of teachers engaged. They feel that they are no longer isolated, each one left to individual plans and resources, the ablest and most intelligent teachers, who have given years of study to the cause of education, uncertain whether the fabric they have labored to build may not be swept away at any moment by a change of those in charge of the school. Now each school feels that it is part of a great whole, and has an emulation to carry out the improvements suggested as completely and thoroughly as possible.

No general system has been adopted, or even recommended, for the whole country; and it is premature to expect it. That must result from a more extended experience than has yet been possible.

The parochial schools will naturally attempt to copy the courses of instruction in the State schools, and parents will often object that some study pursued in the public schools is not taught in the parochial schools. The great difficulty in the former is that they have multiplied branches of study beyond all reason, and, while attempting to teach a variety of matters, often neglect those most essential to every child, the very rudiments of education.

Children come from these schools, able to answer a few text-book questions on almost every subject treated in a cyclopædia, who cannot spell correctly, write legibly or grammatically, who cannot frame a proper letter, or test the accuracy of a bill brought to their parents' door. When they go to any trade or business, they must forget what they were taught in school, and set to work to learn what they ought to have been taught, and what is essential to their success in life.

The religious training in our parochial schools will be looked after, and, under the present supervision, is likely to be thorough and solid. The object of the schools is to make the pupils Christian and Catholic. Next to that the aim should be to imbue them with such principles as will make them good and useful citizens in after life. A love of country, attachment to our national and State system of government, genuine patriotism, cannot be too deeply impressed. In other days it was a main feature in all schools to inculcate this. Now this point is generally neglected, and, as it is not a striking feature in public school education, may be overlooked in our Catholic schools. Formerly the Constitution of the United States and of the State were learned by heart by pupils in all schools, and explained. Now very few who attend the public schools ever read them or are able to answer a question intelligently about our government. Few, comparatively, could tell correctly how the President is elected, how the members of the two houses of Congress are chosen; what matters are controlled by the general government.

Occasionally, a great public agitation arises, and children pick up some ideas in regard to a particular point. This year, for instance, many boys have gathered some ideas about the tariff; they know what the word means, and how duties are laid on goods coming into the country, and they know that two great parties are contending about high duties and low duties, protection and revenue reform. The boys, however, did not learn all this at school, where it should have been taught, but they glean the information from

newspapers, with all the sophistries with which partisan political writers and speakers endeavor to make the worse appear the better cause. So it is about the rights of a citizen, capital and labor, property and taxation. The young, not imbued with correct ideas in school, go through life with vague and confused notions, and, when they grow up, are easily made the dupes of any demagogue. Surely these are more important than the drawing of patterns for oil-cloth and the like, branches that few children ever have occasion to employ or discuss, but which are not only assiduously taught, but are even made the test for grading a pupil who enters a school. The absurdity has gone so far in some cases, that we expect to hear of some school where the boy who can stand longest on his head is placed in the highest class, and the unfortunate wight who cannot reverse his natural position long enough is thrust into the lowest class, although he may be perfect in reading, writing, grammar and arithmetic, such antiquated branches counting for nothing under the high intellectual organization of our day.

In Canada they have apparently seen the necessity of political instruction sooner than we have, and a well-prepared manual is in the hands of young and old. There is an opportunity and necessity for such a book here, and it would be of great service in our schools. The manual should embrace the Constitution of the United States and of the State where the school is; and such questions and answers as would lead pupils to know our system of government, its advantages, and give intelligent information on the points which they have discussed, especially those as to which evil-minded men are disseminating false ideas.

The want of our school plans to convey information, or make a topic intelligible, is seen in the method of teaching geography. Children have learned more about the different countries of the world, their sovereigns, their coinage, and our modes of intercourse with them by collecting postage-stamps, than they have by all the geography lessons in the schools. This is but one of many instances tending to show how children feel the deficiency of school methods, and go to work to acquire information where school training has been of but little aid.

If our parochial schools are to become great and thoroughly useful institutions to the country, the end will not be attained by servilely copying the methods of the public schools, which are vastly overrated, and have become part of a complex machinery, where the real advantage of the pupil as a Christian and a citizen, in most cases to be sent early into the battle of life to win a livelihood, is but little regarded.

We have spoken of the necessity of imparting sound knowledge

of our political condition, the rights and duties of citizens, the meaning of words like tariff, protection, labor, and the like, simply on the general merits of the question; but there is, in our case as Catholics, an additional reason why this should be treated in our schools. From time to time, generally in some hot-bed of anarchy and rationalism, the charge is made by some scheming knave that the Catholic body is merely a foreign element, with no real interest in the country or attachment to its institutions. It will be the best answer to this calumny to point to our schools, where the quarter of a million children, who are annually added to our body by birth, are in a few years trained in what will serve to aid them to earn a livelihood, and to know and love their native land, and to know and prize zealously their rights as American citizens, and be able to understand what public questions are really about.

In higher academies and colleges, where ethics are taught, this political course can be more ample, but it is a mistake to think that the boy, or even the girl, who at fifteen leaves the school to begin a life-long struggle for success or existence, has no need of such knowledge. It will be found that the short time needed to impart the information will be thus far more profitably employed than in some of the ornamental and utterly useless branches, on which hours, and days, and months are wasted, deadening the intellect of the young, and producing torpidity where they should have stimulated inquiry and guided the judgment.

Questions are discussed and debated in every gathering of young men employed in offices, workshops, and factories. Their ideas are often crude and false from the want of proper guidance and information, but they are thinking and reasoning; and if those who assume to direct their education fail to equip them for the discussion of such questions, the blame, when they are led away by the sophistries, pretended facts, and false reasoning of demagogues, ought not to rest solely on them, but must, to some extent, fall on their early guides.

Inspired with a love for the country and its institutions, with the doctrines of the true faith applied to guide them in discerning right from wrong, the pupils of our parochial schools will become the soundest and purest element in the population, though some will yield to the temptations which in our days environ the young on every side.

The field open to our parochial schools is one to arouse and stimulate the zeal of the whole Catholic body. The rapid progress of our schools in every department has already attracted attention. A denominational paper began this year to give an account of visits to parochial schools, and investigation into their management and

course of study; while one of the journals kept alive mainly to glorify the public school system has openly confessed that there is danger from the parochial schools, and that it can be averted only by straining every nerve to make the public schools what they ought to be. But, with our parochial schools giving an education adapted to the wants of the people, based on solid religious principles, infusing stanch and intelligent patriotism, the public schools must, by the ultimate decision of results, show their inferiority in all that constitutes moral excellence.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE JESUITS BY POPE CLEMENT XIV.

THE Jesuits are always a burning question. The warfare upon the Society is perennial, determined, and never-ending. It is said that the holy founder of the Society, St. Ignatius Loyola, prayed that the Society might never cease to be persecuted, and the facts of history for the last two hundred years serve to confirm the conviction that the prayer was a prophecy which is quite likely to be fulfilled. Even in our own enlightened age, when "men run to and fro and knowledge is increased," and when the progress of light and liberty has served to soften the prejudices and liberalize the minds of all intelligent, right-thinking people, there is a remnant of bigots (a race, by the way, which never dies out) who seem determined to do their utmost in the fulfilment of the prayer of St. Ignatius by keeping up the agitation and perpetuating the persecution of the Society.

In the assaults of these determined enemies of the Society there is, perhaps, no more plausible and telling argument, none upon which the changes are more constantly and persistently rung, than the fact of their expulsion, at different times, from several countries of Europe, and especially their final suppression by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773. Indeed, so constantly and perseveringly has this been represented by these enemies of the Society as convincing evidence of the corruption and dangerous character of the Jesuits, that the mass of the people who are unacquainted with the facts of history are easily persuaded to believe it, and there is too much reason to fear that even many Catholics are stumbled by the fact that the suppression was effected by the Pope, to whose deci-

sions, even outside the sphere of his infallibility, they are accustomed to assent almost without question; and they cannot resist the impression that there must have been something radically wrong about the Society, or the Pope never would have resorted to such an extreme measure.

What, then, was the real reason for the suppression of the Jesuits? In one word, it was the choice between two evils, which had been forced upon Clement by a powerful and unscrupulous political combination, the least of which evils seemed to him to be the suppression of the Society. In other words, it was a measure extorted from an unwilling Pope, who was friendly to the Jesuits and had no confidence in their traducers, to save France, Spain, and Portugal from following the example of England by throwing off their allegiance to the head of the Church, thereby apostatizing from the faith and driving the whole Church in those kingdoms into all the untold evils of schism. The history of the machinations by which this melancholy result was brought about constitutes one of the saddest, most deplorable passages in the history of nations.

The spirit of the age was favorable to such a scheme. Two hundred years' experience of the blessings of the "glorious Reformation" had developed a sad condition in the religious world. The spirit of Protestantism had pervaded society to such an extent that faith in Christianity had been very generally undermined, especially among the aristocracy and the leading influential politicians and officials of State. The masses were still Catholic, and the reigning monarchs of the Bourbon type (of unsavory memory) were nominally Catholic; the Catholic religion was the religion of the State, but, unfortunately, the monarchs were weak men and were all under the control of prime ministers who were ambitious, unscrupulous, and in sympathy with the infidel philosophy of the age. Aranda, Prime Minister of Charles III. of Spain, Choiseul of Louis XV. of France, and Pombal of Joseph I. of Portugal, were all members of an infidel oligarchy which at that period really dominated Europe, and they were all jealous of the Church and bent on her destruction. With a keen appreciation of the best means of accomplishing their object, they waged an exterminating war on the Society of Jesus. Without conscience or scruple they used the basest means to destroy the Society because its members were the most able and the most constant defenders of religion and the Church. The history of their infernal machinations to destroy the Order, root and branch, and to expel them from all their countries, is simply a history of infamy of the deepest dye, and the only reason why the conduct of these men is not universally condemned and held up for the execration of mankind by all historians and writers

on the subject is the fact that party bias leads Protestants if not actually to justify and sympathize with them, at least to extenuate and apologize for their sins by representing them as having been the authors of great reforms in Church and State.

Louis XV. of France, all the world knows and all the world knew at the time, to the great scandal of the government and people, was governed by his mistresses. The notorious courtesan, the Marquise de Pompadour, hated the Jesuits because they would not countenance, in any shape, the immoral relation subsisting between her and the king, and she used all her powerful influence against them. She was backed by a combination of all the elements of opposition to revealed religion and the purity of public morals. The whole party of Encyclopedists, free thinkers, and infidels of every stripe were naturally their enemies. The remnant of the Jansenist party longed to be revenged on them for their able defence of Catholic truth in opposition to their insidious errors, which had been condemned by the Holy Office. As usual, the Society was misrepresented, reviled, and accused of all sorts of crimes. The Duke de Choiseul, who was in sympathy with the free thinkers, was not at all backward in pressing their suit with his royal master, and in November, 1764, Louis XV. confirmed the edict of Parliament by which the Jesuit colleges were closed and about 4000 of the Fathers, in the most cruel and heartless manner, were compelled to leave France.

Aranda, in Spain, who had acquired complete control over the king, Charles III., labored with unceasing diligence and unrelenting hostility to destroy the Society throughout the Spanish dominions. Some idea of the means employed for the accomplishment of this end may be formed from the fact that forged letters were at times circulated, purporting to have been written by the General of the Jesuits in Rome to the Spanish provincial, containing sentiments of the most offensive and dangerous character. One of those letters ordered the provincial to stir up insurrection among the people; and at another time a letter was placed under the king's eyes purporting to have been written by Father Ricci, the General of the Order, but which the Duke de Choiseul, the French Prime Minister, was accused of fabricating, announcing that he, the General, had succeeded in collecting documents which incontestably proved that Charles III. was the offspring of adultery. This absurd invention made such an impression on the mind of the king and so incensed him against the Society that he at last determined upon their expulsion.

But perhaps the most active, determined, and unscrupulous agent for the destruction of the Society was the infamous Pombal, Prime Minister of Joseph I. of Portugal. This notorious and un-

principled schemer had spent some time in London as Portuguese ambassador, and had imbibed sentiments in sympathy with the Protestantism of the English Church establishment. Having returned home and being, after some time, elevated to the premiership, he determined to attempt the reformation of the church after the English plan throughout the Portuguese dominions. It is probable that he had very little faith himself of any kind, but the mass of the people being still Catholic, he was obliged to act with caution, and hence his whole proceedings were veiled under a thinly-disguised hypocrisy. In pursuance of his nefarious measures he saw the necessity of attacking the Jesuits and, if possible, of expelling them from the kingdom. Hence, under hypocritical professions of a desire to reform the Society of Jesus, he petitioned the Holy Father, Benedict XIV., for a brief of authorization to proceed against them. For this purpose he caused his agents at the Vatican to present to the Holy Father certain documents carefully prepared and full of the most outrageous and barefaced lies, charging the Jesuits with the most infamous crimes. Benedict was on his deathbed. In his heart he did not believe the representations made to him. He had too much reason to know, or at least to suspect the designs of the men who were clamoring for the reformation of a Society which had always been the most efficient agent in the reformation of the people. He did not know, indeed, but that individuals might have been guilty of conduct inconsistent with the spirit and principles of the order, though even of this he had no satisfactory evidence. Yet so earnestly and persistently did these heartless agents press their suit upon the dying Pope that he at length felt compelled to yield to their demands, though not till he had, as he supposed, carefully guarded against the possibility of injustice being done. He was careful in his brief to insist upon their having a fair and impartial trial, and he laid great stress on the necessity of the inquiry being made in such a manner that the innocent should not be made to suffer with the guilty, if, indeed, any guilty should be found, which the whole tenor of the brief showed he was unwilling to believe.

Professedly acting under the authority of this brief, Pombal, instead of instituting a formal inquiry, proceeded at once—in fact, before the brief was properly authenticated—to condemn the Society without trial and without the slightest particle of evidence. It is not necessary here to repeat all the outrageous cruelties perpetrated by this remorseless tyrant, this second Henry VIII., in order to accomplish his nefarious purposes; his attacks on the leading Catholic aristocracy who stood in the way of the successful carrying out of his designs; the moral certainty that he concocted the celebrated scheme of assassination in which innocent

men and women were implicated, by suborned witnesses, and, finally, as an after-thought, the including of the Jesuits in the general charge and incarcerating them without trial; his cruel, heartless murder of men and women of high position and spotless reputation. Nor need we recall that most infamous and painful transaction, the ruthless destruction by Pombal of the Jesuit missions of Paraguay, the "Reductions," as they were called, in which those devoted Fathers, with incredible labor, patience, and sacrifices, for two hundred years, had succeeded in redeeming thousands of savages from barbarism and forming them into intelligent, peaceful, and prosperous Christian communities, all, with a heartless cruelty not exceeded by savages themselves, sacrificed to the wicked caprice of a tyrant who had sworn the destruction of the Society and who never rested till he had expelled the whole order from the Portuguese dominions. That act stands out in bold relief as one of the blackest pages in the history of the world, and furnishes infallible evidence of the infamous character of the man who was the principal agent in the final suppression of the Jesuits by Clement XIV.

Among these innocent men, driven from the Portuguese dominions as well as from France and Spain, some were feeble with infirmities of age, or weakened by disease and hard service in laboring for the good of their kind; others were youthful postulants, many of them from aristocratic families, in which they had been brought up in luxury and ease. Yet, with a heroic self-denial and determination worthy of martyrs, all endured the horrors of the middle passage on shipboard as they were transported to Italy, where hundreds of them were landed and thrown upon the charity of the Holy Father and their friends in the most absolute destitution and even squalor, having been deprived not only of all their earthly possessions, but even of decent clothing and sufficient food.

Choiseul, Aranda, and Pombal had their agents in Rome, who were laboring with unceasing diligence and pertinacity to influence the Sovereign Pontiff against the Society of Jesus. Unfortunately, there were not wanting in those days unworthy ecclesiastics who had been corrupted by power and place and who were employed as tools for the accomplishment of the designs of their ambitious masters. These men had been forced upon the Holy Father against his will, and he could not get rid of them. They had neither conscience nor principle, and they knew, for they were given distinctly to understand, that their favor with their masters and their ultimate reward would depend upon the degree of their success in influencing the Pope. These men were aided in their disreputable work by the Jansenists, the open and declared ene-

mies of the Jesuits, who, notwithstanding their condemnation by the Holy Office, still sought, by subterfuge, hypocrisy, and chicanery, to carry their point. Their agents at Rome were men of ability and extraordinary *finesse*, and they were backed by a powerful influence from the strongholds of the heresy, especially in France.

This strong combination of able and determined men had tried their hand with Clement XIII., who succeeded Benedict XIV. in the Papal chair; but he was firm and unyielding, and though they made his life miserable by their importunities, their slanderous falsehoods and misrepresentations, and though they threatened all sorts of evils to the Church unless he yielded to their unholy demands, he remained immovable and loyal to the Society to the last. When the Spanish Government, through the most iniquitous means, succeeded in banishing the Jesuits from all the Spanish dominions, including the Spanish possessions in the New World, Pope Clement XIII. appealed to the infatuated king in favor of the Society. His Holiness called God to witness that "the body, the institution, the spirit of the Society of Jesus were innocent; that it was pious, useful, and holy in its object."

On the 19th of May, 1769, Cardinal Ganganelli was elected Pope under the title of Clement XIV. He was a friend of the Jesuits and had been appointed Cardinal by their recommendation. All the agencies of evil which failed with Clement XIII. were set to work, with an energy stimulated by disappointment, to accomplish their object with the new Pope. The majority of the Sacred College was completely in favor of the Jesuits, and the Pope, when he began to yield to the resistless force of the arguments that were brought to bear upon him, finding that his natural counsellors remained firm and unshaken in their opinions, became isolated and had to withstand alone a pressure of most extraordinary and terrible character. His Holiness desired to gain time, and writing to Louis XV. of France, candidly says: "I can neither censure nor abolish an institute which has been commended by nineteen of my predecessors. Still less can I do so since it has been confirmed by the Council of Trent, for, according to your French maxim, the General Council is above the Pope. If it be so desired, I will call together a general council of the Church, in which everything shall be fully and fairly discussed, for and against." But this was just what the infidel ministers did not want, for they knew very well that they would stand a much better chance of coercing the Pope into compliance than of influencing a council of bishops who, to a man, were in favor of the Society. They would brook no delay. In the most importunate manner they declared that the king of Spain had become so excited that he would lose his reason unless

he obtained a formal promise that the Society should be suppressed. Threats were made that kingdoms would throw off their allegiance to the Church unless the prayer were granted, and these threats certainly had some significance when we call to mind the political system of Europe, which allowed the masses of the people to be ruled and kept down by a corrupt and tyrannical oligarchy. The example of England, forced into schism by the reckless tyrant Henry VIII., stood out as a warning of what might occur again if some concession were not made to the combination of tyrants who were now really laboring for the same end, and who were determined on the suppression of the Jesuits—the Pope's body guard, as they were called—as the most effective mode of storming the castle itself and carrying the citadel of the Church by assault.

It is a fact worthy of note that, in this unholy and disgraceful warfare upon the Jesuits, two nations stood aloof and gave the suppressed Order the benefit of their countenance and support. These were Prussia and Russia. Frederick II., of Prussia, though himself a Protestant, or rather an infidel, and in sympathy with the free-thinking philosophers of the time, knew well that the Jesuits were not only perfectly innocent of the charges brought against them, but were among the foremost and best defenders of social order which had revealed religion for its principal support. He knew that the infidels of Europe were merely hastening the revolution by attacking the Jesuits, and, therefore, declined to join in the persecution of men who were really the firmest supporters of constitutional authority. He was in constant correspondence with the infidel philosophers, and on one occasion wrote to D'Alambert: "What progress has your boasted philosophy made? You will reply, we have expelled the Jesuits. I admit it; but I can prove to you that it was pride, private revenge, cabals, and, in fact, self-interest, that accomplished the work."

Again, writing from Potsdam to his agent in Rome in 1773, the year of the suppression, he says that in the treaty of Breslau he had guaranteed the *status quo* of the Catholic religion, and he had never found better priests in every respect than the Jesuits. "I am determined," he says, "to retain them in my states."

To the eternal credit of the Empress of Russia, she not merely approved of the Society, but she gave the strictest orders that it was to remain in her dominions. She saw the folly of persecuting the staunch friends of the throne and the Altar, and when they were expelled from other countries they were invited to her dominions, and remained there unsuppressed.

But the agents of Satan seemed to be inspired with diabolical hatred and with an invincible determination to succeed, and they pressed their suit with such insolence and brutal disregard of the

feelings of the Holy Father that he at length felt compelled to yield, not because he thought it was right in itself, not that he had lost confidence in the Jesuits, not because he approved of his own action, but simply to avoid what he was made to believe would be a greater evil. Not only were threats used that kingdoms would throw off their allegiance to the Church, but in 1772 the Spanish Ambassador determined to terrify the Pope into submission, and with extraordinary pertinacity bullied the Holy See by this solemn warning on a certain occasion in public audience: "Beware, lest my master, the king, approve the project which has been entertained by more than one court, the suppression of all the religious orders! If you would save them, do not confound their cause with that of the Jesuits." "Ah," replied the Pontiff, "I have for a long time thought that this was what they were aiming at. They seek even more—the entire destruction of the Catholic religion—schism, perhaps heresy, such are their secret designs." "This conversation," remarks the historian,¹ "raises the veil and shows that the abolition of the Jesuits was merely considered expedient for fear of greater evils. The Vicar of Christ was placed in a dilemma of the most grave and difficult character. He neither censured the Society, nor believed in the absurd calumnies launched against it, but, administering the affairs of the Church, considered it advisable to bow temporarily to the storm for fear of that greater injury to faith and morals which might be the sequence of another line of conduct."

And here it is worthy of remark that no Bull of Suppression was issued, but merely the brief, "*Dominus ac Redemptor Noster*," which could be revoked at any time without difficulty, and was not binding on the Pope's successors. The usual formalities for its publication and canonical execution were not observed, and the bishops were not commanded, but merely recommended, to notify the contents of the brief to those concerned.

At length, on the 21st of July, 1773, it is said that the Pope exclaimed in a tone of deep sorrow: "The bells of the Gesù are not ringing for the Saints, they are tolling for the dead." On the same day His Holiness affixed his signature to the brief suppressing the Society. Cardinal Pacca tells us, in his memoirs, that after Clement XIV. had affixed his signature he dashed the document to one side, cast the pen to the other, and from that moment was demented. The awful pressure, and the extreme anxiety to do what was best under the circumstances of most fearful difficulty, had unhinged the mind of the Pope. He was sane only at intervals, and

¹ The History of the Society of Jesus, by A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S. Burns & Oates, London; Catholic Pub. Society Co., New York.

then deplored with excessive grief the misfortunes of the Church of which he had been the very unwilling instrument.

And what spirit did the Fathers of the Society manifest under this crushing blow? If they were such terrible agitators, such dangerous plotters and schemers, such enemies of the human race as they were represented to be, we should naturally look for some resistance on their part. Not so, however. On the 16th of August, 1773, we are told, a prelate, accompanied by soldiers and agents of the police, gave notice to the Fathers at the Gesù of the suppression of the Society throughout the world, and on the 22d of September following Father Ricci, the General; Fr. Canelli, Secretary General; Frs. Le Forestier, Gautier, and Faur were confined in the Castle of St. Angelo. They were simply seized without trial, in violation of all law and justice, and cast into prison, where Fr. Ricci, who was a saintly as well as learned man, died in 1775 at the age of seventy-two, solemnly declaring before God and His Holy Angels, after having received the last Sacraments, that the Society of Jesus had given no cause for suppression, and that he had given no cause for his own imprisonment. At the same time he did not attach any guilt to those who injured the Society, and forgave them most earnestly from his heart. This was the spirit of the Society everywhere. It was their spirit when unjustly and cruelly expelled from Spain, France, and Portugal. It was quite notorious that in Portugal the Jesuits had only to signify their approval of revolution, and wide extended insurrection would have been the result. The missions of Paraguay embraced a large number of trained and disciplined soldiers, with arms and ammunition, and a word from the Jesuits would have placed them in an attitude of hostility which it would have cost millions of money and thousands of lives to subdue. Indeed, the Fathers incurred the displeasure and lost the confidence of their converts by their persevering efforts to induce them to submit to the outrageously cruel decree of Pombal.

Being dispersed by the brief of suppression, these devoted men, thus violently wrenched from the associate life which had become a second nature, and was so dear to them—now a scattered flock—still labored for the greater glory of God, and were distinguished everywhere as men of science and skilful educators of youth. Throughout the civilized world the members of the order, instead of showing resentment and making trouble, achieved triumphs in literature, in science and in the pulpit. They were ready to serve wherever they could do good, and when the time of their restoration came, they were everywhere greeted with the most enthusiastic welcome.

A striking incident, illustrating the true spirit of the Society, is

related in Albert Weld's "Suppression of the Society of Jesus in the Portuguese Dominions."

On the death of Joseph I., and the accession of his daughter Maria, Pombal, who had added to his many other crimes by intriguing, though happily unsuccessfully, to deprive the lawful heir to the throne of her rights, had been disgraced, tried for his life, and condemned, but the sentence, through the clemency of the queen, had been commuted to banishment to the confines of his own estate in Coimbra-Pombal, as it was called. "The first city," says the writer alluded to, "which opened its gates to the Jesuits, after their return into the diocese of Coimbra, was Pombal, the place where the minister of that name was exiled and died. Strange to say, for fifty years the remains of this persecutor of the Society had been allowed to remain unburied in a chapel on the Pombal estate, and, as if by a special interposition of Divine Providence, those remains had been doomed to lie unburied till Mass had been said over them by a Father of the Society of Jesus," a truly Christian revenge, as the writer justly remarks, and furnishing a touching, practical illustration of the command: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate and persecute you." The Mass was celebrated by Father Du Vaux, who, in a letter written March 6th, 1832, gave the following graphic description of the scene: "We were received with the ringing of bells, complimented and led in triumph by the arch-priest accompanied by his clergy. The church where two of our Fathers went to say Mass was magnificently illuminated as on the greatest solemnities. As for myself, moved by a religious sentiment which it is impossible to express, I had slipped away with a Father and a Brother before meeting the good Curé, and had run off to the church of the Franciscans, to pray at the tomb of the Marquis. But the unfortunate man had no tomb. At a little distance from the high altar we found a bier covered by a miserable pall which the Father Guardian of the convent told us was his. It had waited in vain for the honors of sepulture from the 5th of May, 1782. . . . I can say then, in all truth, that after more than half a century of proscription, the first step of the Society, on its solemn return to Coimbra, was to celebrate an anniversary Mass, in presence of the body, for the repose of the soul of him who had proscribed it, and in the place where he passed the last years of his life, disgraced, exiled and condemned to death. What a series of events was necessary to lead to this! I left Pombal scarcely sure if this were a dream or a reality. The presence of the coffin; the name of Sebastian pronounced in the prayer; the sound of all the bells of the parish celebrating the return of the Society, and all this at

the same time! I fully believe that this impression will never be effaced from my heart."

Such is Jesuit revenge; such the spirit that the Society has always manifested, for they have learned it at the foot of the Cross of their Master and great Exemplar, and we may well apply to them the language of the great Apostle to the Gentiles: "For we preach not ourselves, but Jesus Christ our Lord, and ourselves your servants through Jesus. In all things we suffer tribulation, but are not distressed; we are straitened, but not destitute; we suffer persecution, but are not forsaken; we are cast down, but we perish not. Always bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies."

RELIGION AND THE MESSIAH.

MANKIND seems every day to be drifting farther and farther away from a true knowledge of God. Instead of being, as might be said of it at a no very remote period, an exotic, infidelity has come to be a tree so large and flourishing as almost to make us believe it indigenous to the soil. Long since has the name infidel and the profession of infidelity ceased to excite surprise, much less horror, for long since have people become accustomed to hear both. Indeed, by many it is esteemed the mark of a large and expanded mind to profess infidelity; more there are who seem to think that to this profession respectability must infallibly adhere; while few is the number who make the slightest discrimination between Jew and Gentile, Christian and Infidel.

At present, beyond dispute, there is a vast flood of unbelieving men. These, forswearing allegiance to any and all religious creeds, are ever striving to delude themselves into the belief that there is no God, and seek to find comfort in absolute and utter negation. Vain their purpose. They succeed in but deceiving their own hearts. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." So spake Job, many hundreds of years ago. Equally true are his words to-day, despite the vast advances that have been made in science. The geologist, digging deep into the bowels of the earth, may know more about its internal structure and the vast furnaces of heat but poorly concealed by the thin crust on which men walk; the naturalist by the aid of his microscope may have

opened up to our view the secrets of nature ; the philosopher may be more intimate with the nice laws which govern human reason ; the astronomer may have looked into the heavens and mapped out accurately the course of each particular star and planet ; the historian may have deciphered the hieroglyphics of past ages, and revealed to us that what formerly was held as true is false, and true what formerly was thought to be false ; nevertheless, not less certain at present than when as fresh from the mint it fell from the lips of Job is it, that only the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. And as foolishness is doubly foolish when all unconscious of itself, how sad is the plight of him who in his foolishness denies God, and yet while he does so deems himself wise !

In the heyday of youth man may play with infidelity as the child with a toy ; he may work on his own mind so as to cause it habitually to reject the idea of God ; but with all his self-deceiving *finesse* he cannot entirely drive out beyond the borders of his own thought-lines the traces of conviction of the existence of a divinity. When the cloudless skies that smiled on sturdy manhood are no more to be seen, when, instead, the gathering shadows, falling aslant his pathway, indicate more plainly than words that life's eve is coming on apace, then his mind begins to be filled with gloom and a fear troubles him as he thinks of the dark valley that lies beyond, which he is to traverse alone. Hastily he takes a retrospective glance back through the years that were, and reconsiders the promises by which he has been led to a conclusion so unsatisfactory now near life's close. Ten to one, if uninfluenced by his friends, if left to himself, the man comes back to God. If matters have come to a crisis, if no longer there remains time for cool deliberation, if, for instance, the poor man who all his life denied God, be on his death-bed, it will be the merest chance if, the existence of God being presented to him, he does not admit it. Here, in this critical, awful moment, with the flickerings of reason only left, the man is truer to himself and his nature than when, in the robustness of strength, he protested against any claims superior to his own.

Man in the full tide of strength and vigor may prate about infidelity in public, he may proclaim in lofty terms the freedom of mind and body that is purchased by throwing off old, slavish superstitions, among which he counts the believing in a God, and in the consciousness of his own superior enlightenment and importance may puff and strut about ; but down deep in his heart man refuses to be an infidel. "In silence and at night" he is forced to acknowledge the existence of a Being, infinite, almighty, and unseen, and the "still small voice of conscience" whispers to him that to this Being, and to Him alone, shall he offer up homage, adora-

tion, and worship. There is that within man which tells him that he is not the last link in "being's endless chain," that there is a power above and beyond him to which he is subject. Nor must man be taught this in order to know it. This knowledge is within him, and is cultivated best when he is alone and silence reigns around. Who is there can look up into the heavens on a calm bright night, and see them lit up with a myriad of brilliant lights, and not feel the presence of a Being of grandeur and omnipotence? Do not these very stars and planets own the existence of a Creator, and proclaim His goodness and beauty?

"As spangles in the sunny rays shine round the silver snows,
The pageantry of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise."

"A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss,
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss."

The prophet sings: "The stars gave light in their watches and rejoiced, when God called them they said, here we are; and with gladness they shined to him that made them." How beautifully does not Milton express this thought in his "Morning Prayer" of Adam and Eve! but not more beautifully than when picturing this supremely holy happy pair as strolling through the walks of Paradise on a fine summer night, listening to the music of the spheres and in enraptured wonderment turning their gaze to the starry firmament set with countless dazzling lights, while to the ear is wafted the low soft cooing of mellow-throated birds and sweet aroma of herb, tree and flower fill evening air, than when as thus alone in the midst of so much magnificence and grandeur he presents them to us as overcome by the splendor of the scene about and seeking to give expression to their feelings by murmuring, one to the other, strains like this:

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep,
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices in the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others notes,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly sounding walk
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

But no less eloquently than to this primitive pair in Paradise, all alone with nature and their God, does the Creation speak to

all of us, telling us of the Creator ; and indeed, hard and calloused, if not entirely dead, must be that heart that will not listen, or that, listening, cannot hear its voice repeating ever the same story, telling over and over again of Him that made all things, and asking us to join in praising Him. Midst "pathless woods" and desert sands this voice may be heard, and, O, what a tempest of meaning has it not for him who, in contemplation, stands on the "lonely shore of the deep sea" whose waves, dashing at his feet, sing ever the same, same song ! Truly, is there here a "rapture and society"—the society of God and the rapture of His presence ! Well does Childe Harold address old ocean :

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Gleams itself in tempest
Boundless, endless and sublime,—the image of eternity—
The throne of the Invisible."

For him who can thus commune with nature it is impossible, long or persistently, to remain insensible to the presence of God, whose existence all the elements vie in attesting. "All nature cries aloud through all her works," and speaks to us of a power above. Every wind that blows, every summer zephyr as well as every wintry blast, every blade that grows, every bird that sings, every animal that breathes, every living thing in the heavens, on the earth or under the earth,—all attest the existence of a God. Blind must he be who cannot see ; obstinately perverse, who, seeing, will not believe.

It is not our purpose by formal demonstration to establish the existence of God. Such demonstration does not properly lie within the scope of our article. It will not, however, be out of place to assert here the old philosophical thesis, that so-called theoretico-negative infidelity or atheism is impossible. That man may be a practical or theoretico-positive atheist, we readily concede. By a theoretico-negative infidel is meant one who has attained the age of maturity, and is still in entire ignorance of the existence of God. A practical infidel or atheist is one who, though he knows God, lives and acts as though he did not. A theoretico-positive infidel is one who, by the abuse of his faculties, has reasoned himself into the belief that there is no God. That there may be, really are, practical infidels, is a fact nobody thinks of denying. That there may be, and are also, theoretico-positive infidels, but skeptically rather than dogmatically so, is just as true. There is no doubt but that man starting on wrong principles, or starting on right principles but fallaciously reasoning, may come to the conclusion that there is no God, especially if he be seeking after this conclusion. But not immediately, or by one act, does

man so conclude. Doubt first arises in the mind ; this, by constant repetition, becomes a habit, which in turn settles down to a conviction. Nevertheless, the conviction is never final. Never is the mind at rest in it. Nature will assert herself, and the voice of nature is, there is a God.

Theoretico-negative infidelity is impossible, because it is what it is. We cannot imagine that one may grow to the age of manhood and know nothing of God's existence. This contradicts all experience. Man is a rational animal. As such, he is necessarily a reasoning animal. Being this, he cannot remain unconscious of God's existence. For, God's existence is demonstrable, and being demonstrable, is understandable. God's existence is demonstrable by arguments drawn from metaphysics, physics and morals. Now, it may be that all men have not sufficient intelligence to understand all these various arguments; certainly all are not capable of understanding them in their details and niceties; or, granting that all have sufficient intelligence, all have not the time to devote to the study of these arguments. But, conceding this, there is no man still possessing a glimmer of intelligence who is not capable of understanding one or other of the arguments by which we are led infallibly to believe the existence of God. Equally true is this of him who, segregated from his infancy from association with his fellow-man, has not the benefit of the latter's teaching. Supposing a man, all his days, leading a solitary, isolated existence in the midst of a desert or woods, still will he come to a knowledge of God. For the assertion of God's existence is bound up with the first principles of reason. The ratiocination is so easy that even such a man as we have described, by his own unaided effort, will make it. Whether he look to himself or to the world around him—and no matter what his isolation or how limited his reason, if not entirely wanting, he will not fail to do either—he will be led to know God. These great truths, his own existence, the existence of the world, the harmony which, in a measure, he is able to see pervading the universe, will naturally suggest themselves to him. Then will come the question, whence this world, whence this harmony, whence am I? Just as naturally will he come to the conclusion that there must be a power superior to the world and to himself. He may not call it God, he may not understand just what it is. What matter? He understands equivalently, nevertheless, that the power is God. The emotions asserting themselves within him, his own purpose in life and what after life, the moral law which God has implanted in the heart of every human being,—all these again will be so many different ways of announcing to him the existence of God. It fol-

lows, therefore, that a theoretico-negative infidel or atheist is an impossible anomaly.

Indeed, we believe that of the vast number of infidels which the world to-day reckons, very few there are who stop to consider this point or who care about it. This kind of infidelity does not concern them. Nor is practical infidelity, although we know full well that there are many practical infidels or people who, knowing God, act as though they did not, that in which they are chiefly interested. The infidelity which most infidels to-day are pleased to defend is of the theoretico-positive genus. This affords better battling-ground, for it admits of a claim to honesty. With what would seem to be a very commendable candor, they will admit that they may be wrong, but if so, they are honestly wrong. They will tell you that you may be right, there may be a God, but they cannot see it. They wish they could believe like you, but they honestly cannot. However, continuing, they will tell you that, if there is a God, He is just. Now, being just, they have no fear, for, as their great apostle, Ingersoll, is reported to have said, they are able to argue their case before any just judge. On the face of it all, this appears very plausible and candid; but, when examined, will be seen to be downright sophistry. No right-minded man will allow himself to be deceived by it. Long ago, Seneca said: "Those who assert that they do not believe in God, are liars; at night and alone, their doubts teach them the contrary." This statement is borne out by the conduct of infidels who, almost invariably, at life's close are overcome by fear, and very frequently do, what in every case would come to pass were it not for pride and public opinion, renounce their old atheistic tendencies, and turn to God. Plato says of his own times: "There is no one who, in his youth, having learned to believe in the non-existence of the gods, perseveres in his faith to old age." Santhibal, a celebrated infidel of the seventeenth century, as Bayle relates, testifies of the whole infidel school that there is no one in it sincere in his belief, that all retract before death. With Bayle, we may sum up in a few words the honesty of all infidel professions: "Infidels say more than they believe, and are led more by vanity than by conscience. They mistake their audacity for the mark of a strong mind. Hence they put forward objections against the Gospel and God which they themselves do not believe. They do this so persistently that finally it becomes a habit for them. If to this we join their depravity of morals and that full indulgence of their passions to which, following infidel teaching, they are allowed to give full sway, we have the true solution of their professions."—(*Liberatore, de Existentia Dei.*) In whatever light, therefore, we view infidelity, we find that it is untenable, and that men adhere to it less

from conviction than from caprice. Man naturally has a belief in the Divinity.

From this it follows, as a direct corollary, that man not only must believe in, but must practise, religion. If there is a God, that God must be worshipped. There can be no dispute about this. If God is, He is benign, good, just ; He is Creator, Sovereign Master, Lord. We do not now speak of Him in relation to the Christian economy. We speak of him absolutely, as God. As God, He is all and more than we have said He is. As God, then, He must be worshipped, and be worshipped by man. For man is His creature, and bears a relation of recipiency to God as Creator, Sovereign Master, Lord ; to God as benign, good, and just. Man is, therefore, bound to worship God. God being Creator, man is bound to worship Him with far more justice than the child is held to reverence his parents. Now, this relation of man to God, this obligation to worship, what is it but the essence of religion ? Given man, therefore religion follows as a corollary to God's existence, and God's existence is a fact that all men, to be consistent, must concede. We think, then, we are not saying too much when we affirm that all men are inclined to religion.

Our conclusion is not a little strengthened by what we see every day occurring around us. The topic of religion seems to be all-absorbing. Ever agitating, the mind is ever grappling with it, ever seeking to find rest by determining on some satisfactory solution. It is in vain that we seek to drive it from us. Like Banquo's ghost, it will not "down." It is ever demanding settlement at our hands, and will give us no peace until its demands are satisfied and, we may add, until satisfied correctly. Outside the true religion no one is at rest. To this constant unrest, arising from uncertainty, if we leave out those who, having been born in, have persevered in, or having sought, have found, the true religion and in it enjoy peace and tranquillity, there is no exception. All else alike—and the infidel as well—are subject to uneasiness and discomfort of mind. They are ever discussing with themselves, and are ever ready to discuss with any other willing to enter the arena, the question of religion. Though we have excepted him who, enjoying the true religion, enjoys peace, from the worry and excitement of unrest and the consequent all-absorbing desire of him who is unsettled to cross swords with an antagonist, apparent or real, in religious controversy, we make no exception of him to the general rule that religion is for all a subject of paramount interest. On the contrary, we say for him, even more than for others, religion is the uppermost thought of the mind. Now, this strange adherence of religion to the mind, this constant seeking for recognition, this refusal to be cast aside, is a phenomenon peculiar to religion

alone. Of no other subject is it true. Any other subject may by great effort be dismissed. We may refuse to think longer on a beautiful picture, a lovely face, or a handsome figure; a poem will be forgotten, scientific problems will cease to interest; politics have their season and are succeeded by quiet; tariff to-day may excite the country, but to-morrow it will be something else; even stocks, with all their excitement of rise and fall, of pleasure and profit, may loose their hold; any and all other subjects we may refuse to think on, but uppermost still there remains the subject of religion, and this by no effort can we shake off. After the mind has travelled about, after it has buried itself in investigation in vain quest of diversion and forgetfulness, unerringly and undeviatingly, as infallibly as the needle turns towards the pole, back must it turn to the old question of religion. This persistency of the subject of religion as a problem adhering to and perplexing the mind, this refusal to be driven forth, leads us to conclude that the idea of religion is, in a wide sense at least, innate in the mind of man, and that just as truly as man is a rational, so may he be called a religious, animal. " 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us."

A circumstance in Greek history forcibly evinces this religious craving of the mind. We learn, on the testimony of Juvenal, Persius, and Horace, all of whom, however, cite the fact but to ridicule it, that many Greeks, after becoming convinced of the hollowness and sham of paganism, and perceiving its utter untenableness, were yet unwilling to abandon themselves to total unbelief. As an alternative, they chose rather to cast their lot with the Jews, whose religion, while not believing, they saw to be more consistent, and if it did not satisfy, tended, at least, to relieve them of the desolation of paganism, or worse, no religion. Accordingly, with this end in view, without caring for the reality, they adopted the letter and ceremonial of Judaism.

As is the experience of the individual, such, also, is the universal experience of the race. Whenever and wherever we find man, there we also find religion. It was not the Jews alone who possessed a religion. No nation, no people destitute of it has ever existed. Plutarch we believe it is who says, it would be more wonderful to find a city without walls, laws, and government, than a people without the knowledge of God. Trace back the history of nations and peoples, go back as far as history leads us; leaving history, march into the realms of tradition, until tradition itself is lost in the "twilight of fable," and at no time and in no place will you find a people who worshipped not God in one or another manner. The ancient Chinese, 3370 years before Christ, followed a system of natural philosophy given them by the great Fo-hi. Succeeding this, there was introduced a religion which gave su-

preme homage to Tien. Subject to Tien, or Heaven, were many subordinate gods. In the course of time Buddhism crept in. The Buddhists expected a redeemer who was to come from the west. In India, after the pantheistic religion first practised by the inhabitants, Buddhism and Brahmanism had a fierce and long strife for the ascendancy. It appears that Brahmanism was at first successful. But Buddhism had its day of triumph also, for we read that it succeeded Brahmanism. The Hindoos possessed sacred books which they called Vedas. "These contained all revealed truths, and form the four most ancient collections of documents bearing on religion." Their contents were said to have been given by the Deity. Tradition says that Brahma appeared in person to the Hindoos. A most firm belief was entertained in the coming of a promised saviour. The Chaldeans worshipped the stars. The sun was their chief god. The Persians had a dualistic religion. They honored Ormuzd as the true and eternal God, while they feared Ahriman as the spirit of darkness. What seems to be a later invention is that Ormuzd and Ahriman were the sons of an omnipotent being, Zervana Acarena. The resurrection of the dead was believed in, and its accomplishment was attributed to Sosoish. Astrology was the basis of all religion in Egypt. The chief gods of the Egyptians—for they had a multiplicity of deities—were Isis and Osiris; and supreme honor was paid the latter, who was called the sun-god. But the Egyptians did not confine themselves to planets in their worship of gods. They worshipped animals, many of which they deemed sacred. The orgies of Egyptian worship are revolting in the extreme. In this respect the Egyptians were below all of the ancient nations. Two systems of religion seem to have obtained amongst the Greeks, one, that of the vulgar, was at first universal and consisted in the worship of the Olympic gods, chief among which was Zeus; the other was an esoteric religion, or religion of the wise, which gradually began to obtain ground as the former lost it. This second proposed a belief in a first being, and was altogether more deserving of consideration than the former religion of the Greeks; yet it was hollow and hypocritical, and entirely unable to satisfy the acute minds of a people who had become tired of sham, and longed for something more substantial to relieve them of the desolation which weighed on their spirit. The religion of Rome, as far as Rome possessed a religion characteristically Roman, was in form monotheistic. After Rome became rich and powerful, and even before, she copied Greece. Thus did it come that Rome worshipped so many gods that it was said of her that she worshipped more gods than there were planets in the heavens. Yet the religion of Rome never entirely lost its monotheistic form. St. Augustine affirms that all the Roman gods cen-

tred in one. But long before Christianity appeared knocking for admission at her gates, Rome had ceased to possess any religion at all. Infidelity was the popular profession.

To this universal existence of religion savage nations offer no exception. The discovery of the new world opened up a country inhabited by a people who must have been separated for centuries from the rest of mankind, but who, nevertheless, amidst virgin forests and trackless wastes, looked up in awe to the "Great Spirit" or Manitou. The inhabitants of Central Africa, as well as the Pacific isles, to-day practise a rude form of religion. In a word, nowhere and at no time do we find a people without some kind of a religion. Sometimes the religion found is coarse and primitive, sometimes sensual and hellish; nevertheless, the practising of it even in these forms shows a consistency and conformity to nature of which our modern infidel, if we are to believe himself, is wholly bereft.

Besides this universality of religion, teaching that the religious idea must be innate in the mind of man, there are other striking features which will not have escaped any one's notice. One is, that nearly all peoples seem to have a tradition of the fall of the race. Thus, for instance, the northern nations have a tradition that the ases or gods, in the beginning of the world, lived in Asgard or Paradise, from which they were expelled because of their lust and avarice. The Hindoos speak of four ages, in the first of which, called the age of truth, lived Brahma, who, because of pride, was expelled from Brahmapatna or Paradise. The Persians, also, on the teaching of the Zend-Avesta, believed that the world had four ages, in the first of which men dwelt in the land of Ormuzd and enjoyed the "hundred happinesses"; but having allowed themselves to be deceived by Ahriman, they fell from their high estate. The Chinese have a legend, which says that before Fo-hi came into the world, men lived in a state of perfect happiness and in complete accord with the brute creation. After Fo-hi, begotten of a dragon, appeared, having set himself to acquire knowledge and succeeding, happiness, which till then reigned, was dispelled by knowledge. All will perceive what a similarity these traditions bear to that known as the Christian, founded on the Mosaic account; also, how natural are the divergencies noticeable.

A second feature is, that all nations retained a vague conception of the One True God. This may not at first strike all as being true, and yet it is, strictly. At first glance it would seem that the multiplicity of gods worshipped contradicted the monotheistic idea. A little further thought will show that it does not. Although many gods were recognized by ancient peoples, yet were they all recognized as subordinate to some one supreme God. We think it will be difficult to point out a single nation of which the contrary

is true. Authors are not over-clear on this subject, at least some are not; but we do not believe any author will be found asserting that there did not exist among all nations some traces, some vague memory of One True God.

But the most noteworthy feature of this universal tradition is that it all pointed to the coming of a Saviour or Messiah. This is the central figure around which are grouped all the others, the main fact to the sustaining of which all others contribute. All ancient tradition blends into one common voice, announcing the advent of a Christ, who was to renew the face of the earth. Whatever else was rejected, whatever else men forgot in the long lapse of ages, this coming of a Saviour was not rejected or forgotten. Everything pointed towards it, everything went to give it a firm basis in the minds of the people. The idea as scattered may have grown dim and misty, its boundary lines may have become less marked, its shape and form less distinct; but, instead of losing its hold on mankind as these its outward marks grew vague, it seemed rather to obtain a firmer grasp. So bound up with the destinies of the people and so intimate and present had it become to them that we may compare it to the pinnacle of a grand edifice, made up of varied and diverse materials, some of which were rough enough, but were growing into harmony as they approached the top, an edifice that had stood for thousands of years, around which during all this time had played the winds and storms, but without producing any other effect except to chip off the corners and gables and sombre the walls.

The expectation of a Messiah was the one bright star illuminating the firmament of the ancient world. It begot hope in the hearts of peoples sunk in the gloom and despondency of paganism, and cheered them to look forward to the coming of a brighter and better day. When overcome by desolation of spirit arising from the hollow forms that religion, as known to them, presented to their imaginations, this glowing picture of the future, when the earth was to be blessed and happy, rose up before them to comfort and console. The accomplishment of the reality was the bread the people were crying for, alas! how long crying for in vain, until, overcome by the disappointment of ever receiving a stone, the cry had settled down into one long, continuous wail, broken by but few faint notes of gladness. Amidst this wilderness of desolation and gloom we can understand, as the world grew old, what a source of joy must have been the thought of that promise made so many ages ago, whose fulfilment must be now near at hand. Ah, what a magic power must not its mention have had, especially for all oppressed and enthralled nations who looked to the Saviour's coming as the day of their deliverance! How must not old faces, grown long

with waiting, have beamed with joy, how must not heads bowed with cares and troubles have been lifted up, how must not the hearts of all bounded as they heard the Saviour spoken of! Possessing such a power to charm and such a potency to soothe, may we not in imagination look back through the years to the time when the Saviour's coming was the thought that engrossed all minds, and thus looking back may we not see friends, as they gathered about the couch of the sufferer, whisper the Saviour's name, while the eyes of the sick one, as he heard it, beamed with strange light; or may we not see the mother, as bending o'er her little one to stop his infant cries, she told of the happy days that were to come, while, as if hushed by talismanic spell, the child dried his eyes and began to smile? The coming of a Saviour was an event ardently expected by all the ancient nations. In the east they pointed towards the west, in the west towards the east, as the place of His advent. The idea had so gained ground at the time of Cicero that we find it spoken of as an event certain and soon to be accomplished. Dionysius and his friend, Apollophanes, of the Areopagus, looked daily for its fulfilment.

We have said that the Messianic tradition was universal. We have not, however, as yet spoken of that people who, more than any other, treasured the hope of its fulfilment, and who, more than any other—going forth to every land—caused the diffusion of this hope throughout the world. This was the Jewish people. From the time of Abraham we find the Jews, who were of Chaldaic origin, separating themselves from surrounding peoples, and asserting for themselves a special mission, the keeping alive of the knowledge of the One True God and of the Saviour's coming. The Jews possessed a number of books which were delivered to them by Moses, the great law-giver. These books, the Jews claimed, were written under Divine inspiration. They contained an account of the origin of the world, of man, prescribed certain laws for government, etc. According to their account, man was created out of the slime of the earth, after God's own image and likeness, and after creation placed in Paradise, a garden of all delights. Man's original condition was that of pure innocence. Having sinned, he fell from his high estate, became deteriorated in body and mind, subject to concupiscence, sorrow, death, and forfeited his rights to Heaven, which, if he had been faithful, was to be his. Although displeased at man's sin, God, because of a great love He bore man, did not abandon him. Nay, He promised that, in time, a Saviour would be born, who would repair the ruin caused by Adam's, the first man's, sin, and re-establish harmony between earth and heaven. The Jews were God's chosen people. There was imposed on them as a binding obligation, the observance of ten commandments em-

bracing all the natural law. These commandments, engraven in tablets of stone, were given by God Himself to Moses amid the lightnings and thunders of Sinai. As long as the Jews observed them, no harm would befall the Jews themselves; but if they departed from these laws, they—the Jews—were to be punished, or as Achior, in the book of Judith, so beautifully relates to Holofernes: "Wheresoever they went in, without bow and arrow, and without shield and sword, their God fought for them and overcame, and there was no one that triumphed over this people but when they departed from the worship of the Lord their God." Such in brief was the Jewish tradition. By comparison, we will find that, in its main features, it differed not essentially from what we have seen was the universal tradition of mankind. Rather may we say, both are in full accord, proving plainly the fact and the unity of a primitive revelation. The main points of agreement are: First, the assertion of a One God; secondly, the preservation of a remembrance of the fall; and thirdly, the central point of all revelation, a belief in the Messiah. The Messianic idea we trace, therefore, to a primitive revelation, and of it we predicate the same universality as of the revelation on which it rests.

But to what purpose have we established this? It may, perhaps, by some one be said: Granted the fact, what does it prove? Granted that the Messianic idea or belief in a Saviour has always and everywhere existed since the beginning of the world, that it is universal in time and space, what from this do you deduce? The name of the Messiah, His nation, the time of His coming,—of these all that has been said tells us nothing. On the contrary, because of the very vagueness, and, at the same time, universality of the idea, the confusion becomes denser, and the difficulty of *locating* the Saviour all the greater. The validity of the objection, as far as it concerns the failure of what has been said to tell us who or what the Saviour was, or whether or not he has come, we cheerfully concede. In order to *locate* the Saviour, we must proceed after a different method. But to accomplish this end, we do not deem it necessary to go aside from the beaten path, despite the fact that the Jews, following it, with all their facilities for knowing the Saviour failed at His advent to recognize Him. Their failure, however, was not owing to ignorance or to the insufficiency of means which had been given for knowing the Saviour, but rather to their blind and stubborn prejudices. In order to locate the Messiah, it will be necessary merely to establish the divinity of Jesus Christ. The arguments by which this is done are familiar to all. We indicate but a few of the best known: That such a person as Jesus Christ existed, is a historical truth. To doubt it were to doubt all evidence. Of the existence of no other person have we so abundant

and irrefragable testimony. The life of Jesus may be narrated in a few words. He was born of a virgin, in a stable, at a village of Judea called Bethlehem. The circumstances surrounding his birth, though unknown to the world at large, were of a most extraordinary kind, clearly pointing to supernatural agency. After His birth, Jesus led a most retired life for thirty years, during which period we hear of Him but once, when, interrupting His usual quiet, He went to the temple where He disputed with and questioned the doctors of the law, at the same time surprising them by the acuteness of His intellect. For three years, after He had attained the age of thirty, He went about preaching, teaching, and continuing on a larger scale what had marked His whole life, the doing of good to all who came in His way. During His public life He proclaimed Himself the Son of God, the promised Messiah, whose coming the world had been so long waiting for, and, in confirmation of His assertion, wrought many signs and wonders. Although unable to explain the miracles He wrought, the Jews, who had expected the Messiah to come in pomp and glory, repudiated the claims of Jesus, whom they saw in the garb of humility, and culminated a most unholy and brutal torturing of Him by putting Him to death on a cross. Jesus accepted the death that He might manifest Himself master of death. This He did by coming forth from the sepulchre, the third day after His burial, glorious and immortal. Having remained on the earth forty days, in the presence of many witnesses, He ascended into Heaven. Such was the life of Jesus Christ on earth.

He proclaimed Himself the Messiah! Were His claims true? The united voice of nineteen centuries answers, yes. True, here and there, there have always been some to deny, yet even these admit that, if the whole story about the long-promised Messiah be not a myth, then that Saviour came on earth in the person of Jesus Christ. The life of Jesus testifies He was the Messiah long spoken of and expected. The miracles He wrought, the virtues He practised, the wisdom He displayed,—all attest divinity. In the person of Jesus were fulfilled, also, all that the Sibyl had announced and the prophets foretold of the Messiah. The time, the place, the circumstances of the Saviour's coming, had all been accurately specified, notably by the prophets Jacob, Daniel, Aggeus and Malachy. In fact, every page of the Old Testament contains something in regard to the Messiah. Now, in no point does Jesus contradict anything, but, on the contrary, down to the minutest details, agrees with everything that had been foretold of the Messiah. The conversion of the whole world to Christ, the destruction of the synagogue which, up to Christ's time, though many times attacked, had never been completely overthrown; the substi-

tution of the new for the old economy,—all are so many facts attesting the divinity of Jesus. These arguments, presented in their full force with all their wealth of details, give us more than a moral; they give us a metaphysical certainty of the identity of Jesus with the Messiah. This is sufficient for us to believe, in all confidence, that Jesus is the fulfilment of the Messianic idea, that He is the long desired of nations, the seed of Abraham in whom all peoples were to be blessed. “When John had heard in prison the works of Christ, sending two of his disciples, they said to Him : ‘Art thou he that art to come, or look we for another?’” No such question need we ask. We have the testimony of nigh two thousand years to assure us. We have seen the miracles and wonders Christ wrought, and in His person we have seen the prophecies fulfilled, the Sibylline oracles confirmed, the expectation of all antiquity answered. No, we look not for another, but in full confidence we believe that Jesus is the promised Saviour, the Son of God, as St. Augustine says, who, quitting the eternal mansions of His father, “appeared to men, to a world in the decline of old age and in the throes of death, that, while everything about them was rapidly going to decay, He might by His presence infuse into them new life and vigor.” Therefore do we Christians, not only at Advent, but during the whole year, in expectation of His annual Christmas coming, sing the anthem of the prophet: “Drop down dew ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just; let the earth be opened, and bud forth a Saviour!”

To sum up. We find that, by nature, man is not inclined to infidelity, but to religion. This universal religious idea points clearly to a primitive revelation, the central figure of which is the Messiah. We have shown that this Messiah is realized in the person of Christ. Christianity, therefore, or a belief in Christ, is as old and as wide as the world itself. Man is naturally not an infidel, but a Christian. This is the truth, that our partial and discursive consideration of Religion and the Messiah has brought us. Can the infidel refute it?

IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE IN VIENNA.

ON a former occasion, we endeavored to record briefly a few impressions of Vienna, and naturally attempted, in the first place, a brief description of some of the most striking ecclesiastical buildings, though in so very limited a space not a tithe of the vast religious wealth of this enchanting city could be given. One of the temporal advantages of our faith is that we find ourselves at home, and derive profit and instruction from that which, to those outside the pale, is a closed book, or, at best, devoid of meaning. And in Vienna the Catholic will, in a peculiar manner, find himself on his own ground, for she is the capital of the only remaining country where the Church retains a large share of her ancient supremacy and dignity ; while, it may be added, nowhere will the Catholic traveller meet with a heartier welcome and readier assistance from her clergy. To the antiquarian the city of Vienna is full of boundless interest. To the student of art, whether music or painting, the magnificent opera house, concerts, vocal and orchestral, and the treasures of the collections of all kinds will furnish an inexhaustible source of occupation and pleasure. The galleries of painting and sculpture, one might well say, are all public, for even those which are nominally private are open to all comers, through the munificence of the princely owners, and the tourist is free to wander at will through the stately halls of the Czerwins, the Liechtensteins, the Harrachs and the Schönborns. Lastly, we would add, to the mere *flâneur* there is no city in the world that offers greater attractions.

We believe that, to the gentle influence of the Church in Austria, where, save during the reign of Joseph II., she has always been undisturbed in her rights, are due the charming manners of the people,—a geniality reminding one much of Ireland, a cordiality that at once puts strangers at their ease, and which is as different from the boorishness of the Prussian as light from darkness. The word, *gemüthlich* the shibboleth of the Viennese, is difficult to translate satisfactorily, but the sense of the adjective is soon realized. Teutonia is essentially the land of ceremony, but in Prussia, with all its many forms, there is no courtesy,—one meets only with etiquette. In Austria only is found the true politeness which is, after all, no more than respect for the feelings of one's neighbors.

To-day entry into Vienna is free. No papers or passports are demanded, and the mysteries of one's luggage are respected by

the politest of *douaniers*. A greater contrast to the system of thirty years ago could not well be imagined. Then Vienna was said to be as hard to enter as Heaven. Often enough an offer of the personal responsibility of some well-known citizen did not save the traveller from espionage, and his correspondence from systematic overhauling in case of suspicion. He might console himself as well as he could with the thought that the ambassador's letter-boy received the same polite attention. There is a story told of a certain English envoy at the Court of Austria, in the time of Metternich, who, smarting under the constant tampering with his letters, ordered, one day, an alteration in the seals, but of so slight a character as to escape the lynx-eyed postal spies, who continued to open and close the letters with a seal of the old pattern. Proof positive was thus obtained of the treachery. Shortly afterwards the diplomatists met in a drawing-room, and the envoy took the opportunity to say in the most friendly manner possible: "By the way, Prince, would you kindly let your employees know that we have for some time been using a different seal?" *Les maladroits!* exclaimed Metternich, for once off his guard. He shortly departed, and doubtless *les maladroits* had subsequently a very uncomfortable interview with their master.

Now the Viennese postal arrangements are equal to those of London. The letter-boxes, painted bright yellow, and bearing the double-headed eagle, are cleared a dozen times daily, and there is, in addition, an excellent pneumatic tube post for the rapid conveyance of messages in the old town.

But, though English-speaking travellers are free to come and go without passports or other documents, no prudent tourist will enter Austria, or, indeed, any other European country except Belgium, without a passport of recent date, or at least some positive evidence of identity. Over and over again it has happened to some luckless wight, ignorant of the language of the country, to be pounced upon by the police in mistake for some malefactor, and in the absence of documentary evidence, to be detained for hours, or even days. The police of Vienna inherit the Metternich traditions. They are smiling and courteous like the rest of the world, but one feels they have no uneasiness, for they know all about everybody. The ordinary policeman's uniform is smart and tasty: a short, dark, patrol jacket, gray trousers, and a black, peaked cap, with a red band. He is armed with a sabre, and wears on the breast his badge on a metal plate hung round the neck by a steel chain. They are a good-looking body of men, with quite a dapper, light-cavalry appearance, in marked contrast to the police of northern Teutonic latitudes, where the system—the "*fortiter in modo*" as well as "*in re*"—is reflected in the uniform

of cumbrous helmet and long, military frock-coats. As a rule, too, the types of face seen under the *Pickelhaube* are very unpleasant, nor will an attempt to cultivate the acquaintance of the owner receive anything but a rebuff. In Frankfort-on-the-Main, we believe, above all other places, the insolent brutality of the police has passed into a proverb, and many are the angry tales we have heard of their interferences and aggression. In Vienna, as elsewhere, the work of the police is commonly facilitated by the system of notifying at once all arrivals and departures. On reaching his abode, the traveller has put before him a little blue paper called the *Meld Zettel* or notice-ticket. Thereon he is invited to inscribe his name and surname, his profession and his place of birth, as well as his habitual dwelling. He must state his age and religion, also whether he be single, married, or a widower. If married, the names and ages of his wife and children must be given. The day of his departure must be notified by his landlord, or his representative, who must also furnish the address to which he is bound. In case these minute inquiries should fail to impress, a note is appended, wherein it is set forth that neglect to forward the report within twenty-four hours will be punished by arrest or a fine, while the penalty for a false declaration will be imprisonment from three days to a month. Thus the traveller is gently kept in hand, and, without his suspicions being excited, may be watched from one end of the empire to the other.

But the first business on arrival is to decide on a place of abode, and to a complete stranger this is rather bewildering. The hotels are very numerous, and of every shade of quality, from the colossal "Imperial" and "Grand," on the Kärnthner Ring, down to the modest "garni" where a traveller, with some knowledge of German, may have excellent sleeping accommodation for a sum so small as to seem ridiculous. In the modern hotels prices rule very high, and they are not much less in the "Erzherzog Karl" and "Goldener Lamm," both old-fashioned houses of high repute, and situated, the former in the Kärnthner Strasse, and the latter across the Danube canal on the road to the Prater. A traveller who does not mind noise, and who cares to see a thoroughly cheerful hotel of the old style, might do worse than try the "König von Ungarn," or the "Ungarische Krone," the latter in a street of celestial title, the "Himmelpforte Garse." Both are hard by the Cathedral, and are considerably frequented by Magyars.

In most hotels the rooms are large, and the furniture is handsome, but carpets are few and far between, while the washing accommodation is often Lilliputian,

For families, private apartments, which may be readily obtained, with or without board, are decidedly preferable, if for quiet only.

For what with the furious driving through the narrow streets, and what one may call the "domestic" noises of the hotels where people seem never to go to bed, and converse all night in stentorian tones, sleep is obtainable only by those having good nerves. One point, at any rate, is worth remembering. In the Austrian hotels there is always a large room on the ground floor called the "Gast-Zimmer," where refreshments are served in a somewhat rough style, and at very moderate prices to suit the poorer class; in fact, it, to some extent, resembles the "Tap" of English hotels. This resort is open nearly all night, and the unfortunate tourist, to whom has been assigned a room immediately over it, will find sleep impossible. It is, therefore, a good rule never to accept a room on the *entresol*, no matter how attractive, without ascertaining that it is not too near the "Gast-Zimmer." Hotel life in Vienna is expensive, and exorbitantly so for those who would, in ordinary English fashion, take their meals in the house. Except in the large modern hotels, which mostly date from about the period of the '73 Exhibition, there is no *table d'hôte*; but all have restaurants which are open to all comers, and where the traveller may dine at a fixed price, or may lose himself in the intricacies of a Viennese *Carte du jour*, which is often harder to read than to understand.

In the hotel-restaurant everything is paid for on the spot, to the great simplification of the hotel bill, which merely consists of the charge for bedroom and attendance. Hence, there is no conscience-stricken stealing past the office-window, at which reproachful faces are visible, but the traveller passes out to his dinner in peace, receiving on the way an appropriate benediction from the porter, together with the title of nobility. Under ordinary circumstances every meal, even breakfast, is taken at a *café*, and thus at least half the expense is saved. There are some little peculiarities in the way of living, which the visitor will do well to note, and do at Vienna as Vienna does. As a rule breakfast is taken early, and is always a light meal, consisting only of coffee and rolls, butter being conspicuous by its absence unless specially called for. This may seem little enough. But the coffee is so deliciously fragrant, and the rolls are such toothsome morsels, such masterpieces of the pictorial art, of all shapes and flavors, each more delicious than the other, that it would be nothing short of sacrilege to defile them with dubious butter. Bread in Austria is excellent; but in Vienna it reaches a pitch of perfection unknown elsewhere, even in Spain. The coffee is usually served in a large tumbler, well mixed with milk and with a spoonful of cream frothed on the surface. This is called *mélange*—coffee with less milk is called *capusiner* and its name suggests its color. Cream is in Vienna called *obers*

and *shlag-overs* or whipped cream is a favorite dainty. The excellence of the Vienna coffee is not surprising, for in that city the fragrant berry was first introduced to Christendom. In 1683, when Vienna was besieged by the Turks under Kara Mustapha, whose skull is seen in the museum of the arsenal, a young Pole, by name George Kulczycki, volunteered to enter the enemies' lines as a spy. Thanks to his thorough knowledge of the Turkish language and his disguise as a dervish, he accomplished his mission, returning with information which enabled the combined attack in front and rear of the Turks to be concerted and secured so signal a triumph for the Christian arms. As a reward for his courage, Kulczycki was presented by the municipality with a house in the Leopoldstadt and at his request the innumerable sacks of coffee berries abandoned by the Turks, in their flight, were handed over to him. Thus he founded the first *café*, to which he gave the name of the "Blaue flasche" (the Blue-bottle), and this by degrees became the resort of all that was brilliant and witty in Vienna. Here the popular singer "Augustin," the "du licter Augustin" of the immortal popular tune, gave forth his most satirical verses. With the death of Kulczycki ended the monopoly he had secured. Vienna was seized with a perfect mania for everything Turkish. *Cafés* opened in all directions, and have ever since retained their popularity. Not only are the refreshments offered therein excellent, but the service is a model to the rest of the world. The Viennese waiter is the prince of servants and a past-master in his art. He is sought for far and wide for his activity, good temper and courtesy. The instant a visitor enters a *café*, the waiter at a glance divines his nationality, and, with a kindly hospitality that has nothing obsequious about it, hastens to bring him, if he be alone, such newspapers as will be likely to please him, for the Vienna *cafés* are provided with a profusion of newspapers of all nations.

The hour of dinner—for we may as well exhaust the all-important food question—varies, but is almost always from 1 to 3. It is hard to find good cooking. The *cuisine* is essentially international, like the people. The most refined restaurants are those of the best hotels, while Sacher opposite the Grand Opera may be considered the Brebant of Vienna, and there are many others of high rank, such as those of the Breyings. But after all, the typical Viennese restaurants are the large beer cellars, of which the great establishment of Dreher, the renowned brewer, is one of the most remarkable. Here, at the hour of the midday meal, the noise and bustle, the incessant coming and going of all sorts and conditions of men, are not a little bewildering, nor is the constant passage up and down of peripatetic vendors of all sorts of wares, from newspapers and pamphlets to statuary and paper collars, conducive to tran-

quillity. At the first glance the *menu* seems almost hopeless even to the traveller who speaks German, owing to the number of words of Hungarian, Bohemian and Croatian origin, though, when divested of their disguise, the dishes are generally of a simple sort. Two Hungarian *plats* are very popular. One is "paprika-huker" or chicken served with a sauce containing capsicum, and of a pleasantly warm flavor. The other is a kind of grill, called "gulyas." This is a Hungarian word meaning "shepherd," and doubtless refers to the simple cookery that prevails among these men when watching their flocks on the Hungarian "steppes" far from any habitation. The varieties of braised and stewed beef are endless, and "husaren-braten," "ofener-braten" and "marine braten" are strongly recommended. Young and tender pork served with juniper berries, and bearing the quaint title of "yungferu braten," is a very favorite dish, but the flavor seems strange at first. Vegetables appear under all sorts of strange names unknown in other parts of Germany, but are generally well cooked. Cauliflower is here called "karviol," and one of the genuine Viennese dishes is a mixture of rice and peas, called "risi-bisi," which will be found very tasty. The traveller will find it prudent to abstain, at any rate in hot weather, from the crabs, and tempting little lobsters called "scampi," which are brought hither from the Adriatic. The fish market, held on the "Franz-Josef Quai" beside the Danube Canal, is well worth a visit. "Huchen," a kind of trout, and "schill-fisch," a large and bony fish of the carp variety, are natives of the Danube, as also is "sterling," a fish much resembling sturgeon in the color of its flesh. From the "Platten-See," a great lake nearly fifty miles long, near Agram, comes the "fogasch," a succulent fish of excellent flavor.

The Austrian wines obtainable in Vienna are delicious,—so much so that it is a matter of wonder how little is exported, at any rate under its own name. Austria has for centuries been a wine-growing country. The Emperor Charles IV., in 1368, brought from Burgundy vines which were planted at Melnik and Czernosek in Upper Austria, whence to this day come wines of a very high class. The town and vineyards of Melnik, situated north of Prague, at the confluence of the Moldau and Elbe, form part of the domain of Prince Lobkowitz, whose palace at Vienna in the rococo style gives its name to a square in the old city.

The wines of Hungary have obtained a world-wide reputation, but there are Austrian wines quite as good which are unknown beyond the frontiers. The most popular is "Vöslauer," a red wine made around Vöslau, a charming resort about eighteen miles south of Vienna, on the line to Triest. This district for several years has been favored with splendid vintages, and the growths of Herr

Schlumberger bear favorable comparison with the best of the wines of Burgundy. On the same line of railway and still nearer to the capital are the vineyards of Gumpoldskirchen, whence a choice white wine is produced. North of the city there are vineyards in profusion, and from the summit of the lofty Kahlenberg, a charming excursion now made without fatigue by the "rack and pinion" railway, a fine view is obtained of vine-covered hills stretching in all directions and even extending down to the suburbs of the city. Around the Augustinian monastery of Klosterneuburg, a superb white wine is grown; the red also is excellent, though of less repute. This palatial monastery owes to its vineyards a large portion of its vast wealth. The treasury with its profusion of rich altar plate may be visited by the permission of the Abbot—also the "Kaiserzimmer," or grand hall adorned with rare old tapestry.

In the Leopold's Kapelle of the monastery is the celebrated Altar of Verdun, consisting of fifty-one plates of metal bearing rough representations of Biblical subjects ("*Niels*" work) and dating from 1181. These are the earliest attempts at engraving known to be in existence anywhere. Indeed it is considered by many that the art originated with Maso Finiguerra, in 1450. The chapter house possesses some rich thirteenth-century stained-glass windows.

Another curious relic preserved here is the ancient archiducal hat that was used at the ceremony of taking the oath of homage and fealty to the Archdukes.

The wines of the estate may be had in perfection at the Stiftskeller or Monastery Cellar hard by, and in an adjacent house may be seen a monster cask almost as large as the celebrated giant of Heidelberg.

In addition to these, the *vins du pays*, the wines of Styria are obtainable in Vienna, and some of them, such as the "Pickerer," "Kirschbacher," and "Sandberger," from the neighborhood of Gratz, are excellent. Istria and Dalmatia both send to Vienna quantities of wine which is well worth a trial. At the "Dalmatian Keller" in the Dorn Garse may be tasted the "Terrano" and "Istriano," as the two chief *vins ordinaires* of Triest are called.

The latter is a remarkably full-bodied wine, black as ink and of full flavor, but is usually drunk mixed with water, "Refosco." A dark sweet wine should be tasted with reverence, for it is said to be the wine whose praises Horace has sung. The vineyards of Dalmatia are at present but roughly tilled, but there is no doubt that hereafter, with more care bestowed on the cultivation of the grape and in the making of the wine, a prosperous future lies before that country. Before leaving the subject of wine, it may be

mentioned that the traveller should not leave Vienna without visiting the "Esterhazy" wine altar in the Haarhof.

This ancient and most quaint establishment, at which Hungarian wine is sold, is open only for four hours each day, viz., from eleven to one, and from five to seven o'clock. A flight of steps leads down to the cellar, and the scene in it at noon is very amusing. There are no chairs, tables or gas-lights. A few coarse tallow candles yield such light as customers appear to require. The vaulted roof is black and smoky with the dirt of ages. Along the walls are ranged rough oak benches, worn and greasy—while upon them are seated those customers who prefer to consume their refreshment on the premises. At the extremity of the cellar is the counter formed of planks simply resting on two barrels, and behind this barrier the cellar men, with aprons on and their sleeves rolled up, are hard at work raising and filling bottles, jugs and glasses, while a clerk seated at his desk, his snuff-box and a goblet of wine before him, notes down every sale. Lost in the obscurity beyond, one can distinguish the outline of two long rows of barrels. So great is often the crowd at the counter that a *queue* has to be made of those coming to receive their supply, and among them all classes are represented. Wealthy merchants drop in for a glass, and servants come with bottles to be filled. For although only two varieties of wine are sold, both are of excellent quality. Hither and thither move perambulating vendors of sausages and other delicacies, while many of the poorer visitors bring with them the materials for a substantial meal. The clouds of tobacco smoke, the babel of tongues, and the ceaseless movement to and fro of the crowd seen through the dim light, make up a quaintly picturesque scene.

In every part of the Austrian empire pure wine is the ordinary drink of rich and poor. As a consequence those establishments for the sale of *consolation* that ruin French workmen, are unknown. In Vienna one finds no *assommoirs*. A few dram-shops there are hidden away in corners as though ashamed of themselves, and subject to very strict police regulations.

At four o'clock in the afternoon all the world takes coffee. The *cafés* are all crowded, and it is difficult for casual visitors to find a place. The amount of time spent at the *café* must be enormous. There are many who for years have been seen at the same hour in the same seat at the same *café* reading the same newspaper, and the presence of a stranger in the accustomed seat would be strongly resented, though such a catastrophe would probably be averted by the waiter's dexterity. Regular visitors are called *Stammgäste* as opposed to *laufende* the name given to chance customers. The traveller who wishes to see his English or American paper

promptly will always find it ready for him as soon as he is recognized as a *Stammgäste*.

It is on returning home at night that the visitor encounters a regulation altogether peculiar to this city. Paris has long groaned under the tyranny of the *concierge*, but the Vienna porter is entrusted with much greater powers. He is called the *Hausmeister*, and master of the situation he undoubtedly is. After ten o'clock the *Hausmeister* is entitled to a fee of ten *kreuzers* (nominally equal to two pence, English money, though actually of less value) for each time he opens the house door. And not only is the sum exacted for entrance, but for exit also, and thus any one who entertains a few friends in the evening at his rooms puts quite a handsome sum into the pocket of the *hausmeister*. On unsuspecting strangers the tax is often levied twice over by means of tricks such as the following: One of our first evenings in Vienna we naturally passed at the opera. On returning to our door in a cab, we entered and paid the *hausmeister* his fee, but not having sufficient small change to pay the cabman, had to go upstairs to fetch it. On returning we found the great door again closed, nor could we open it without the *hausmeister*, who again demanded ten *kreuzers* for doing so, and would probably have shut us out again, with a view to a third edition of the ten *kreuzers* had we not stood within the doorway and called the cabman to us. The *hausmeister* has, of course, an exact knowledge of all that takes place within the house, and his office is greatly coveted. He is for the most part a majestic creature, though usually affable and smiling. In the best houses he is adorned with a tail-coat and brass buttons and an ample red waistcoat—but in houses of less pretensions his costume is often more or less *dégagé*; so much so, indeed, in the hot season as to be startling to English prejudices. In the morning he unbends, and may be seen sweeping out and watering the court-yard and *porte-cochère*, receiving the salutations of and exchanging scraps of gossip with passers-by. On fine Sunday afternoons he installs himself with his wife and olive-branches on chairs at the door, or, if the thoroughfare be not too frequented, he occupies a comfortable position on the pavement outside. Here the family are in a position to observe all that takes place and to criticise pleasantly the dress and appearance of the inmates as they pass out to their Sunday afternoon excursions. He receives his tax with a simple "thank you," as being his due. The national and (alas! that it must be said) old fashioned expression of thanks is "Ich küss die hände" (I kiss your hands), and the phrase falls pleasantly on the ear in these matter-of-fact times like an echo of days long past. It is now almost entirely confined to the poorer class. Servants invariably use it, and indeed

very commonly put it into practice by way of emphasis. It is odd to hear a railway porter say, "Ich küss die hände." At our arrival in Vienna porters were scarce at the station and in such demand that one had only time to ejaculate "hände," ere he dashed off to another traveller. "Baksheesh" is the essence of Viennese existence. Every one is tipped on every possible occasion, and cab-drivers, postmen, and shop porters all expect gratuities. Even the tram-car conductors have established a claim, which, however, is evidently not binding on the poorer classes. For almost all journeys by tram-cars the fare is eight kreuzers, and the odd two kreuzers are generally given to the conductor, who is wretchedly paid and hard worked. An amusing bit of pantomime occurs over this transaction. The traveller hands his ten-kreuzer piece to the conductor, who fumbles in his bag for the change—somewhat anxiously if the traveller be evidently a foreigner and possibly ignorant of local customs. The traveller waves his hand deprecatingly, as who should say, "Pray keep the change." The conductor doffs his cap politely, and says, "Ich danke recht sehr," or some such phrase, as though such a thing had never happened in the course of his experience. The tram-cars themselves are poor affairs, with seats arranged in a variety of ways—sometimes cross-ways, sometimes lengthways, and in some instances chairs are used. The overcrowding is fearful, and is only limited by the number of passengers who can somehow manage to hang on to the platforms of the vehicle. In winter-time the atmosphere inside the closed doors is offensive. The fares are low and the entire circuit of the old city may be made for eight kreuzers by means of the system of correspondence tickets or "umsteige billeté."

But if the tram-way cars are bad, the omnibuses are far worse. Generally of a dirty canary-color and of all sorts of quaint shapes and of various degrees of decay, they have compartments of first and second class, and some even *coupés* for smokers. At present steam tram-ways are not allowed inside the city, but outside the "lines" towards Mussdorf there is one. It runs along the carriage road, and it is the delight of the engineers to make their engines puff and snort so as to goad passing horses to madness and their drivers to fury.

Cheap and good means of conveyance is a want in Vienna, for the cabs are expensive. There are two varieties, the one-horse cabs or *einspanner*, and the two-horse carriages or *fiacres*. The latter are sumptuously fitted, and the wiry little horses, with their heads adorned with plumes, well adapted for their business. The drivers form a class by themselves, and one thoroughly characteristic of the city. The driver of a fiacre is proud of his profession.

He is generally the owner of his carriage and horses, which are kept in the best condition. He almost always wears ear-rings, is good looking, smartly dressed, and overflowing with good humor. He always has a *bon mot* ready to hand. As the visitor approaches a cab-stand, he is observed at a distance by the group of drivers, who cease their discussion, doff their hats and intimate courteously by gestures that their vehicles are at his disposition. As he passes, a jolly, smiling driver, hat in hand, accosts him, and invites him to take a drive. The average Briton under these circumstances becomes embarrassed, and his shyness makes him walk by with an air of haughtiness quite foreign to his thoughts. A good deal of harmless banter follows him. He may hear a voice say: "Don't worry his Grace. Don't you know the doctor has ordered his Grace to take walking exercise?" Sometimes there is a pleasant criticism of the apparently haughty one's face, figure or dress; though he generally remains in ignorance of it, for a long residence in Vienna is necessary to understand the *patois*. These fiacre drivers are the spoiled children of Vienna. They receive enormous *pour-boires*—they are addressed as "du" and petted by all the world. They drive at break-neck speed and pull up dead at certain crossings over which they are bound to walk.

The streets of Vienna—that is to say, the streets of the old city—have a wonderful charm. No two houses are alike. All are very high, and have large *porte-cochères*, frequently guarded by *caryatides* of every quaint form imaginable. The principal business streets are the Kärnthner Strasse, the Kohlmarkt, and the Graben, which unites the other two. The shops are extremely attractive, both as to their wares and the mode of exhibiting them. After a visit to Vienna, the shops of Paris look poor by contrast. The leather goods are renowned, especially those thousand and one little nicknacks, of purses, letter-cases, card-cases, etc., included under the generic name of "galanterie waaren." Fancy metal work is now all the rage. Bohemia is noted for its garnets, and lovely specimens of this little-valued stone are to be found here. The variety of costumes and national types contributes to the picturesqueness of the streets. The ladies show in their dress a decided leaning to bright colors, while the use of paint and powder is universal. The women of the poorer classes either go bareheaded or wear mantles of lace infinitely more becoming than bonnets. The method of dressing the hair, even among the poorest, is very elaborate, and evidently requires skill. In the streets one meets the Slav travelling tinker, in his curious rags and broad-brimmed hat, his legs and feet swathed in bandages, and his bundle of tin saucepans and kettles on his back; the Bohemian musician, who

wanders from house to house, giving a concert in the court-yard, until ejected by the "Hausmeister;" the vendor of apples and onions, with his basket on his arm. This latter class are spoken of as "Croaten," albeit they are no more Croats than the sausages sold at every corner and called "Frankfurter" are natives of that city on the Main. The Poles, the Wallachians and Serfs are now, alas! rarely seen in their national dress, or what remains of it. But the Hungarian usually wears a loose, gray jacket, generally frogged and braided with green, and his low-crowned, felt hat is ornamented with cock's feathers. The Jews, who are very numerous, affect long, flowing robes, of dark color, and often trimmed with fur. The hair and beard are worn long, and elaborately curled. At home the curls are kept in *papillottes*, and, if common report is trustworthy, rarely disturbed by the comb. The Jews are the creditors of the entire nation, and, therefore, little loved. They have only been completely emancipated since 1856. Even in 1849 they were not allowed to pass the night in Vienna, without the written permission of the police, which had to be renewed every fourteen days. The streets of the new city are comparatively uninteresting, and of what may be called the cosmopolitan style of architecture. The exception is the magnificent Ringstrasse, a colossal work now in the main completed, though the details are still wanting. Its average breadth is nearly sixty yards, and it is lined with handsome buildings, some, perhaps, more showy than tasteful. To attempt a description of them would be useless, and it will only be necessary to refer briefly to three of them. On the Franzen's Ring stands the new Rathhaus or *Hotel de Ville*, built in the Italian palatial style from designs by Schmidt, and ornamented with a profusion of statues. This building, with its seven court-yards, the largest surrounded by arcades, its endless council chambers, committee-rooms and grand halls, is well worth a visit. The space in front is laid out as a public garden, and here twice a week a military band discourses sweet music for the public benefit.

Further on along the Franzen's Ring, a great architectural contrast is seen in the "Reichsrathsgebäude," or House of Parliament, in the Greek style, from designs by Hansen. The chamber of deputies, on the left, and the senate, on the right, form two separate buildings, ornamented with bas-reliefs, and surmounted by quadrigæ. Further along, the new grand opera house, in the Renaissance style, is reached. This magnificent building was literally the death of its architects, for one of them, Van der Nüll, strangled himself in a fit of insanity, and his colleague, Siccardsbey, died of an illness brought on by worry and anxiety, caused by the bitter criticism and opposition his work excited. It was

commenced in 1861, and was hardly completed in 1870. The exterior is a little disappointing, and does not compare favorably with the Grand Opera House at Paris, but the interior is undoubtedly superior to any theatre in the world. In the auditorium are seats for three thousand spectators, who have, every one of them, a good view of the stage. The house is handsomely decorated in white and gold, while the lighting and ventilation are absolutely perfect; in fact, no detail that could in any way contribute to the comfort of visitors has been neglected. The private boxes are furnished with mirrors, and extend through a sort of ante-room. On the level of the first tier of boxes is the grand foyer, adorned with spirited paintings of operatic scenes by Schwind, and busts of celebrated composers. Through the foyer access is obtained to an open loggia looking upon the Boulevard, and decorated with fine frescos representing scenes from "*Il Flauto Magico*," by Mozart. On pedestals, to the right and left, above the balcony, are winged horses which were put up in 1870. The Imperial box occupies the centre of the house, and behind it is the private Imperial foyer, as large as a throne-room. The stalls are very comfortable, and, by means of a spring, close automatically when the visitor rises from his seat, so that a clear passage is always left. Moreover, every one has a footstool and a place to deposit his hat. The arrangements on the stage are wonderful in their completeness. There is never any confusion or unsteadiness in the changes of scenery, the opening and closing of traps, etc., which are all carried out by means of steam and electricity. There are nearly seven hundred persons on the permanent staff of this vast establishment. During the summer season, when the house is closed, permission may be readily obtained to inspect it, and it is well worth a visit.

A word must be said of the "*Volk's-garten*," a pretty and shady garden hard by, which was laid out by the Emperor Francis in 1824. Here the world-famed Edward Strauss presides over an orchestra which, under his direction, has obtained a perfection of *ensemble*, a spirit, and a delicacy truly marvellous. The antics of Strauss himself, as, violin in hand, he conducts, and occasionally, when carried away by enthusiasm, dances a few waltz steps, are looked upon with amused reverence by the spectators, for Strauss is the popular idol. Admission to the inclosed portion of the garden in which the concert takes place, is obtained by a small payment, and on summer evenings no pleasanter resort is to be found in Vienna.

One of the first questions the tourist will ask himself, with some surprise, is, "Where is the beautiful blue Danube?" The river Danube—as a rule, anything but blue—flows at a distance of sev-

eral miles from the city, and only an arm of it, called the "Danube Canal," passes through the city. The river-steamboats that descend from Vienna to Pesth are too large to enter this canal, and passengers are conveyed to and from the landing-place in the main stream by small steam-launches.

To reach the Danube, one must pass the Prater, the celebrated park, more than 4000 acres in extent. The Prater became the property of the Imperial family in 1570, and was used as a hunting ground until 1766, when the Emperor Joseph II. threw it open to the public. It is reached by the busy "Praterstrasse," at the end of which is a large, circular, open space, called the "Praterstern." Out of this radiate two main avenues—the "Ausstellung's Allee" and the "Haupt Allee"—which cut the Prater into three fan-shaped sections. The "Haupt Allee" is bordered by a quadruple row of fine chestnut trees, and is the resort of all the fashionable world during the month of May. Here are seen the smartest carriages and horses, with servants in gorgeous liveries. The carriages of the nobility have not unfrequently a Hungarian *chasseur* on the box, wearing an immense plumed hat-bonnet.

But by far the most interesting part of the Prater lies beyond the main avenue and is called the Volk's Prater or Wurstel Prater, from the word Wurstel, a buffoon. The scene here is very characteristic, and recalls the expression of Mephistopheles, "Hier ist's so lustig wie im Prater." Every Sunday afternoon a sort of carnival is held. It is the Champs Elysées, the Fair of St. Cloud, the Bois de Boulogne and many more all rolled into one. At every step one passes theatres, circuses, menageries, displays of athletes and shows of every imaginable kind, fat ladies, living skeletons, three-legged ponies and two-headed calves innumerable; while in all directions are to be seen beer gardens, cafés, and restaurants in profusion. Around the most popular entertainments—at our first visit it was the switchback railway—the crowd is so dense that one can only pass with difficulty. On fine Sunday afternoons literally all Vienna turns out "on pleasure bent." Whole families, fathers, mothers and children, and often grandfathers and grandmothers too, young girls with their sweethearts, soldiers of every branch of the service, all make their way to the Prater and swell the vast multitude of pleasure-seekers. In and out among the crowd the venders of eatables, especially sausages and cheese, push their way with their baskets on their arms, the former with their cry of "salami," "salamuzzi," for Vienna has but little of a German air about it. Eating, drinking and dancing go on everywhere—for there is a concert or an orchestra in full blast every few gardens. But with all the bustle and excitement there is no disorder. The noise is deafening, but there is no foul language,

and the scenes of disgusting brutality and coarseness that disgrace Hyde Park any Sunday afternoon are unknown. Nowhere is a policeman to be seen. All are eager to enjoy themselves, and do so without making themselves offensive to others. A friend to whom we made some remarks on this subject, seemed amazed at the idea.

No visitor should fail to see the "Wurstel Prater" in holiday time, for nowhere else will he get so clear an insight into the habits and behavior of the masses in Vienna.

Vienna is preëminently the city of pleasure, and after a sojourn there Paris seems melancholy. The Parisian is devoted to pleasure, but he counts the cost, which the Viennese never does. Nowhere else do thousands of people slave and starve at home for five or six days, that they may scrape together the funds for a jollification on the seventh. And yet this is the normal condition in Vienna. The workman toils that he may have money for his Sunday outing, and if anything remains over, the "blauer Montag" or blue Monday sees it gone. He betakes himself to the suburbs, to Hernals or Doebling, where he regales himself with "heurigen," as the newly made wine is called.

Each vine grower is at liberty, during a certain period, to vend his own wines; a branch of fir shading the door is the invitation to enter. If the cash is all spent, Monday may be passed in sleep. But the Viennese is not lazy. He pursues pleasure eagerly, and when not so engaged can work, but he prefers to dance, and is prepared to do so on all occasions—as he did after Solferino and Sadowa. Vienna is now the only great capital in touch, as it were, with the past. Social changes have been slower to take hold here than elsewhere. But the tide has turned; and those who have not yet seen this most fascinating city should do so while the charm of the old natural gayety, courtesy and gentleness still lingers.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

Alessandro Manzoni. Reminiscenze di Cesare Cantù. Milano. Fratelli Treois. 1882.

IT is the blessed gift of some men, living and dead, to inspire warm personal attachments, and this was Alessandro Manzoni's. His friend, Cesare Cantù, writing of him, brings us within the charm of his presence and influence by the magnetism of his own devotion. The author of "I Promessi Sposi," is a friend already to those of us who have moved through the fine air where Cardinal Federigo and Lucia have their being; but having read Cantù's two volumes, we distinctively realize that that pure atmosphere was native to Manzoni himself, and that at no time could he have written of things that were not of virtue, and of praise, and of good report.

We learn that his life knew its hour of doubt, and that his faith was bought with a price; but this is a fleeting shadow over his eighty years of singularly serene spiritual experience. There is the restful, if passionless, tranquility of certain phases of Greek art in the record of that long life-time. Not that he was spared the domestic sorrows, the physical pains that are our common heritage; but in a certain pliability of disposition, in a certain adaptability to circumstances, Manzoni was one of those children of the times who yet "possess it," in the sense that the meek possess the earth, the gentle, the heavenly-minded.

His birthday takes us back to 1785, during which year his father, Don Pietro Manzoni, was married to Donna Giulia Beccaria, first by civil contract, and afterwards in due religious order in the family chapel of the Beccarias in Milan. Don Pietro was forty-five years old at the time, and survived in his son's memories as a gentleman of what was the old school in the first years of this century, costumed as for one of Goldoni's plays, pigtail, knee-breeches, ear-rings, gold snuff-box and cocked hat. His quaint figure passes directly across our stage and out of sight, but the lovely, graceful personality of Donna Giulia lingers. She was a woman of more intense individuality than of great intellectual grasp, capable of inspiring ardent attachments, and, in her own sphere, exceedingly, if delicately, strong. Cantù gives us an exquisite portrait of her, lithographed from an aquarello taken in 1829 which vividly suggests Manzoni's own refined, chiseled, sensitive features. Cantù tells us that she retained her beauty after

the soft, clustering ringlets on her forehead were snow-white, and that at that later day one was accustomed to see her with a fleecy-white shawl drawn about her; in the picture she wears a close frilled cap, undoubtedly as becoming as might be; Donna Giulia was of that order of women. It is easy to see her in cap and shawl, exercising a gentle tyranny in her son's house in after years. She worshipped his genius; she measured all other men by the standard of their appreciation of him; but she never abdicated her own sovereignty. It is possible that she never forgot that she brought to the family coffers the means to keep up a certain household dignity; at all events the linen was marked with her cipher; her judgment regulated the domestic expenses; her word was law in all domestic affairs; her daughter-in-law and her grandchildren deferred to her as the final domestic authority. The gentle soul who was Manzoni's first wife, and who had an angelic wisdom in holding her own in all matters of real importance and in yielding on all minor points, shared her woman's kingdom with Donna Giulia for long years. Sadly enough, when this sweet creature died, Donna Giulia was compelled to resign the sceptre so long swayed. She herself passed away finally in 1841, her naturally strong character sublimed by then into a saintship of its own; infinitely benevolent in alms-giving, practically religious, full of toleration for the follies and vices of all except for those who ignored her Alessandro's claims. Over her mortal remains; her son inscribed this epitaph:

"To Giulia Manzoni, the daughter of Cesare Beccaria, a matron revered for her great intelligence, her liberality to the poor, her profound practical religion; who is committed by her inconsolable son and by all her afflicted family to the mercy of God and to the prayers of the faithful."

But it was in his early manhood that Donna Giulia made the most direct impression upon the life of her son. She made Paris her home throughout Alessandro's childhood, and it is impossible to deny the fact that he was in a great measure left to shift for himself during these years of dependence. He drifted about from one school to another, spending some years at the University of Pavia, where, however, his name is "writ in water" equally with that of Christopher Columbus and of San Carlo Borromeo, who are both said to have studied there. There survive various poetical efforts of his written at this time, in one of which he belabors his then instructors greatly to their subsequent resentment. In another he describes himself, but doubtless not as "ithers" saw him. There is all the pathos of outlooking, ignorant youth in the two last lines of this sonnet:

"A stranger to the world, a stranger to myself;
The world and time to come thou show me what I am."

But in all his early verses there is the vagueness and the mannerism of the prevailing school of literature to which he is still in bondage.

In 1805 he joined his mother in Paris, returning there with her from a journey which she made into Lombardy for the purpose of interring the remains of her friend Carlo Imbonati, who had requested this last service of her in his will, the will in which he bequeathed to her his worldly goods.

This is a curious old-world instrument, a document that could not well have been written in any other day than in that of the exaggerated sentiment surviving the eighteenth century. Cantù tells us that the youth of Donna Giulia was "free from errors, if not devoid of sentiment"; and we hence conclude that the bond between Donna Giulia and Imbonati was one of the platonic attachments of the period which delighted in the uttermost verbal expression. It was through Imbonati's bequest that the fortunes of the Manzoni were materially mended, and that Alessandro was enabled to share his mother's fascinating Parisian surroundings, when she was a bright particular star in a galaxy of charming, brilliant women and polished, learned men. In return, Manzoni conferred immortality upon his mother's friend by his first published poem, "Verses in Memory of Carlo Imbonati." But these verses are marred by the defects alluded to before. There were certain artificial methods then in vogue which Manzoni subsequently abandoned; such as putting abstractions in the place of realities; avoiding all real names; as well as an excessive use of figures and allegories. All such conceits and affectations were necessarily antagonistic to the genius of the man whose literary style, as it now stands, is simplicity itself, and who through the most crystalline form of language appeals to a universal experience.

Imbonati's will alludes throughout to Donna Giulia as "my heir." It concludes by imploring "the high God, our common Father, to receive my prayers, made from the depths of my heart, for the best welfare of my heir, and to permit us finally to bless and to adore Him together."

It would seem that Imbonati's was not the only extravagant friendship inspired by Donna Giulia. In the same connection, we note that our own staid Benjamin Franklin, writing about this time from America to Madame Helvetius, whom he styles "Notre Dame d'Auteuil," exclaims: "I reach my arms to you across the waste of waters which separate us. I await the celestial kiss which I finally expect to bestow, one day, upon you." Cantù doubts

whether the religious connections of Madame Helvetius permitted her to await this heretic's kiss with equal certainty.

Madame Helvetius was one of Manzoni's best friends during his life in Paris, and a woman of much social importance. We get a glimpse of Manzoni at this time, in the memoirs of Madame Mohl, recently given to the world, by Kathleen O'Meara. Madame Mohl, at that time Mary Clark, was the intimate friend of Fauriel, one of Manzoni's associates. Among the few letters of Manzoni that have come down to us are some addressed to Fauriel; but they have small value for us. Manzoni had not yet struck the key-note of his attachment, and these letters contain little else besides commonplace compliments, trifles.

Call it a pardonable weakness if you will, but still a weakness—it was the fancy of Manzoni, in those days, to identify himself with his mother's rather than with his father's family.

He liked being called Manzoni-Beccaria, or even Signor Beccaria. Donna Giulia herself had much family pride and joyed in the belief that through herself the virtues and the intellectual gifts of the Beccarias had been transmitted to her son. These Beccarias had been for generations a typical Italian family of the rural nobility. Cantù draws a line between nobles and patricians, by the way, which it is difficult for us to appreciate from our republican standpoint; but he gives a most delightful picture of the surroundings of such a family as the Beccarias. It is a temptation to quote this page in its entirety; but were one to begin to quote verbatim from Cantù's volumes, it would be hard to tell where to stop. He is thoroughly fresh and *simpateca*; from his opening sentence, he takes his reader into his confidence and enlists his absorbed interest in the men, women and things he writes of; the soft Italian skies are above us; the soft Italian tongue is in our ears. The kindly Italian simplicity of feeling and speech pervades the whole record, but comes out especially in such characteristic fits as that which describes the life of Donna Giulia's ancestors. No doubt Alessandro's mental gallery was stored with pictures used later in his books, from his mother's own tales of the Beccarias, who had lived in their own lands like little kings, directing the affairs of their dependents, governing within their narrow sphere, in the midst of and yet above and apart from their subjects. We are told that these lords of the soil were doubtless aware of the existence of a sovereign; but only as a far-off king of whom they were themselves happily independent. It was their boast that they had never held public office or conducted lawsuits; it was equally their pride to have assisted for generations in conducting the services of the Church; to have sung in the village choir; to have swelled religious processions; to have been enrolled in devout confraternities;

to have visited the sick and to have fed the poor. Pride in such an ancestry is worthy and reasonable, and made a direct appeal to Alessandro's peculiar qualities of head and heart. A close bond sprang up between himself and his mother, and it was easy and natural for him "to see with her belief." She fostered his ambitious hopes in every way. Writing from Paris to his friend Pagani, he says: "my mother's continual occupation is to love me, and make me happy. I am content. I lack nothing except the inclination to apply myself to work; and if I fail in so doing, I am doubly to blame, since I have beside me so dear an incentive" (*si dolce sprone*). And again: "If you re-read former letters of mine to you, it will surprise you to be told now that my mother, that unique mother and woman, has redoubled her love and care of me."

About 1808, mother and son returned to Milan—we infer, with some regrets. Alessandro had already survived one desperate love affair—at twenty, this may be. Donna Giulia now took his matrimonial prospects in hand, and after casting about here and there, arranged a marriage for him with Mademoiselle Blondel, the daughter of a Genevese banker. This may fairly be cited as a successful instance of one of those marriages of convenience which are so foreign to our notions. The bride was sixteen, of a fresh fair beauty; gentle, easily moulded; the ideal wife for a man of genius. She bore Manzoni eight children, and won and kept his devoted attachment. Cantù speaks of her with sisterly affection, and this fair, gracious Signora Enrichetta smiles upon us from his graphic pages, in all the charm of pure and selfless womanhood. This union between a young Milanese noble and a Protestant burgher's daughter elicited a buzz of gossip, at which Manzoni exclaimed in his impatience: "Ah, blessed Paris, where not even the boot-black at the door would have known of it!" Both he and his mother, in truth, never ceased to rebel at the confined social atmosphere of Milan, after the independence of Paris. However, in spite of the disapproval of the gossips, in spite of the apparently commonplace and prosaic beginnings of this union, Manzoni and his Enrichetta, or Henrietta as we would say, were singularly blessed. Life was at very many times a sore burden to the poet, from physical causes; but his wife's pity and patience never failed him. The blonde, smiling little girl he married, who always spoke in French, and called Donna Giulia *maman*, grew to be his help-mate and cherished companion. She is the ideal Ermengarde of whom he affirms in one of his poems that she never knew all his love, nor learned "from the reserve of his lips the intoxicating secret of his heart."

Cantù declares that "her gentleness was the benediction of the poet's life; she guarded him with sisterly, almost with maternal

forethought, admired his talents ; screened his weaknesses ; united a matronly dignity with an affectionate familiarity, and was of the same mind with him in all things." Upon one occasion she tried to put in a pacifying word, when her husband and some of his friends were in the full tide of argument. But Manzoni stayed her with some heat—he still warm from the excitement of discussion. "You have too much good sense to interfere between madmen," he cried, "not a word, pray !"

After her death, he wrote in the album of a little niece, who was called for her : "Enrichetta—the synonym of faith, of purity, of judgment ; of love of others, of universal good-will ; of sacrifice, of humility ; of all that is saintly, of all that is lovely."

It was during the years of his married life with the Signora Enrichetta that his home was the delightful centre and rendezvous that Cantù describes it. The limits of this paper do not admit of indicating even by name the host of distinguished men and women whom the Manzoni counted among their friends and acquaintances. In the list may be included all the well-known Italians of the time ; intimates, these, who spent long hours with Manzoni daily, accompanied him on the interminable walks—or rather runs—in which his soul delighted, and made the reunions at his house memorable. Thiers, Montalembert, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, exiled princes, wandering stars of various dignities—all sought him out, did homage to him, sunned themselves in his cordial friendliness. This middle period of Manzoni's life includes more than one revolution in European politics, and necessarily much that is extremely interesting. We learn that friends came and went from political prisons, Cantù himself among the number. More than one conspiracy was developed, crushed, or carried to a successful conclusion. The lives of other men were thwarted, stagnated, dwarfed by these inauspicious causes, but, by some auspicious over-ruling of heavenly or earthly powers, or both, Manzoni's career pursued its serene way. The gift of friendship, already referred to, stood him in good stead ; the government that, at that time, held Italy under its despotic heel, was benignly tolerant of this one genius at least. His books somehow escaped the censorship of a tyrannical press ; his opinions were winked at. Doubtless, there was a superior "apartness" about the man which acted as the best foil against the darts and arrows of outrageous fortune.

The wife died in 1833, his mother, as aforesaid, in 1841, and these losses were followed, during the ensuing ten years, by the deaths of children and of friends.

It remains a problem as memorable as that propounded by the Sphinx, how a man's whole heart may be bound up in one woman

as was apparently Manzoni's in his *Enrichetta*, and yet how he, so soon, can take heart of *Grau* to console himself with the "several virtues" of some other love. During the last melancholy illness of his first wife, we mourn with Manzoni, as he tells how "every day I offer her to the Lord, and every day I ask her back again." There is an abrupt transition from this mood to that in which he takes a second wife within four years.

But sentiment, if outraged, was sufficiently avenged by the results of this marriage. It was a discord in the harmony of Manzoni's life, although, in outward circumstances, a suitable match in every way. His second wife was of a noble family, by birth, and by her own first marriage. This time the bride's pedigree could bear close scrutiny. But Manzoni seems to have been mistaken throughout in his choice, and his home was a very different place after its second mistress took possession. After awhile, his mother left it, and lived elsewhere during her four remaining years of life. We are told that the lady countess, as *Cantù* calls the second *Signora Manzoni*, by no means accepted all her husband's old friends, and that, gradually, one by one, they dropped out of the charmed circle, which used to meet around *Alessandro* in his own house, and which held intercourse with him elsewhere. Still, we may hope and conclude that there were alleviations to this state of things, and our biographer, not an impartial one where the *Signora Contessa* is concerned, admits that his wife and her child were a comfort to Manzoni during years of anxiety, and especially during his voluntary exile after the return of the Austrians. She also died, in 1861, and we are informed that *Alessandro* mourned her "according to her merits"—whatever that may mean!—and that, in a letter of his to his son, he speaks of her in terms of respect and regret. It is sad to follow Manzoni down into the gathering gloom of his eighty odd years. Is this sadness inevitable when the evening shadows lengthen? Does the twilight darkness fall like a curtain between our weary eyes and the immortal dawn about to glow upon us which we could not bear else?

Manzoni's was no "death from the gods." It was a gradual dissolution, a wearing decay of faculties of mind and body. He had never been strong; he had battled with ill health in nerves and muscles all his days; but death, the merciful, came to him slowly. The splendid flame of his divine intellect burned to its socket gradually, and died out at last, a feeble spark. But all human consolations were his; his friends thronged about him, eager to serve him; his fellow-citizens besieged his doors for news of him; all Italy was moved at the approaching end of her great son; the king sent daily to inquire for him; the homage to his genius and to his personal character was universal. The deep

shadows of his eighty-eight years were relieved by these high lights of respect and devotion.

When he died, and had been borne to his rest, the whole land raised a strain of passionate regret and praise. Cantù says there was a deluge of panegyrics and memorials and biographies; "lives of this man, whose sole life had been to think and to pray." The present biographer brings an apology to his task. He puts forth his chronicle, he says, awaiting the advent of a fit Xenophon to this Socrates.

Here and there, in the great and dear republic of letters, which, yet being human, shifts its scenes and changes its forms and phrases, in the lapse of years, a Saul, taller than his brethren, appears, holds his unerring mirror up to perpetual nature and writes for all time. Of such was Manzoni. Other books have been written and forgotten since it was put forth; but the world still reads and loves *I Promessi Sposi*, nor will cease so to read and love, as long as words have meaning. "This speech is the speech of the rest of us; but it is better than that of the rest of us. . . . Geniuses do not invent, they find." And "his verbal style is both correct and flowing; he is accurate as to details; he writes with serene gravity, with fervor, with a mathematical, theological and philosophical precision, wherein each word presents an idea, or expresses a fact; with that fine tact which shuns less familiarity of diction than vulgarity; with an exquisite delicacy of phraseology; with the fear before him of a false note in a symphony, always keeping in sight his Federigo's axiom of 'speaking out things everybody could understand.' It is not enough to say that he is a great writer; he is great, as are Homer, Plato, Dante, Bossuet; we stop short in saying that he pleases; more than that; his influence is active; he purifies and elevates the soul, so that we are better men and women; we are not satisfied with admiration of him; we make him a guide to follow, a model to imitate."

Cantù's enthusiasm is contagious; nor, having followed him through his record of the life of his friend and master, do we feel that it is excessive. In truth, there is about Alessandro Manzoni an atmosphere of genuineness, of sincerity, of candor, to which exaggeration and affectation are alien. Emerson's "a truth-teller is a truth-compeller" is verified in him. His is the simplicity of native kingships, claiming and holding its own.

Manzoni may live to posterity as a man of one book—with Cervantes and Richardson and Defoe—but the world is the wiser and the better, because that book is *I Promessi Sposi*. However, over and above the immortality thus won, his influence upon the religious and political thought of his day is incalculable.

We are more familiar through the literature of their country

with the brilliant men and women who have constituted the society of France than with their peers in Italy. The men of letters of his own race; the men conspicuous in political life; the thinkers; the scholars of his own nation, who were his life-long intimates, are many of them hardly known to us by name. We recall this and that vaguely in connection with them when we hear their names; but the association is general and misty; notwithstanding, in many ways, the associates of Manzoni were an illustrious band.

Among them was Silvio Pellico, whose story of his prisons has passed into a proverb. His simple recital probably did more to kindle and keep alive detestation of the Austrian rule, and courage and determination to resist it, than volumes of fervid oratory. Long, weary years of the youth of such men as Pellico and Cantù spent languishing in dungeons, might well bear fruit in the broader liberty of to-day.

Leopardi was also a contemporary of Manzoni, a poet and patriot in whom the fire of genius burned ardently, in spite of physical infirmities which made existence a burden, and which gave a gloomy and a morbid cast to all that he thought and wrote. Had it been possible for him to be a man of action, he might have worked off much that instead rusts and corrodes what he has left to the world. He stands as an antithesis of Manzoni's healthy moral and spiritual nature, and illustrates Pascal's doctrine, "*c'est malheureux de douter*," in truth a life-long unhappiness was his. Whereas it was with justice said to Manzoni in his youth by a friend, before his views had crystallized, that he was no sceptic, he was simply ignorant. His was not the sceptical constitution; he took early and freely to heart that saying of St. Augustine's: "Thou madest us for Thyself, and our wills are restless until they find rest in Thee." Religion pervades his thinking and his writing. His faith was all the stronger because he had tested and probed it; but we have no record of the transition period when this occurred. We are told that there was a *leggenda* at the time; but the *leggenda* has not come down to us.

Manzoni's house at Milan was the rallying point of the most distinguished society in the city. His friend, Tommaso Grossi, shared his home, and in Grossi's little room, on the ground floor, the band of friends were wont to assemble of a morning until Manzoni had come downstairs to his own study, which was opposite Grossi's and whither the company then adjourned. These were ideal *symposia*, where the uttermost intimacy, an unusual congeniality and sympathy, and a delightful good-fellowship reigned. When the meeting broke up, it would be followed by a walk; Manzoni was a prey to nervousness, and found his great refuge from attacks of unconquerable depression and strange fits

of morbid apprehensiveness in long tramps. The peculiar condition of his nerves made society indispensable on these occasions; but at the same time it was not easy to find a walking companion adapted to his peculiarities. He would start off at a pace so rapid that it was hard to keep up with him; this gait gradually became a run; and this he liked to keep up for hours. He depended upon these walks for his daily comfort, and yet they were not always easy of accomplishment. He was in the habit of making ready for them by laying aside various garments instead of putting on additional raiment according to the usual form. His friend, De Cristoforis, once started off upon one of these expeditions with Manzoni and Cantù; but soon fell behind breathless. "I will agree to go to Mass with you two, but not to walk!" he cried, and dropped out of line.

The Bohemian element with its tinge of eccentricity was lacking in this band of Milan's intimates, Manzoni was above any affectation of singularity; nor was he cursed with that species of vanity which is often the characteristic of those who live chiefly in an ideal world, which unfits them for personal contact with the ordinary wear and tear of daily life, where they are in constant dread of not being treated in accordance with their deserts. On the contrary, Manzoni was entirely in sympathy with the world of living men; and in his dress, his behavior, his habits, he accommodated himself to the ways of the people about him. He always kept up a certain state in his domestic establishment, to which his mother's inherited fortune contributed as well as his wife's. His wife's *salon* became another rallying point in the evenings for a circle of friends and acquaintances, which included the inevitable lion-hunters and tourists, eager to avail themselves of a casual meeting with Manzoni.

Manzoni's grace of manner and distinguished appearance would have made him socially attractive under any circumstances, independent of the halo of fame which encircled him. He was of medium stature, which in his old age was decreased by a stoop; his deep-set eyes were full of fire and expression; his play of feature was delightful, and a smile was habitual to his firmly moulded lips, never sarcastic, genuinely mirthful. In his old age there is said to have been a very striking resemblance between himself and Chateaubriand. Lamartine remarked upon this resemblance to Cantù, who had already received the same impression of Chateaubriand in Madame Récamier's *salon*, aged, bent, infirm, stroking the cat he carries. We do not learn that Manzoni had a similar pet.

But during the Signora Enrichetta's sunny reign, when the *sala* at Milan was at its pleasantest, Manzoni was erect and alert, bear-

ing his growing honors with serene gayety. His patience was severely taxed in those days by the multitude of albums brought to him to write in; as well as by the necessity of answering innumerable notes and letters—he who was ever a lay correspondent, and not especially endowed with the epistolary gift and grace. However, his goodness of heart enabled him to tide over these shoals and quicksands of greatness; and in consequence, he has left various charming memorials, here and there. Madame Louise Colet hands down a detailed account of her conversations with Manzoni. “Of course she enters into particulars,” cries Cantù, “she who could not even hold her tongue about her own love affairs.”

A friend whom Manzoni taught in her own house, where she lay for years bed-ridden, was the Marchesa Paola Castiglioni. We may fancy the comfort his genial task brought her in her fallen fortunes and great old age. She was accustomed to say that the number of the years of her life was too high for the lottery—ninety-five. The *lotto* was a recognized Italian institution.

Another of Manzoni's *habitués* was the Principessa Belgiojoso, who recalls the type of strong-minded, free-thinking woman-philosophers, who gave tone to French society at the time Paris was the home of Donna Giulia and her son. The Milanese Principessa had apparently a superadded charm. Tammaser, De Musset, Heine, Delacroix, all sang her praises, and worshipped at her shrine. Her literary tastes and her public affiliations alike drew her to Manzoni, and she came frequently to his house, when she was not wandering about the world, exiled for her active share in the political intrigues and conspiracies of the day. Manzoni, by the way, held, with Chamfort, that there is a sex in literature, and that a woman may be known by a phrase. He thought it worth his while to write the Principessa a very serious letter upon the publication of her *Formation des Dogmes Catholiques*. This lady is altogether a most striking and picturesque figure, married as she was to the flower of the Milanese youth, and descended from a long line of distinguished personages. Her life knew unusual reverses, and alternated between the extremes of luxury and of actual need.

On Tommaso Grossi, a poet of repute among his own people, Manzoni bestows his most constant friendship. Grossi is said to have been loved even by those who did not admire his poetry: “No genius, no hero, but a true gentleman” (Gran galantuomo). Manzoni set apart for Grossi's use two small rooms on the ground floor of his own house, across a hall from his own library, and opening into a garden. Here Grossi freely came and went until the time of Manzoni's second marriage. Then, fortunately, he

made a very happy marriage of his own. But while he lived under Manzoni's roof, he was the dear friend and confidant of the whole family. Manzoni delighted in praising him, and we find constant references to Grossi, through his papers. "Yesterday M. De La Croix said to me that Grossi speaks French better than an academician." And when Manzoni was requested to become a member of the Institute of Lombardy, he declined on the plea that he "should be ashamed to belong to a society which did not include Grossi."

Cantù's own relations to Manzoni were those of a disciple to a master. Manzoni revised his works; stimulated his thought, directed his opinions; was his exemplar in all things. Cantù was in thorough sympathy with the spirit of Manzoni's genius, and elected him his chosen poet, long before they met; so that there was in their intercourse the high charm of a realized ideal. No detraction altered the fervor of the younger man's admiration. Others declared that Manzoni was lukewarm in his conviction and halting in his praise or blame; that he had been known to withhold moral support even from his faithful Grossi; and that he had kept silence, yea, even from good words, when good words from him would have promoted a righteous cause. But Cantù secured Manzoni's generous approbation of himself when he was an unknown and struggling writer. He relates that the busy author yet found hours to devote to his service, in reading and revising his manuscript. He is at losing pains to explain that if Manzoni was reluctant to offer criticism of any sort, it was from a genuine, inborn humility. He tells us, in illustration of this humility, that when Lamartine and Thierry wrote to Manzoni, in warm praise of his paper upon the Untori, which had been quite ignored by Italian critics, he wrote them in reply: "*Ceux qui ont un grand nom font bien de s'en servir pour encourager ceux qui font jusqu' ou ils peuvent.*"

It might have seemed doubtful praise, to an Italian patriot, remembering still the troublous times of '48, when after Manzoni's death the London *Times* referred, as matter of commendation, to the facts that the Austrians, who had proscribed Fosch and Pellier, had left Manzoni in peace; and that no *gens d'armes* had ever crossed his threshold. But Cantù believes that the devoted friends of Manzoni stood ever between him and the persecutions of the foreign oppressor; and that it is due to their unselfish consideration that his name never appeared on the lists of the proscribed. Be that as it may, he is merely mentioned in the political records of the day as the author of "The Fifth of May" (an ode widely circulated at the time it was written, after the death of Napoleon). Also against his name in the public censure, we find inscribed: "A literary genius; an honor to his country." It is impossible not to

feel that Manzoni was comparatively lukewarm, as to the political dissensions and questions that rent Italy, and agitated his countrymen, during his middle-life. But as to his concern in the higher politics, that phase of social science which, as Cantù remarks, is of greater importance and calls for deeper wisdom than questions involving "kings, parliaments and diplomatists"; in all this, Manzoni's interest was profound and intense.

"In his relations to all that touched the people (the common people as they are termed); their bread; their morals; their consolations, or, as they are oftentimes called, prejudices, in his devotion to every detail of that political democracy which is rather political Christianity, I know no writer who approaches Manzoni; his point of view always included the people. . . . He bears in mind that the angels did not appear at the guarded gates of the great, but to the poor, neglected by a hard world."

His interest in the poor was real, personal, unfailing; while, on the other hand, kings and kings' ministers delighted to honor him. During an illness of his, at the time of the Austrian occupation, the Archduke Maximilian daily sent, or called in person, to inquire for him: "As though trying to cause the fact to be forgotten that he was an Austrian." Later Cavour was his honored guest.

It illustrates a certain impersonality about the man that he could include Garibaldi in the long and various list of his friendships, and receive with open arms that reckless warrior at a time when the latter was touring Italy and inciting its youth to "the worship of Saint Catilino and the invasion of the States of the Church." But Manzoni vouchsafed him a generous admiration. Embracing him, he cried: "I should undoubtedly feel my insignificance, were I to be confronted by one of the thousands of your brave soldiers; how much more so, then, standing face to face with their General." Garibaldi repaid this fervid speech with a well-meant compliment, in his novel of "Clelia." "I am over-presumptuous," he writes, "to attempt the composition of a novel in the age of such writers as Victor Hugo, Guerazzi and Manzoni." Rather doubtful company, this, for the author of the *Morale Cattolica*.

Another of his visitors was the Comte de Chambord, in the October of 1839, who sent in his card having Henri de France inscribed upon it. The Emperor of Brazil, also, swelled the list of his illustrious guests, and conceived a strong friendship for him. The Emperor repeated his visit as late as 1876; at this time he insisted that Manzoni, in defiance of etiquette, should sit beside him on the sofa. Manzoni, after some hesitation, yielded the point, saying, "Tyrants must be obeyed."

It is recorded that Manzoni copied his *Il Cinque Maggio* (Fifth of May) with his own hand in the album of the Empress Eugénie,

at the solicitation of a common friend, the then Italian ambassador at the French court. Years afterwards, he was begged to write a lament upon the death of Napoleon III., and it was urged that he had put forth a dirge when the first Napoleon had died. "Oh," he said in excuse, "I am old." When it was replied to him that there often survived fire, even in old age, he replied, "Fire at which no one is warmed."

In the Paris days we have referred to, he made friends who afterwards drifted out of his life, greatly owing to the fact that he was an inveterately bad correspondent. It was not "out of sight, out of mind" with him; but it was certainly out of sight, out of speech, written or spoken. Lamartine had a profound regard for him, and yet with Lamartine he held no intercourse during long years. Cantù meets Lamartine in Paris in the latter's lonely, decrepid age, forgotten by the careless world that had adored his youth, and Lamartine sends a touching note through him to Manzoni in Italy: "*Un souvenir qui est toujours un hommage, quand il va à un homme tel que lui.*" Cantù showed Manzoni this note, but kept it afterwards in his own possession.

In spite of this apparent indifference, however, Manzoni was far from accepting Chamfort's three-fold classification of friends: "Those to whom we are indifferent; those who are distasteful to us; those whom we detest." This same Chamfort, by the bye, was one of the brilliant circle of Madame Helvetius; and he it was who put many revolutionary theories into current phrases, one of which was his retort to Sieyès: "What is the third estate? a nothing which desired to become everything."

There was little congeniality between Manzoni and Thiers, who was frequently in Italy. There was a restlessness and an excitement about Thiers which did not agree with the tranquil dignity of Manzoni. They probably failed to understand each other. When Thiers was asked who was, in his opinion, the greatest living Italian, he named Gino Capponi of Florence. His interlocutor suggested Manzoni; but Thiers persisted, that Capponi had "*une plus grande portee d'esprit.*" Thiers was not in sympathy with a united Italy, and he disapproved of Manzoni's affiliation with the leaders who had this unity at heart. Thiers himself put in practice the proposition he advanced in the National Assembly, that we live in times of universal contradiction. He was, however, consistent in declaring that his country should never call for his services in vain. "I will do as much for the monarchy as for religion." And, dying, he bequeathed to his native land this reminder: "The republic must either be conservative or else cease to exist."

Balzac was another of Manzoni's passing acquaintances, between

whom and himself it would be impossible to expect any sympathy. The phases of human nature, which the French novelist chiefly portrayed, were far removed from Manzoni's pure contemplation. The art of Balzac was as diverse from that of Manzoni as was the personality of the two men: Manzoni, as we have described him—high-bred, intellectual, spiritual; Balzac, heavily-built, large-featured; his natural peculiarities intensified by his careless dress. Balzac's immense and immediate popularity contrasted no less with the gradual growth of Manzoni's fame. Balzac's works had an enormous circulation, not only in France, but also in foreign countries. He himself lived to a great extent in a world as ideal as that of his characters. He was always planning some wonderful stroke of fortune, which was to befall him, but he possessed, unluckily, no more than the average business talent of authors. He came to Italy expecting to drive a good bargain with Italian booksellers, in which he was disappointed. However, he had been paid twenty-thousand crowns for his "*César Birotteau*"; and we have it on his own authority that the translator of "*Hector Fieramosca*" spent more in advertisements than the author was paid down for the original manuscript. Balzac's egotism was so frank that he made himself and his doings his constant theme. During his intercourse with Manzoni it did not transpire from what he said that he had ever read *I Promessi Sposi*; the burden of his monologue was the novel he was then writing,—a comedy which was destined to make an immense sensation on the stage,—a collection he was engaged in compiling of his juvenile writings. He was also given to dissertations upon his vague pantheistic creed, and upon the curiosities of modern scientific research. But we are told that he never advanced a single idea breathing genuine humanity.

He and Manzoni had the one point in common, at least, that they wrote slowly, and elaborately revised their original manuscript. Neither improvised; neither wrote with spontaneity; there was in the case of each a chasm between the thought and its expression. But here the mere external resemblance stopped. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the French and the Italian novelist.

A tribute to Manzoni from a brother author is Bulwer's dedication to him of his *Cola Rienzi*, "as to the *genius loci*." But space fails us to record all the instances of respect and devotion which crowned his later years. His native city still gratefully echoes his name in one of the streets, and in her principal theatre; built, by the way, upon the spot where once stood certain houses, the property of his mother's friend, Imbonati.

Like some other writers of romances, Manzoni was not fond of reading them. Thackeray tells of himself that he devoured the novels of other men, and he gives especial honorable mention to

the tales of Dumas, and of other writers of an entirely different school from his own; but Manzoni would shake his head and say that "the manufacturers of certain sweets never cared to eat them."

In the sense in which Balzac and Dumas and their school were novelists, indeed, he was none. In its original conception, *I Promessi Sposi* was to be a Milanese history of the seventeenth century; and it only gradually assumed the character of a romance. A certain class of critics severally censured his choice of a time so barren in striking events and incidents; but for the machinery of the ordinary novel Manzoni cared little; his chief concern was with the workings of the human heart and with the common destiny of man.

In a certain degree, his literary father was Sir Walter Scott, whose novels made a deep impression upon their first introduction into Italy. His stories were universally read—were dramatized—and inspired various pictures. In the last years of his life the "Homer of historical romance" visited Manzoni in Milan, and Manzoni acknowledged to him his great indebtedness; telling him in fact that he owed everything he was to his influence. "If this be so, it is my proudest boast," replied Sir Walter.

But in literal truth the fresh field opened by Scott to novel writers, and to Manzoni among them, was the extent of this indebtedness. Manzoni's methods and motives were all his own. He elaborated a single romance, where Scott improvised a hundred; he brought to bear upon his theme the profound wisdom of Christian philosophy, and a marvellous insight into human nature, where Scott, intentionally or otherwise, presented his wide range of characters and scenes with an absolute impartiality for the vices and virtues of time and place.

The personages of Manzoni's great classic will always remain types, each after his kind; the Cardinal Federigo, all that is noblest and purest and loftiest in the Shepherd of Souls; Don Abbondio, seen through the medium of a gentle irony, interprets the working of a nature whose selfishness finds its excuse in its cowardice; Renzo—are there not Renzos everywhere?—although the characteristics are essentially southern, careless, ardent, impulsive, inconsistent, resolute; in the case of the original Renzo, with the strong common sense, if also the inevitable ignorance of his class; Lucia, the flower of a childlike and entire faith and devotion; Fra Cristoforo, taking the kingdom of heaven by the violence of his prophetic force and zeal unto good works; Perpetua, the Italian counterpart of George Eliot's Mrs. Poyser. Of the minor characters, not one but is drawn with the firm hand of the master.

There are throughout the book certain haunting echoes and reverberations. Fra Cristoforo's "*Perdonar sempre, sempre, tutto*"; the ever-exulting exaltation of the lowly and meek.

We are told that a certain writer upon Italian affairs excluded from his sweeping denunciation of the inertness and supineness of the generation preceding the present the Manzonian school. That, at least, espoused the cause of the people; was democratic in its sympathies and interests; set forth their joys and sorrows, their wrongs and trials. The disciples of Manzoni, although the patriotism of some of them was tried as by fire, gladly gave their master all the credit implied in this exception. In ranging himself on the side of the lower orders, in the composition of his greatest work, he cut himself off from the sympathy of some of his brother authors. Leopardi, for instance, writes that people of taste (*gente di gusto*) are disappointed in *I Promessi Sposi*. Cantù himself had the experience of sending a review of the book, some time after its publication, to the *Indicatore Lombardo*, and having it returned to him with the editorial comment that he had written about a book that was no longer remembered.

I Promessi Sposi grew into popular favor by the slowest of slow degrees; but its place once established in the world's heart, and in literature, it holds its own. It became a text-book in primary schools. Manzoni, writing to his daughter, Vittoria, requests her to have her little girl read it as soon as possible. He records his own intense delight in books read in his childhood; and he concludes with saying that if those of his own blood refuse him the charity he asks, of whom had he the right to request it.

It is a curious illustration of a certain narrow order of criticism that *I Promessi Sposi* was classed, in its day, with freethinking and immoral works, unfit for the perusal of young people. It was contended that when Don Abbondio was held up to ridicule, the dignity of the priesthood was attacked. But, in the long run, Manzoni has been understood. Lamartine pleads his cause in characteristic, conventionally pretty lines; and Giordani breaks into ardent eulogy of *I Promessi Sposi* as "a book of the people; a dramatized catechism (elementary of necessity, there must be a beginning); from that point of view—magnificent, divine."

The popular verdict, pronounced with final, irresistible force, upon *I Promessi Sposi*, proves the author's own ironical reflection, where Renzo cries, "At last justice must triumph in this world"; to which the author annotates: "So true is it that, when a man is crushed by misfortune, he no longer knows what he is saying." Cantù calls this bit of irony "energetic disillusion" (*vigore di disillusione*).

In the sense in which Browning uses the word :

“For I, so I said, am a poet;
Human nature behooves me to know it,”

Manzoni takes rank with the great poets of humanity. To the extent that a profound moral is “hid within the bosom of the rose,” of his epic-idyl, he is, at the same time, a great preacher and a great philosopher. His laborious patience, his trained faith, and his inspired love, are his claims to an undisputed immortality.

Book Notices.

HENRY VIII. AND THE ENGLISH MONASTERIES. An Attempt to Illustrate the History of their Suppression. By *Francis Aidon Gasquet*, Monk of the Order of St. Benedict, sometime Prior of St. Gregory's Monastery, Downside, Bath. Vol. I. John Hodges: London. Received for notice from the Catholic Publication Society Company, New York.

History furnishes countless instances how one side of a story gained general credence until the other side was told. The general impression among non-Catholics, and also among many Catholics, respecting the causes of the suppression of the English monasteries is such an instance. The allegation that the discipline of those monasteries had become so lax that the monks, including the abbots and priors as well as the subordinates, had become worldly, grasping, luxurious, indolent, and immoral, has been so constantly repeated, and every fact or suppositious fact or circumstance that could give plausibility to this allegation, has been so eagerly seized upon and made the most of, that it has been accepted as a settled truth that the English monasteries were entirely unfaithful to the purposes of their establishment; that their usefulness had wholly passed away, and that the industrial and moral advancement of the people of England demanded their suppression. This was one side of the story, and a false one at that; false, both in its suppression of truth and in its assertion of positive falsehoods. Yet it was so confidently and persistently reiterated, and so skilfully supported with plausible statements, that the denial of it, by those who brought out rebutting facts, was received with contemptuous incredulity. The scheme of Henry VIII. for lowering monks in the popular estimation, though it did not impose on a people who knew them by experience, has served its purpose with subsequent generations. All that dishonest and untruthful men could do in the way of defiling the memory of cœnobites has been done, and thus their memory seems almost hopelessly besmirched. A horror of monk and monastery has been imparted with early knowledge at the mother's knee—the teaching first imbibed and latest lost—and it would seem as though, in this regard, the English national character for honesty and fairness had been permanently warped.

Of late years, the opening of the Record Office to investigation by

historical students, the exhumation and publication of documents that were for centuries buried in the dust of that office, and among other collections of old manuscripts, and other like causes, have convinced scholars that there is another side to the story of the suppression of the English monasteries, and this opinion has gradually so far influenced the public mind as to induce a willingness, on the part of the more thoughtful, to believe that possibly the old story is one-sided, and needs many grains of allowance before it can be accepted as even partly true.

The work before us is a very valuable contribution to the new literature on this very important and widely misunderstood subject. Its author has spared no pains or labor to gather and carefully collate and verify his facts, and he presents them with an evident desire to be perfectly fair and just, and to avoid all exaggeration. In his preface he says: "My belief is, that the facts speak strongly enough for themselves, and I have endeavored to add as little as possible of my own to the story they tell. All I desire is that my readers should judge from the letters, documents, and opinions which will be found in the following pages, whether bare justice has hitherto been done to the memory of the monastic order in England. I have endeavored, as far as I possibly could, to write from a personal inspection of the documents of which I have made use."

The following statements, too, are of interest, as showing both the spirit of the writer and his untiring laboriousness in hunting up and examining every document that could throw light upon his subject:

"My searches have taken me to many places, and have brought me in contact with many people to whom I was previously a stranger. My thanks for help and encouragement are due to too many to name individually. But I cannot pass over in general terms the ready and generous manner in which the episcopal registers, without free use of which it would have been vain for me to write on the subject at all, have been opened to me. The place in which I write may excuse a particular reference to the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells. From the various Registrars I have received the same unvarying courtesy and kindness. From public officials attention to all demands is oftentimes regarded as a right. Both at the Record Office and the British Museum, though I trust I have never troubled without need, my requests, I feel, have seemed sometimes importunate and even unreasonable. Without the concurrence and ever-patient kindness which I met with at both institutions my labors must have been indefinitely prolonged. When I think of the dusty search-room at the Record Office, it calls up above all the pleasant memory of the friendly help extended to me by so many of its practised habitués."

In the Introduction to his work the author sketches a picture of the daily life practised in one of the "great and solemn monasteries" of England, in which Henry VIII., using the Parliament as his mouth-piece, "thanks God that religion is right well kept." He shows that, however much the various monasteries might differ in details, the fundamental principle of all was life by rule, spent in the service of God, and how the principle thus exemplified in the monastic life exerted a salutary influence upon, and interwove itself with, the social, political life of the kingdom. As regards denunciations by eminent and worthy ecclesiastics of laxity of life, when made about the monasteries, even those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the writer judiciously and correctly states that they rest generally, not on any special abuses in the monasteries, or departure from their rule, but on a comparison with primitive fervor. Then, too, as regards the chronicles that are still extant of

various abbeys, the writer says truly that very little information can be gained from them respecting the interior life of their inmates. It was so even, so uneventful, and so well known, that it must have seemed useless for the chronicler to burden his pages with a description of it. Troubles, difficulties, quarrels, and even scandals, find a place on the parchment records of abbeys and convents, while the days and years of peaceful, unobtrusive labor pass unnoticed by the monastic scribe.

The writer answers very satisfactorily and clearly the question: "If the English monasteries, in the time of Henry VIII. were not the abodes of laziness, luxury, and vice, how could he have succeeded, without awakening universal public opposition, in suppressing them?" He shows that a variety of circumstances combined to collect in the political and social atmosphere of England in the time of Henry VIII. elements fraught with dangerous and destructive power against the Church. In the first place, the country had not yet recovered from that visitation known as the "Black Death," which devastated Europe, and especially England, in the fourteenth century. Although one hundred and fifty years had elapsed before Henry mounted the throne, the nation was still suffering from the effects of that terrible scourge. It could hardly have been otherwise, when in one year about one-half of the entire population had been swept away. Among the clergy the mortality was quite as heavy. In the diocese of Norwich, during a single year, there are recorded the institution of 863 incumbents to livings vacated by the death of the previous occupants, "the clergy dying so fast that they were obliged to admit numbers of youths that had only devoted themselves for clerks by being shaven, to be rectors of parishes." In the county of Norfolk, out of 799 priests 527 died of the plague. Altogether, it has been computed that two-thirds of the clergy of England were carried off by the "Black Death." The monastic orders suffered even more severely, because the mortality was greater where numbers of persons were gathered together.

Flocks were attacked by disease and perished from want of herdsmen to attend to them. The crops rotted on the ground because harvestmen could not be found to reap them. Even the most richly endowed monasteries felt the pinch of poverty. The monastery of Christ's Church, Canterbury, in a memorial asking for help "to keep up their old hospitality," state that their losses in cattle were 257 oxen, 511 cows with their calves, and 4585 sheep, worth more than \$80,000 of our money. They also declare that 1212 acres of land, formerly profitable, had been rendered worthless to them by an inundation of the sea, owing to the impossibility of getting laborers to maintain the sea-walls.

This state of things, universal throughout England, led to a revolution in the relation of employers and laborers. The nobles and monasteries were no longer able to manage their estates on the old principles, and the modern system of letting was introduced. The peasant proprietor became an exception, and the population was detached from the soil. This gradually led to the destruction of the power of the nobles, and the exaltation of that of the sovereign, until in the time of Henry VIII. the king of England was practically despotic.

That the country had not recovered from the effects of the scourge in the sixteenth century is clearly shown by the statutes of Henry VIII. for the rebuilding of towns and the repair of streets and houses. The Venetian Embassadors, too, in their letters describe the ruined streets and vacant places in the English towns, and the sparsity of the population in the country; and speak of them as effects of the "Black Death," which desolated England a century and a half before.

To the Church the scourge of 1349 must have been little less than disastrous. Apart from the poverty and distress occasioned by the unoccupied lands, and the consequent diminution of tithes, the sudden death of a majority of the clergy must have broken the continuity of the best traditions of ecclesiastical usage and teaching. Then, too, necessity obliged the bishops to institute young and inexperienced clerics, and some of them slenderly educated, into vacant livings. The effects of this must have been felt for many succeeding generations. The monastic houses also sadly suffered, not only in the destruction of their chief sources of income, but still more by reason of their great diminution of numbers, which rendered the proper performance of their religious duties, and the diligent discharge of their obligations as regards discipline, difficult and often almost impossible.

The long and bitter feud between the houses of York and Lancaster was also a very important element which rendered possible the political and social and religious changes of Henry's reign. Many of the new nobility were mere place-hunters and political adventurers, men eager to profit by every disturbance of social order. Their own interests caused them to range themselves in the restless ranks of the party of innovation. Those who have nothing to lose are proverbially on the side of disorder and change. The Tudor policy also created the "official" or place-seeker, who was by nature restless and discontented. Success and worldly prosperity depended on his attracting the favorable notice of his royal master. One with another they strove who should best work his way into that master's favor by anticipating his wishes, favoring his whims, pandering to his desires.

The general condition of the people is represented by all writers as very miserable. The dearth of population (which had previously thrown much of the land out of use) and the demand for wool, led to turning much of the old tillage land into sheep runs. The farmers with their families were ejected. They were deposed by fraud or by violence, or being wearied out with abuses, they were forced to sell what they had and shift their quarters, and were reduced to virtual beggary.

In the midst of the throes of this great social and political crisis in England much depended on the Church, and there is little room for doubt that the English clergy were ill-fitted to calm the restless spirit of the age or resist the rising tide of novelties. In those days when might made right, the very occupation of place to which the clergy were bound, roused violent opposition in the party rising into power. The bishops, too, with some honorable exceptions, were mere court officials, pensioned out of ecclesiastical revenues. They looked to the king, not to the Church, and regarded the temporal adjuncts of prosperity and power rather than the spiritual duties of the episcopal office. The Church had few favors to give, except at the wish of the king. Even Cardinals' hats were bestowed only on royal recommendation. Then, too, the practice, in more than one instance, of rewarding foreigners by nominating them to vacant sees or other important ecclesiastical positions in return for services rendered to the king or as an inducement to help on some royal scheme, was obviously detrimental to the well-being of the Church. Not less detrimental was the granting of pluralities. This was encouraged by the king for two reasons. First, he could thus provide for his favorites, and secondly, he could require from those who held these pluralities gifts to replenish his coffers with a greater show of justice. Thus the life of the Church was sapped through royal influence and abuses encouraged by the king which furnished seeming proofs of the charges which the king brought against the Church.

That this state of things interfered injuriously with the discipline of the monasteries was to be expected, yet much less injuriously than might naturally be supposed. Evidence of this is furnished by an Act of Parliament for suppressing a number of lesser monasteries, which in referring to the larger monasteries, declares that in them, "thanks be to God, religion is right well kept up."

After describing the actual condition of the English monasteries as proved by citations from contemporaneous documentary evidence, the author in several following chapters describes in detail the successive steps taken by Henry VIII. to suppress first the smaller and then the larger English monasteries, the false pretexts that were set up, the lying witnesses that were bribed to swear to the truth of pretended facts, and of charges which numerous contemporaneous documents, recently brought to light, conclusively disprove. He devotes separate chapters to the following subjects: "Cardinal Wolsey and the Monasteries," "The Holy Maid of Kent," "The Friars Observant," "The Carthusians," "The Visitation of the Monasteries in 1535-36," "Parliament and the Lesser Monasteries," "The Charges Against the Monks," "Thomas Cromwell, the King's Vicar-General," "The Chief Accusers of Monks." The latter pages of the volume are occupied with an appendix containing a map of England, on which the boundaries of the different dioceses and counties are marked and the monasteries of the Carthusians and the four orders of Friars are distinctly located.

A perusal of the work can scarcely fail to convince every impartial reader that the statement of the *Athenæum*, quoted by the author, is not a whit too strong. It says: "Seldom in the world's history has a tyrant found baser instruments for his basest designs than Henry found for carrying out the visitation of the English monasteries. That there were foolish superstitions in some of the religious houses, that there were abuses in others, that some of the thousands among the inmates of the monasteries, great and small, were leading scandalous lives, and many more were living useless ones, nobody would be so silly as to deny. But that any monastery in England contained half-a-dozen such wretches as the more prominent of the visitors who came to despoil them is almost inconceivable. It is a sickening story. The reader . . . is in danger of disbelieving everything that these men report in his indignation at the audacious and manifest lying which characterizes their reports."

We trust that the publication of the second volume of this valuable and interesting work will not be long delayed.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. By His Eminence, *Cardinal Wiseman*, late Archbishop of Westminster. With an Explanatory and Biographical Introduction by the Rev. Jeremiah Murphy, Queenstown. London: Thomas Baker. 1888.

Cardinal Wiseman's reputation as a learned scholar, an acute critic, and a profound thinker, is so wide-spread and firmly established that to dilate upon it is needless. In theology, canon law, archæology, philology, ethnography, and history, he was a prince among those who were eminent because of attainments in one or another of these studies. As a linguist he had few equals and no superior, except the polyglot Cardinal Mezzofanti. Besides the ordinary learned languages, he was master not only of Hebrew and Chaldee, but also of Syriac, Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit. In the modern languages, besides the English, he wrote and spoke the French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Portuguese with fluency and elegance. This knowledge of languages, together with his extraordinary attainments in archæology and history, gave Cardinal Wiseman

a foremost place among Biblical scholars. His knowledge, also, of the most important branches of physical science was extensive and accurate.

Combined with these vast attainments were a calm, judicial spirit, solidity of judgment, keen foresight of coming events, invincible courage, and firmness, which enabled him quietly, and with dignity, to meet and withstand the furious outbursts of rage and bigotry on the part of English anti-Catholics which marked the commencement of his official career in England. And by the exercise of these qualities he so completely conquered the violent prejudices that at first were entertained by non-Catholics against him that bitterness and hatred gave place to feelings of respectful deference and kindness during the latter years of his life. Even the *London Times*, which had poured forth upon him all the vials of its wrath in language of truculent bitterness, said of him in 1863: "He is certainly one of the men of the day; he is a man of varied and wide powers—a literary man, a linguist, an orator." And when he died his remains were borne with almost regal pomp through the streets of London to their last resting place in Kensal Green.

We have indulged in these remarks because the "Biographical Introduction," with which the volume before us opens in sketching the public career of Cardinal Wiseman, lucidly, though concisely, describes the changes in public opinion in England, and also in the legal status of Catholics which took place during that period. It was a period of great excitement, and often of unreasoning opposition on the part of non-Catholics, and of severe trials on the part of Catholics.

It was a transition period in many respects. During that time the "Tractarian" movement was in the full vigor and fervor of its efforts to find some firm ground on which Anglicanism might substantiate its pretensions to Apostolicity, and to being the ancient Catholic Church of England. Finding their efforts in this direction futile, distinguished members of both the great national universities, day by day, and of the "Anglican Church," sought and found rest for their souls in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Enraged by these conversions Protestant zealots sounded the alarm on every side. The establishment of the Catholic hierarchy increased both their terror and their fury. Public meetings were held and resolutions passed expressing the most intense horror of the Pope and Popery. The Sovereign was loudly called on to "check the insidious pretensions of Rome." At the same time the Hampden promotion and the Gorham judgment showed, to the High-Churchmen, the utter disorganization of the Anglican "Church." The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was introduced into Parliament and hurriedly enacted. But the storm was too violent to last, and the bill remained a dead letter. Cardinal Wiseman's "Appeal to the English People" fell like oil on troubled waters. His letter to Lord John Russell showed clearly that, before the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England, the English Government had been apprised of the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church, and had made no objection to it. Reflection succeeded to unreasoning rage, and the opposition to the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy got its death-blow when *Punch*, in a celebrated cartoon, represented Lord John Russell as "the little boy who chalked 'No Popery' on the wall, and then ran away."

The rapid growth, both in numbers and in influence, during this period was greatly owing, under God, to Cardinal Wiseman's sagacious and energetic, yet quiet, leadership. If an anti-Catholic disputant assailed the doctrines of the Church, the Cardinal's pen, like a keenly-pointed lance hurled by a mighty arm, pierced his sophisms through and through, yet in such way as not to furnish reasonable ground of offence, even

to his most sensitive opponents. If any one, struggling towards the Catholic Church, sought his counsel, his vast store of knowledge was laid open to shed new light on the path of the inquirer.

The "Essays" contained in the volume before us are in the Cardinal's best style, clear and logical, and with a wealth of illustration that illumines the subject which he is treating. None of them are of ephemeral interest. They are all of permanent value, and may be read now with as much profit and pleasure as when they first appeared.

The first of these "Essays" is on "Catholic Versions of Scripture." It was suggested by "A New Version of the Four Gospels," with notes, critical and explanatory, which, it is now well known, was from the pen of the late Dr. Lingard. The "Essay" shows, by numerous citations, the need (a need which still remains unsupplied) of a revision of what is known as the Douay or Rheimish version, though to call it by those names Cardinal Wiseman says is "an abuse of terms." It "has been altered and modified," he says, "till scarcely any verse in it remains as it was originally published, and, so far as simplicity of style is concerned, the changes are in general for the worse." This is replete with profound critical and philological erudition, and contains many valuable suggestions respecting the method that should be adopted in making a complete and authorized revision of our English Catholic version, and the prefaces and notes, and indices, and titles that should accompany such an authorized version.

The next "Essay" is on "The Parables of the New Testament." It was suggested by the translation of the Four Gospels, by the late Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, which translation Cardinal Wiseman highly commends. This essay, and also the next two essays, which are respectively on the "Miracles of the New Testament" and the "Actions of the New Testament," have, as their chief objects, first, the encouragement of critical study of the Scriptures ("not merely introductory, but deep, earnest and solid"), and secondly, to show how lucidly "the parables, miracles and actions" of the New Testament illustrate Catholic doctrine.

Upon the deep and earnest study of the Scriptures Cardinal Wiseman's remarks are so beautiful and forcible that we cannot forbear quoting a few sentences. "We are fully convinced," he says, "that the field belongs exclusively to Catholics, and that they alone can properly occupy it. After all the boasted researches of the moderns, what has been done? What are the commentaries of Kuinöel, Rosenmüller, Campbell, or Bloomfield? Sapless, heartless, devotionless, merely critical and philological notes, which help one not a step to taste and relish the sweetness of the Divine narrative, or to learn its true lessons. . . . And this must be the case with all Protestant Scripture learning. The tender mysteries of our Saviour's nativity and holy childhood associated at every moment with His Blessed Mother; His kindness towards sinners, and His familiarity with the poor; the sorrowful scenes of His passion, in their details, as meditated upon by Catholic Saints; all these it is impossible for a Protestant mind to dwell on with the intensity and affectionateness that a Catholic heart requires. Then what can a Protestant do with the evangelical counsels, poverty and chastity, and renouncing of all possessions; with the Apostles sent without scrip or staff to preach to heathens; with celibacy and virginity; with fasting and watching; with the forgiveness of sins and the eating of Christ's body; with miracles and wonders to be wrought in the Church? Only the Catholic can fully and lovingly enter into the heart of God's word, and feel its whole truth and perfect reality. . . . We feel, therefore,

deeply convinced that, if we would only take full possession of Scripture and place it before those who love or affect to love it, in its practical yet most moving lessons, in the Catholic spirit, we should easily convince our adversaries that ours is the only religion of Scripture, and our inheritance is its interpretation."

Following these "Essays" are "Two Letters on I. John, v. 7." These letters discuss some points of the controversy concerning the genuineness of this disputed text, and overflow with critical, linguistic and historical information. They also contain a highly interesting inquiry into the origin of the first Latin version of Scripture commonly called "The Itala." To earnest Biblical students these "letters" are of great value.

The next paper, on "Ancient and Modern Catholicity," is at once a model of controversial and historical writing. It consists of statements of those Catholic devotional practices and doctrinal belief at the present day which are most strongly objected to by non-Catholics, each statement being paralleled with an account of instances of like practice or belief in ancient times, thrown into the form of anecdotes and narrated in a charming, colloquial style.

The next paper, on "The High Church Theory of Dogmatical Authority," is as interesting and valuable to-day as when it was first written, containing, as it does, a thorough exposure of the fallacies and contradictions of theory on which Episcopalian High Churchmen and Ritualists attempt to find a basis for Church authority consistent with their connection with a sect which repudiates that theory in its practice and disclaims it in its professed "Articles" of belief.

The next paper, on "Christian Art," is a charming dissertation on the subject it treats. Both in its historical aspect and as a discussion of the principles of true Christian Art it is both interesting and valuable. It contains, too, a strong plea for the exercise of pious taste in the selection of devotional pictures and statuary, that they may be not only devotional as respects their subjects, but also as regards their expression and execution. The majority of the prints furnished by France and England for the general use of Catholics the author condemns as "paltry" and "tawdry," and "wretched in design as in execution, devoid of all feeling, of all expression, of all beauty even," and as calculated only to give the idea that religious representations stood below, rather than above, every other department of art." These sentences, which we quote, will furnish a clue to Cardinal Wiseman's argument on this point. He says: Few, perhaps, can judge of the accuracy of the design, or the delicacy of the engraving; but every one can *feel* the accordance between the expression, and ideas, and sentiments, which his heart tells him are good and holy. Instead of the vague stare of a figure, which, but for a pair of keys or a sword in its hand, might as well represent Pontius Pilate as an Apostle, one expects dignity of attitude, nobleness of features, holiness of expression, majesty of action. Instead of the unmeaning beauty of feature (if even this) by which the best attempts at a *Madonna* were characterized, no one is satisfied without an approach, at least, to the sweetness, the grace, the purity, and the queenly grandeur that befit the Holy Mother of God."

Cardinal Wiseman also severely condemns that slavish imitation of ancient Christian Art which, particularly in painting and sculpture, undertakes to reproduce defects, and even monstrosities as well as beauties, mistakenly attributing what was the result of ignorance, rudeness, or unskilfulness "to some mysterious influence or deep design."

But we must hasten to a close. The entire article, to every one who is interested in the history and development and the true principles of

Christian Art, will be delightful reading, and is replete also with valuable information.

The last article is a "Brief Account of the Council Held at Constantinople, A.D. 1166," with remarks upon the newly-discovered testimony of St. Amphilocius, Bishop of Iconium, in the fourth century, in favor of the Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist. Following this is an article on "Pope Boniface VIII.," reviewing Sismondi's *History of the Italian Republics*. The last article is on "Early Italian Academics," with particular reference to what the Church has done in promoting the pursuit of physical science.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL, BISHOP AND FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE; Embracing the History of the Catholic Church in the United States, 1763-1815. With Portraits, Views, and Fac-similes. By *John Gilmary Shea*. New York; John G. Shea. 1888.

This volume is a worthy sequel to that which preceded it, yet in one respect it presents a marked contrast to it. The preceding volume is an almost continuous narrative of the struggles of devoted heroic missionaries to plant the cross throughout every region of our vast country, then occupied, except at a few points, by tribes of savages, whose wars with each other and with the white colonists inflamed their passions, and, even more than their ignorance, their heathen superstitions and their barbarous customs, rendered them averse to receiving instruction from the Catholic missionaries, and placing themselves under the easy and peaceful yoke of Christ. Their natural barbarity, their thirst for blood, their jealousy and fear and hatred of the white intruders upon their lands were all fomented and intensified by the constant encroachments upon their territories of the white settlers, and the deceit and fraud and treachery practised upon them. The Catholic missionaries were held responsible for all this by the aborigines, though they endeavored to protect them. On the other hand, they frequently incurred in this way the jealousy and hatred of the white settlers. In addition to all this, the nations which sent forth colonists to this country were almost constantly at war with each other, and always jealous. And nowhere did this jealousy produce more disastrous effects to the progress of religion than on this continent. Not only the colonists from different European countries felt, to its fullest extent, the evil influence resulting from this state of things, but that influence was infused far and wide into the Indian tribes of our continent.

The missionaries were made to bear the brunt of all this. They were a target for hostile shafts on all sides. Their mission establishments were broken up, their churches were plundered and burned, they themselves were banished, tortured and put to death. A hundred of them died by savage hands, and many, too, of the hardships and maltreatment inflicted on them by Protestant fanatics or by jealous, greedy, worldly French and Spanish civil and military officers. Thus, at the period when the first volume of the series ends, in which Mr. Shea has undertaken to give the history of the Church in the United States, spiritual "darkness, as of night, was settling on the land."

"But it was the darkness that precedes the dawn," and the volume before us is a narrative of the coming and progress of that dawn. Nothing to mere human foresight could be less promising throughout the whole extent of country now comprised within the domain of the United States than the condition of Catholicity in 1763, the commencement of the period over which this volume extends. England had then become

the undisputed mistress of all the territory east of the Mississippi. Canada, whence had proceeded so many heroic soldiers of the Cross, was humbled in the dust ; her great misionary organization had been broken up. The Catholics in Florida saw no hope but in emigration. England had both the will and the power, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River, to deprive Catholics of churches, of clergy, and even of personal property. Except in Pennsylvania, severe penal laws existed against Catholics, and even in Pennsylvania they were regarded with suspicion. As respects their number and that of their clergymen, as late as 1785, Archbishop Carroll, in his statement sent to Rome, soon after the reception of his appointment as Prefect Apostolic over the Church in the United States, gives the number of Catholics in Maryland as about 15,800, of whom 3000 were children under twelve years of age, and about 3000 negro slaves. In Pennsylvania there were about 7000 Catholics. In New York there were "at least 1500." In Virginia there were about 200 Catholics visited by a priest four or five times a year, and many others scattered and deprived of all spiritual ministrations. In Maryland there were nineteen priests, and five in Pennsylvania, of whom two were more than seventy years old. As to the "territory," he says, "bordering on the river called Mississippi, and in all that region which, following that river, extends to the limits of Carolina, Virginia and Pennsylvania," he hears that "there are many Catholics, formerly Canadians, who speak French, and are destitute of priests." Discipline, too, was at a low ebb among the priests, owing to the absence of any ecclesiastical superior among them until 1785. The secular priests, too, were generally jealous of those who had been members of the suppressed Society of Jesus, and some of them were anything but exemplary in their lives and morals.

As regards the laity, Archbishop Carroll says, in the statement above referred to, that, "owing to unavoidable intercourse with non-Catholics, and the examples thence derived," there was more free intercourse between young people than is compatible with chastity of mind and body ; too great fondness for dances and similar amusements ; an incredible eagerness, especially in girls, for reading love stories which are brought over in great quantities from Europe ; a general lack of care in instructing the children, "and, consequently, many of them are very dull in faith and depraved in morals."

How gradually, and despite most formidable difficulties, this deplorable condition of the Church in this country was improved, is told in the volume before us. It "embraces the History of the Church in the United States, in the original diocese of Baltimore, and in that of Louisiana and the Floridas, from 1763 to 1815." It brings to light much that has never yet been made known, respecting the efforts, at an early date, of Bishop Challoner, Vicar Apostolic of London, to be relieved of his responsibility for that portion of his flock which was within the territory of the thirteen colonies, and to obtain for it the appointment of a Vicar Apostolic ; respecting the difficulties that arose, and the subsequent project of extending the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec to Pennsylvania and Maryland, after the conquest of Canada had brought all North America, east of the Mississippi, under the sway of Great Britain. Another subject, upon which much new and valuable information is given, is the part taken by Catholics against Great Britain during the Revolution, particularly by the Catholics northwest of the Ohio river. Still another subject, respecting which very little has heretofore been known, and which is very fully treated in this volume, is that of the organization of the clergy, and the steps taken to obtain an ecclesi-

astical superior, who should reside in this country. Both of these movements, and particularly the latter, were attended with great difficulties, chiefly owing to the avoiding of anything that might intensify the jealousy and fear of ecclesiastical authority entertained generally at that time by the people of the United States. To these difficulties still another was added by an intrigue to place this country under a bishop who should reside in France. These subjects are lucidly treated, and much new information is given upon them, obtained through searches of the Maryland records, and extracts obtained from the archives of France and Spain. The Quebec archives, the registers of Detroit, Vincennes, Fort Chartres, and Kaskaskia, and documents obtained from the late Father Freitag, C. SS. R., have been carefully examined, and throw much light upon the valuable services rendered by the Catholics north-west of the Ohio, in the struggle against Great Britain, and also upon the labors of Catholic priests during that period. In addition to these sources of information, the correspondence and papers of Archbishop Carroll, and documents and notes from many different sources, hitherto unknown, or unexamined and inaccessible, have been placed at the author's disposal.

Dr. Shea's well-known character as an untiring searcher of the original sources of history and a careful and discriminating collater of facts thus obtained, is a sufficient guarantee of the faithful use he has made of the information thus obtained. The history of the Church during the period embraced in the volume, is traced in each region of the country in which the Church was then planted, the condition of religion, the various difficulties that existed to its progress, the labors, the mistakes and the successes of the missionary priests, are lucidly described.

The general title of the volume—"Life and Times of the Most Rev. John Carroll,"—is well chosen. For, during the period it treats, he stands forth as the central figure, the guiding and controlling mind of the Church in this country. It was chiefly through his prudence, and tact, and moderation conjoined with resolute firmness, his influence with the leading men in the formation of our civil government, the confidence and high respect they entertained for him, the commanding position he held in public estimation, that, under the overruling Providence of God, bitter prejudices against the Catholic religion were mollified, that jealousies against the exercise of ecclesiastical authority were allayed, and the way opened to the appointment of an American Catholic Bishop for the Church in the United States. Under his prudent and firm rule insubordination was checked, ecclesiastical order and discipline gradually introduced, several of our oldest and most renowned Catholic educational institutions founded, the number of clergy increased, new missions established, new churches erected, so that, in 1808, seven years before his death, the Church in the United States had so increased and prospered that it contained, as nearly as can be estimated, about eighty churches and seventy priests, and Pope Pius VII. elevated Bishop Carroll to the office and dignity of Archbishop, divided his original see, and constituted four suffragan sees, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown. The history of these sees, as well as of the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore, and also of the episcopal see of Louisiana and the Floridas (of which Archbishop Carroll was the administrator) is traced up to the year 1815, when, full of years and successful labors, the venerable Prelate died.

The diligence, the laborious resource, the careful collating and verifying of facts, by Dr. Shea, are evident throughout the volume. It throws light in many instances upon many subjects in our history as a

people, that were imperfectly known and some of which were greatly misunderstood. The style of the author well befits his subject. It is that of calm, dispassionate statement and narrative. There is no resort to rhetoric, no extenuation or exaggeration. The facts presented are left to speak for themselves.

The value of the work is enhanced by about one hundred illustrations, consisting of fac-similes of signatures and portraits of ecclesiastical dignitaries and priests, and other distinguished persons mentioned in the volume, of fac-similes of ancient important ecclesiastical or historical documents, representations of churches, chapels and other ecclesiastical buildings, etc.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH, from its First Establishment to Our Own Times. Designed for the Use of Ecclesiastical Seminaries and Colleges. By *Rev. J. A. Birkhaeuser*, formerly Professor of Church History, etc. Fr. Pustet & Co.

Some years ago, it was found necessary to translate from the German the work of Dr. Brueck in order to supply our ecclesiastical students with a text-book in Church history more suitable than Wouters or Palma, which had been, we believe, generally in use in this country. The change was undoubtedly an improvement. Teaching Church history in the vernacular, even where the students are sufficiently familiar with the Latin idiom readily to understand and answer in it, has its advantages. The didactic and argumentative style of the Latin authors, no matter though it bears the traces of Ciceronian elegance (as in the case of Palma), is a labor which diminishes the dramatic interest elicited by historic fact. The study of history, like that of every other science, becomes more fruitful in proportion as it is easily grasped and assimilated by the aid of the imagination. It is the tendency, not to be undervalued, of modern pedagogics that it knows how to facilitate the acquisition of learning formerly considered as dry and hard. Accordingly, it was getting in line with recent requirements, and much to be appreciated, when a Church History, reliable in its statements of facts and comprehensive enough to be of practical use in the course of studies at our seminaries and colleges, was offered to us in an English dress.

Still, whatever excellences Brueck possesses, after satisfying our immediate needs, one felt that a better thing might yet be done to suit our own circumstances. Few writers are wholly free from national bias. This is perhaps most true of historical writers. Let any one compare Darras and Alzog, and the fact becomes at once apparent. Not that we would say of Professor Brueck that he unduly emphasizes the influence of German thought or action in the general history of the Church. He is too honest for that. But his mind and his feelings, and accordingly his judgments of facts, as well as his manner of expressing them, have, and must have, a tone to which one not of his own constitution of mind has to get accustomed. Besides his facts, we have to get by heart the author's feelings, his manner of viewing things, and some knowledge of his own which he does not express, which to some need no expression because their minds have grown up under similar circumstances as his own, but which others cannot anticipate. This were not altogether an evil if it were not an inconvenience to our students. It is an inconvenience which attaches to every translation. One cannot argue thence that translations of foreign works are to be discouraged. Not at all. The originality and sound thought of other nations are useful to us since they contribute to our knowledge, so long as the translation makes it possible for us to understand the aim of the writer. But that is, on the

whole, the limit of their utility. The books which are to aid us in disciplining our minds have a wholly different purpose from those which merely enlarge our circle of knowledge, or throw fresh light upon the subjects with which we may be already familiar. There are some exceptions to this rule, such as the exact sciences. History, in the manner in which we use it, is not one of them.

For this reason, it is desirable that our text-books be written expressly for ourselves, by the teachers who, having studied the mental constitution of our youth, may fitly direct them how to strengthen and educate it. Professor Brueck's book is all that can be desired for those for whom it was written; "brief and succinct," "clear and orderly." Yet we doubt whether, for example, the division of exterior and interior conditions of history, however admirable in itself, would commend itself to our students as much as it may do to the disposition of the advanced German academic student. We venture to say that, practically speaking, and having a main regard to the real needs in our seminaries and colleges, Birkhaeuser's History is a decided improvement on its highly appreciated predecessor. Besides being the result of actual teaching to candidates of the American priesthood, it has the merit of being somewhat less critical in its form, and therefore more readable, although the style might, for the sake of clearness, be here and there improved. The author's aim was: "To sketch events in a few words, to give, in as clear and connected a manner as possible, a plain but carefully-drawn outline of ecclesiastical history." (Pref., vi.) This he has done, and accordingly there is a satisfaction in looking over the book. Its outline is perfectly clear. The fact that there is only one volume, though a solid octavo, adds to its advantage.

There is one thing we take exception to. The author says, in his Preface, that he "thought it best not to clog the work with copious references, . . . which, although interesting to the scholar, would make a text-book too prolix for the ordinary student." A most desirable caution. But we do not think that it excuses him from indicating the exact sources whenever he does profess to give citations from the writers whom he mentions. If, for instance, we are told what Gerson says, in quotation marks, it would certainly be more satisfactory to every student to know where he says it. Nor would it militate against the canon which the author proposes to himself, to indicate such source in the margin. One of the objects of such a text-book must be to stimulate, at least indirectly, the student to further research, which is helped by this sort of references, even if it were not sometimes necessary to obtain the context in order to weigh the full importance of such testimony as is quoted. We would also suggest that when it is deemed necessary, for the sake of elucidation, to give notes at the bottom of the page, the latter should embody the most exact and latest researches and no more. Thus, in the note on page 451, explaining the term *Universities*, the clause "according to others," etc., might have been omitted, since Denifle has conclusively shown that the word was never, during the Middle Ages, used in the sense claimed for it here. (Vid. *Die Universitaeten des Mittelalters*. H. Denifle. Vol. i., p. 32.) In other places, such as on page 519, it was as easy to say, "George Bancroft, vol. i., cap. ii." (which, we think, holds good for all the editions), as simply to put, "Bancroft." For a similar reason, it were better to repeat the surname of Rev. Donald Macleod with each note cited from him. For, as there are two Bancrofts, both historians of pretension, and also two Rev. Macleods, both American writers on religious subjects, it would prevent confusion

in the mind of the student, even though the more experienced reader will readily discern which author is meant.

However, these are minor points and may be easily corrected, only, of course, by the author himself, for the quotations, referred to general sources, are quite frequent throughout the work. But the book otherwise can hardly fail to commend itself to those professors of ecclesiastical history who not only teach, but are also interested that the students may actually reap the greatest amount of fruit from their teaching. With us the lecture system is hardly effective. The student must rather be drilled in the simple and thorough fashion which exacts frequent recitation. Under such circumstances, and considering the abstract character of many other branches to which especially our ecclesiastical students are obliged to devote their time, a very simple and comprehensive textbook, if but exact in its statements, is a great help.

THE HOLY SEE AND THE WANDERING OF THE NATIONS. From St. Leo I. to St. Gregory I. By *Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G.* London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1888.

It is now many years since Mr. Allies, a distinguished convert from Anglicanism, published his capital little work on the See of St. Peter. Though the book has ever been regarded as one of the best we have in English on the subject, yet it has been felt by many, and by none more keenly than its author, that a more ample and detailed treatment was desirable of the relations of the Papacy to the Church and the world. He determined, therefore, to make the theme his life-study, and, as the result of his investigations, Catholic literature is being enriched with a series of volumes which are likely to take a prominent and hold a permanent place. The volume now under consideration is the sixth of the series, the general title of his work being, "The Formation of Christendom." Each particular part of the general subject which he treats has a special title, indicating the period and matter covered by the volume.

For the material which he uses he has had recourse to the original sources wherever this was possible, and to works of the highest authority that are generally accessible to English readers. So anxious was he, indeed, to give a fitting character to his work, that he made a special study of the letters of the Popes as sources of history, in which, as such, Cardinal Mai has left recorded his judgment to the effect that "in matter of fact, the whole administration of the Church is learnt." From this declaration Mr. Allies naturally draws "the inference that of all sources for the truths of history none are so precious, instructive, and authoritative as these authentic letters, contemporaneous with the persons to whom they are addressed. After referring to the first of these which has been preserved to us, that of Pope St. Clement, the contemporary of St. Peter and St. Paul, directed to the Church of Corinth for the purpose of extinguishing a schism which had there broken out, our author proceeds to speak as follows, both of such documents that have been lost and of the inestimable value of those that have escaped the ravages of time.

"If," he says, "the decisions of the succeeding Popes, in the interval of nearly two hundred and fifty years between this letter of St. Clement, about the year 95, and the great letter of St. Julius to the Eusebianizing bishops at Antioch, in 342, had been preserved entire, the constitution of the Church in that interval would have shone before us in clear light. In fact, we only possess a few fragments of some of these decisions, for there was a great destruction of such documents in

the persecution which occupied the first decade of the fourth century. But from the time of Pope Siricius, in the time of the great Theodosius, a continuous though not a perfect series of these letters stretches through the succeeding ages. There is no other such series of documents existing in the world. They throw light upon all matters and persons of which they treat. This is a light proceeding from one who lives in the midst of what he describes, who is at the centre of the greatest system of doctrine and discipline, and legislation founded upon both, which the world has ever seen. One, also, who speaks not only with a great knowledge, but with an unequalled authority, which, in every case, is like that of no one else, but can even be *supreme*, when it is directed with such a purpose to the whole Church. Every Pope *can* speak as St. Clement, the first of this series, speaks, claiming obedience to his words, as 'words spoken by God through us.'

Of these letters of the Popes Mr. Allies makes large use, even larger use in the present volume than in its predecessors. In this instalment of his work he covers the period of a century and a half from the close of the pontificate of Leo the Great to the end of that of Gregory the Great, the grand pontificate "which crowns the whole patristic period and sums up its discipline."

The displacement of the Roman Empire by the various hordes of barbarian invaders from the North and East has suggested to our author the title of his present work, "The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations," and it is part of his purpose to show how the Papacy formed a new order of things out of the ruins of the former and the raw material of the latter. "Rome's ending seemed the ending of a world," but "the God who sits above the waterspouts remains unshaken."

How the change came about is graphically told; but more important is the demonstration of "the Church's internal constitution and of changes in the external world of action outside and independent of the Church, which combined in one result the exhibition to all and the public acknowledgment by the Church of the Primacy given by our Lord to St. Peter, and continued to his successors in the See of Rome." Prevented by want of space from dwelling in his preceding volume with due force upon some circumstances of St. Leo's life, which were such as to make his time an era, he begins this one with a further development of the subject. As he had formerly shown that there is "no greater wonder in human history than the creation of a hierarchy out of the principle of headship and subordination contained in our Lord's charge to Peter," so he comes now to the demonstration of a second wonder of the same general character, namely, the creation, out of the ruins of the Roman Empire and the heretical and heathen kingdoms that supplanted it, "of a body of States whose centre of union and belief was the See of Peter." In the creation of Christendom proper in this way is seen the wonder "that the northern tribes, impinging on the empire, and settling on its various provinces like vultures, became the matter into which the Holy See, guiding and unifying the episcopate, maintaining the original principle of celibacy, and planting it in the institute of the religious life through various countries depopulated or barbarous, infused into the whole mass one spirit, so that Arians became Catholics, Teuton raiders issued into Christian kings, savage tribes thrown upon captive provincials coalesced into nations, while all were raised together into, not a restored empire of Augustus, but an empire holy as well as Roman, whose chief was the Church's defender (*advocatus ecclesie*), whose creator was the Roman Peter."

In giving an account of this development, Mr. Allies narrates the history of the Christian world during the time when it was taking place; and in closing his volume he sums up the characteristics of the times in which St. Gregory the Great exercised the pontifical authority, and points out the opposing forces which unite to sustain the Apostolic See.

PALESTINE IN THE TIME OF CHRIST. By *Edmond Stopfer, D.D.*, Professor in the Protestant Theological Faculty of Paris. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. Third edition, with Map and Plans. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

This work is a collection of archæological observations upon the condition, social, religious, and political, of the Jews in the time of Christ, their occupations, habits and ideas. It is evidently the result of much labor, and as such it is interesting to readers who wish to make themselves minutely acquainted with the surroundings of our Blessed Redeemer during his sojourn upon earth, and the different classes of people in Palestine with whom he came in contact in his public ministry. The information it contains contributes, too, to a better understanding of the circumstances which were favorable, and also those which were unfavorable, to the reception of His Gospel.

The geography of Palestine and of the adjacent regions is carefully and minutely sketched, as is also the political history of the Jews from the time of Herod the Great to the siege and destruction of Jerusalem. The Sanhedrim, its origin, membership, officers, and functions, and of the administration of justice, the population, home-life, dwellings, clothing, schools, literature, and public life of the Jews are carefully described in the first part of the book.

The second part of the book is occupied with the religious life of the Jews. Separate chapters are given to accounts of the Pharisees and Sadducees under the Maccabees and under Herod the Great, and their attitude towards Christianity in its commencement; to the Synagogue, the Sabbath, the Bible of the Jews, their purifications, fasts, almsgiving, prayers, feasts; to the Essenes, to the Temple and its courts, their construction, dimensions and services; to the principal dates in the Life of Jesus, and to Jesus and the preaching of His Gospel.

The conclusion arrived at by the author is, that the facts presented under these different heads constitute an invincible array of proof of the historical accuracy and truth of the Gospel. Yet, just at this point the author halts and utterly breaks down. Though in his preface he tells his readers that "Jesus Christ was not the product of His environment; His appearance was a miracle; He came from God"; yet in the final chapter of his book he flatly contradicts this declaration. He says that "Jesus gave to the religious movement then in process the impulse it needed." "He owed much to the Pharisees; He adopted their doctrine of Providence and of the resurrection of the body." "He borrowed from the Essenes." "He did not rise all at once to the apprehension of the Messianic idea." Nor did He "know perfectly from the beginning of His ministry what He was, nor what He was to do in the world."

The materials which the author has gathered are useful to those who know how to rightly use them, but the use he has made of them is pernicious.

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**THIS BOOK MAY NOT BE
TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM**

